

Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 8, 1944

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AWSON
WOOD.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S MISSUS

By Mollie Panter-Downes

and **FOUR PAGES OF FULL-COLOR NAVY PAINTINGS**

Jan. 8, '44



© 1944, The Studebaker Corporation

Big Studebaker war trucks roll forward where ancient armies marched

ONLY yesterday, millions of carefree American boys were learning in their classrooms the fabled exploits of Alexander the Great, of Julius Caesar and Genghis Khan.

Today, legions of those youngsters are making history themselves and getting first-hand lessons in geography—almost next-door to many of the storied battlefields they read about in school.

Those boys of ours find this a different kind of war from any that was ever fought before—partly because of the speed with which it is now possible to move men and supplies.

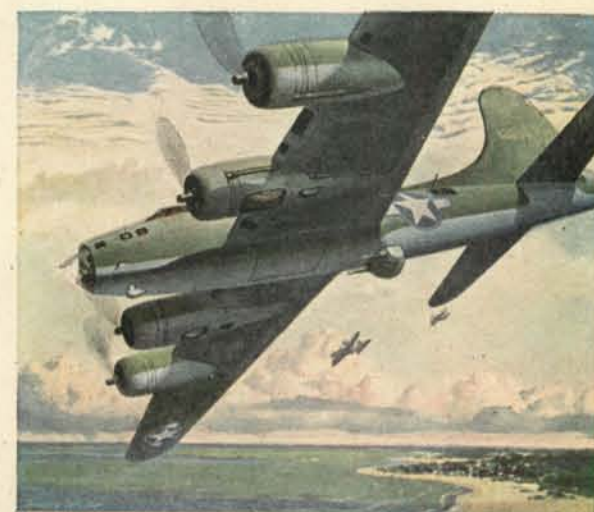
In Russia, in the Middle East, in the British Isles, in Alaska and in India, much of the heavy transport work of the United Nations is being done by tens

upon tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive Studebaker motor trucks. In fact, Studebaker today is one of the largest producers of heavy duty war trucks in the world.

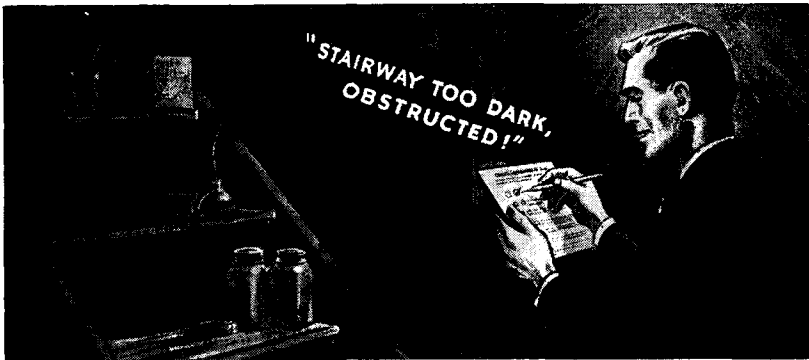
This is the sixth time in a national emergency that Studebaker has manufactured military vehicles on a large scale. And the stamina of the Studebaker trucks now in world-wide war service gives abundant evidence that the reputation of Studebaker engineering and craftsmanship in peacetime was well deserved.

Today, war production is Studebaker's only concern. But when the last shot is fired and victory is assured, the Studebaker automotive plants will again resume their role as manufacturers of America's top-quality motor trucks and cars for civilian use.

BUY
U. S. WAR
BONDS



Studebaker-built Cyclone engines power swarms of Boeing Flying Fortresses—And that is just one of a number of important Studebaker war production jobs that include the manufacture of multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel. Studebaker is proud of its assignments in the arming of our Nation and Allies.



This check-up may save a life in your home

You have probably heard that more people are injured at home than away from it. Did you know that half of these injuries are due to falls? For example, down poorly lighted, obstructed stairways—like the one in the picture. It isn't commonly known, however, that in the United States each year over 500 children less than four years old die from accidental poisoning at home. Many older people too.

Everyone of us ought to do something about these home accidents. Be your own safety engineer. Check this list of typical dangers and correct faulty conditions.

Check List for Home Safety

Look about your own home at the earliest opportunity and ask yourself these questions:

- | Yes | No | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| ☐ | ☐ | Are stairs and steps kept free of obstructions and well-lighted? Is there a handrail? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are rugs and floors slip-proof? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are all baby toys free of sharp edges and too large to be swallowed? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are sharp tools, poisons and firearms kept out of the reach of small children? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Is baby's bedding and clothing always pinned, buttoned or folded in such a way that smothering is impossible? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are matches and pins and needles kept out of reach of children? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are precautions taken against burns or scalds; particularly to small children in the kitchen and bathroom? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Are chimneys, stovepipes, and gas connections in good condition? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Do you guard against carbon monoxide poisoning and oxygen deprivation in your home and car? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Is the electrical equipment throughout your home in safe condition? |
| ☐ | ☐ | Is your home customarily free from accumulated trash and litter, particularly in out-of-the-way places? |

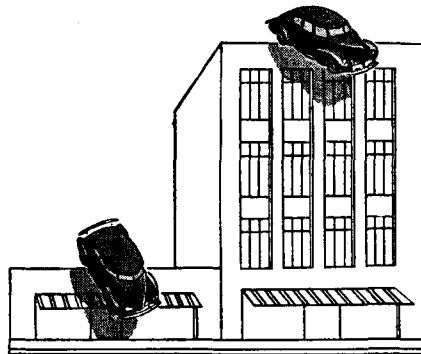
Published with permission of National Conservation Bureau

Why risk your money and property this way?

A recent survey of 2374 (men) heads of families showed that 89% had no personal liability insurance. These people are all exposed to possible dam-

age suit losses running into thousands if someone is injured on their property or because they own a dog or play golf, etc. You don't have to be at fault to be sued, and lawsuits cost money. You can buy a Comprehensive Personal Liability Policy for as little as \$10 a year.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Published with permission of National Conservation Bureau

How does speed affect the force of a collision?

The wartime cut in automobile speed has saved many lives. At 20 m.p.h. a car will collide with a fixed object with the same force as if it dropped 13½ feet. At 40 m.p.h. the impact is the same as if the car dropped off a building 54 feet high. At 60 m.p.h., 121 feet high.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Does fire insurance cover explosion?

Fire resulting from explosion—yes, but not straight explosion damage which can be as destructive to property as a fire. At a small cost you can, with a single Extended Coverage Endorsement added to your fire policy, insure against loss from explosion (except steam boilers), windstorm, hail, riots, smoke, friendly aircraft and motor vehicles.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Why are most insurance rates lower today?

Well, for one thing insurance companies themselves, years ago, took the lead in setting up standards of safety. In accident prevention and reduction

of fire hazards they have worked together with manufacturers, with civic authorities, with schools and with other policyholders.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"I have confidence"

Americans for generations have had confidence in this trademark on an insurance policy. A Hartford agent or your broker can tell you about the reputation, the financial strength and the record of performance which back up the Hartford stag.



HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

Hartford, Connecticut

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance

SIZZLING



Do I burn when my dealer's out of KLEENEX Tissues! But in spite of the war quota, I'm sure glad to hear you're not skimping on Kleenex Quality! (from a letter by J. W. B. Ottawa, Ont.)



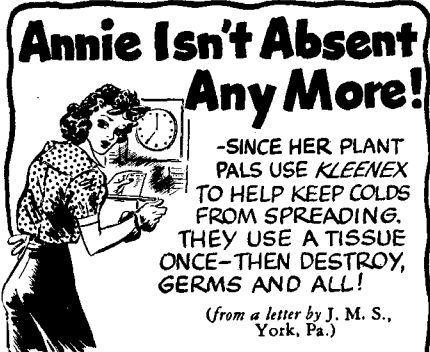
WHEN WILL SHE LEARN KLEENEX KEEPS LIPSTICK STAINS OFF TOWELS- SAVES LAUNDRY, SOAP, MANPOWER (from a letter by R. G. A. Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)



No Brush-Off!

I tuck KLEENEX around the neck of dark dresses to prevent those powder "rims". KLEENEX catches the powder that won't brush off. Keeps down cleaning bills!

(from a letter by A. L., Springfield, Ill.)



SINCE HER PLANT PALS USE KLEENEX TO HELP KEEP COLDS FROM SPREADING, THEY USE A TISSUE ONCE-THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!

(from a letter by J. M. S., York, Pa.)

MIGHTY IMPORTANT!—for authorities say 1/2 of all war-work time lost from illness is due to the common cold!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

A SOLDIER we know informs us that in Africa an orderly was inflating (lung power) one of those pneumatic mattresses that important officers sleep on. This particular mattress was the property of a brigadier who was pretty particular himself. After the orderly had blown himself blue in the face, the brigadier tested the mattress. Too hard. The orderly had to deflate it a bit. The brigadier tried it again. Too soft. The orderly began to blow again; but again it was too hard. In deflating it, the orderly lost control, and all the air escaped. After much huffing and puffing, the mattress was pronounced just right by the brigadier. The brigadier was telling the story to a war correspondent who didn't like him much. "Next time," said the nasty correspondent, "why don't you send for the guy who inflated you, sir?"



NOTHING to report this week on absenteeism except a note from a friend of ours who serves his country in the Army Signal Corps at Dayton, Ohio. "Our hours in this office," he writes, "are from eight to four forty-five. One of our stenographers called up today at four thirty-one and said, 'I won't be in today. I overslept.'"

WE'RE a little shy of vital statistics, too. So we'll have to confine that department to a few words we had with a colored man who works next door. He said that he was going to South Carolina to the funeral of his sister. We said we were sorry and then asked how old she was. He looked upward thoughtfully, scratched and said: "Oh, thirty, fo'ty, fifty mebbe."

LET'S see. What's the matter with you readers? Too busy to write? Or making so much money that you don't notice your poor friends any more? Miss Delia Matchett of San Francisco,

California, writes that on the door of the office of a colonel of the Fourth Fighter Command Installations there is this weary sign: "If it will help the war, come in."



OUR secretary has just brought in another batch of letters. We shall start over again. Starts out with more promise. Mr. Edmund Tizza of Washington, D. C., has just read something he thinks skulduggery. Newspaper columnists are being snaked in through the back door of the White House. Mr. Tizza is informed that they are then primed with hot low-down by Mr. Roosevelt and turned loose through a side door. Mr. Tizza wants it made clear that he doesn't care what door they go in, what door they come out or with what they are stuffed between doors. But he's good and sore at "the way these bulgeheads try to imitate big-shot politicians by refusing to say whether they've been there or not, by being 'unavailable for comment' and by saying that the report is 90-per-cent hokey." Mr. Tizza goes on at a great rate. All we know about it is that the President did not invite the writer of this column, and we don't blame him. Makes us feel awfully important. The nearest we've ever got to that, though, was to be thrown out of front doors through which we'd ventured uninvited.

AND here's one from a soldier who's home recovering from wounds received in Sicily. He wants us to understand why the Italian campaign has sunk to the stalemate stage. "We've got the best weapons, our soldiers are as good as the Nazis, plus greater individual initiative, our officers are courageous and eager. But our officers lack that one element which makes the difference between stalemate and victory—

(Continued on page 61)

THIS WEEK

JANUARY 8, 1944

SHORT STORIES

ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

That Never-Failing Newness. Come a time in a little girl's life when hat flowers into something else. Page 1

HARRY SYLVESTER

Boy with Gun. A young hunter achieves man's stature as he faces the enemy. Page 2

MARJORIE ROBERTS

The Beanstalk. A bit of old magic re-created, makes everyone's wish come true. Page 3

GEORGE HARMON COXE

No Hard Feelings. Does not the man who has to stay home from war also have the right to love? Page 3

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Sign, by William E. Wilson. Page 2

SERIAL STORY

JOHN AUGUST

The Woman in the Picture. The first of four parts. Page 1

ARTICLES

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

The Prime Minister's Missus. Clementine Churchill is a very hard-working member of a perfect partnership. Page 1

VICE ADMIRAL J. S. McCAIN

On an Aircraft Carrier. Paintings by Lawrence Beall Smith. First in a series on Naval Aviation as depicted by leading American artists. Page 1

FRANK GERVASI

Let's Talk Turkey. The eyes of the world are turned on the gateway to the Balkans. Page 2

DAN PARKER

Hollywood Rediscovered Schnozzle. Jimmy Durante came back to Broadway to make a new start—from the top. Page 2

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Daily Doubles. There's one chance in eighty-eight that Junior will be twins. Page 2

PLAY'S THE THING.

Collier's illustrators go to a party and pick up some cute tricks. Page 2

LT. (jg) I. HENRY STRAUSS, U.S.N.R.

The Zero Hour. Favorite Program of our men in the South Pacific. A broadcast from—Tokyo. Page 5

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Page

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EDITORIAL

One Year Nearer Victory. Page 6

COVER

LAWSON WOOL

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Keeping High Lines HOT when the Weather is NOT!



• In recent years, while the cost of living has increased, the average price of household electricity has decreased. Compared with fifteen years ago, the average American family now gets about twice as much electricity for its money — and enjoys better lighting and more electric servants.

HERE'S how they patrol electric power lines out in the Northwest, when the snow piles up and the mercury plunges down. This novel ski-mobile is driven by a motorcycle engine and spiked caterpillar treads. It will do 35-40 miles an hour on the level — if there's any level!

Maybe snow and ice never endanger electric service in your neighborhood. But the ingenuity, skill and courage with which these linemen keep current flowing are typical of the way electric company men *everywhere* meet other emergencies, including the *greatest* emergency — WAR.

Under America's system of freedom

of enterprise, the business-managed electric companies provide over 80% of the nation's vast power supply.

Without subsidies or tax concessions, these companies have met *every* war demand for power and satisfied *every* essential civilian need for electricity.

• Hear "REPORT TO THE NATION," outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 148

**ELECTRIC LIGHT and
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*Names on request from this magazine.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

LEFT HOLDING THE BAG... BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?



QUICK! 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT...



GIVE YOU GOOD-LOOKING HAIR AND MAKE HER CARE!



DON'T WAIT: Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, today! Shake a few drops on your comb . . . or rub it directly on the scalp. It keeps your hair neatly groomed from sun-up to bedtime. And at the same time, it helps check Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For double protection, massage your head vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before each shampoo . . . then rub a little on afterwards. It's different . . . because 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic doesn't contain a single drying ingredient!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

40¢
and
70¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A recent survey of men smokers shows that, out of every thousand, 86 use cigars only, 92 pipes only and 394 cigarettes only. The other 428 men habitually or occasionally use two or all three of these forms of tobacco. This brings the total number of users to 394 for cigars, 428 for pipes and 751 for cigarettes.

While the Supreme Court of the United States will not admit evidence obtained by wire-tapping, this court upheld a few months ago a case in which the evidence, a conversation in the defendant's office, was secured through the wall with a detectaphone. Despite the inclusion in the recording of a telephone conversation, the court held that the method of obtaining it did not constitute wire-tapping.

A military bridge built recently across the Shatt-al-Arab River in Iraq acquired a unique feature through a change in design which had to be made after construction began. Although a lift-type drawbridge, its 92-foot span is lowered instead of raised so vessels pass over instead of under it.—By Simon Lipschitz, Pittsfield, Mass.

America's largest dancing school, with headquarters in New York, sells annually \$3,000,000 worth of mail-order courses, and maintains 128 branch studios in 103 cities and employs 1,388 instructors, or a larger teaching staff than those of Yale and Princeton combined.

Owing to the scarcity of horses, mules and tractors, at least one quarter of all American farms today have no animal or mechanical power.—By Harry Sayre, New York City.

The maps of Berlin used by the Royal Canadian Air Force when bombing that city show the strategic buildings by their street addresses, which the R.C.A.F. obtained from a Berlin classified telephone directory borrowed from the New York Public Library.

Although a depositor whose bank has failed can usually collect some, if not all, of his money, millions of Americans with accounts in closed banks have never bothered to inquire about them. In New York, for example, some 180,000 former depositors in the Bank of the United States, which closed its doors during the depression, in 1930, have never called for the \$1,500,000 that is being held for them.

The largest bank credit ever negotiated by an American business organization was the \$1,000,000,000 arranged with 400 participating banks by the General Motors Corporation in October, 1942. Until its expiration on February 28, 1946, all or any part of this accommodation may be borrowed at 2½ per cent interest, with one eighth of one per cent interest payable on the unused amount.

The ceiling prices most difficult to control are those on secondhand articles, such as electric refrigerators, trucks and farm machinery, particularly in private sales. In one recent evasion, a farmer sold a bale of hay to a neighbor for \$2,000 and "threw in" a tractor whose original cost was \$1,200 and whose secondhand ceiling was \$960.

An American soldier is allowed, before his trial by a general court-martial, to examine the evidence and the witnesses of the prosecution. During the trial, at which he may be represented by his own civilian lawyer, the defendant is not required to testify under oath if he chooses to make an unsworn statement. In such a case, the soldier, after telling his story in his own words, may not be subjected to cross-examination.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

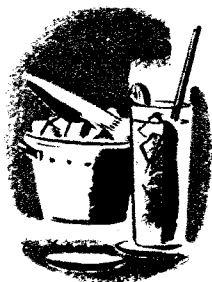
THINGS MY BILL HAS A RIGHT TO AFTER IT'S OVER



Bill—*the War Bonds* you've bought—will hasten the victory and will enable him to spend for the new coffee maker, the new car, the new house. Let all of us do our share and help him get what he needs.



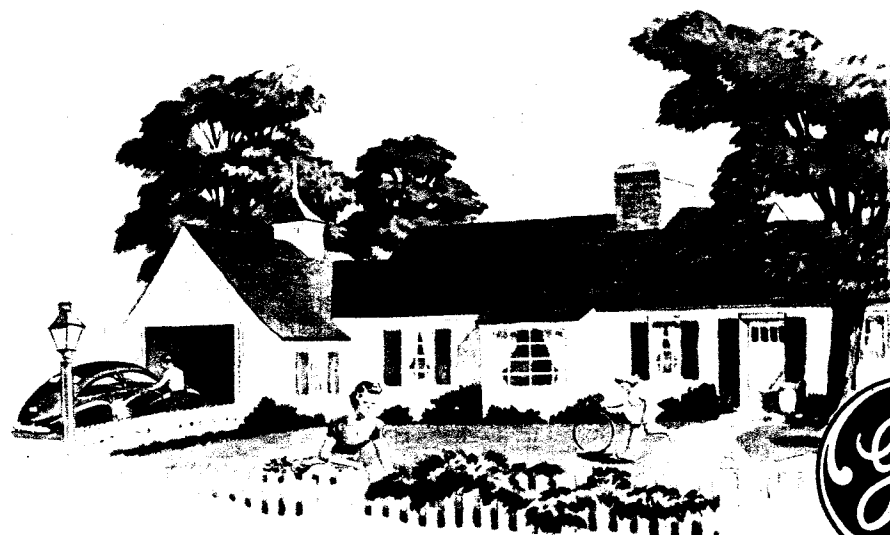
ALL THE CUPS OF COFFEE HE WANTS
How he wants it. When he wants it. With a new G-E flavor-guard Coffee Maker that will brew perfect coffee and then keep it just the right flavor and temperature automatically for hours.



A LOT OF SPARKLING DISHES
The glass is every bit as good, bristling with the new electric sink. And a new one, too. (The new sink is just as good as his old one, but it's a new one.)



NO MORE K. P. And no guilty feeling for not helping me with dishes and emptying garbage when our new G-E Electric Sink will let us forget that kitchen drudgery forever. Small things? Not if you know Bill. But if they seem to you too picayune to build a post-war world, I'll add the big ones: **OUR HOUSE**—less expensive than we'd dreamed—but **ALL-ELECTRIC** from the ground up. **ME**, free as a pre-war millionairess. **OUR CHILDREN**, growing up in what their father fought to make it—a good world with opportunity for all.



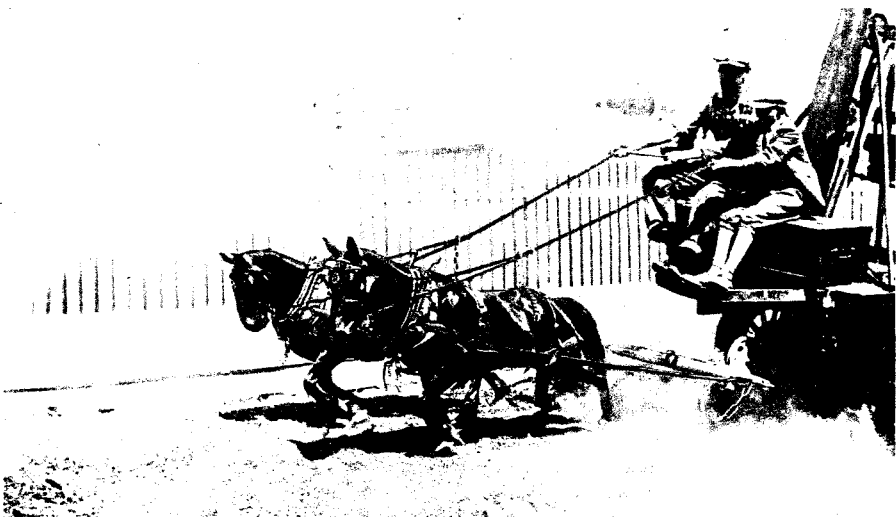
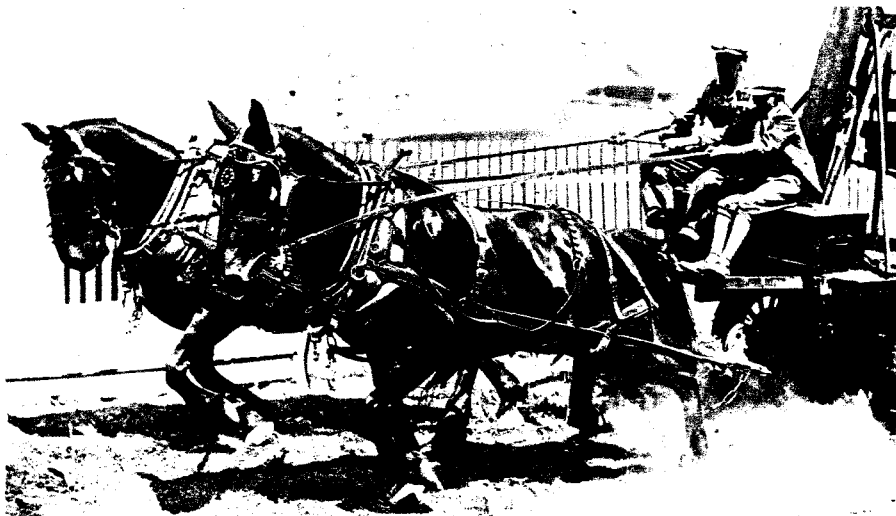
These things after the war cannot be for the few. They must be for **ALL AMERICANS**. That is why General Electric from the midst of total war production is devoting this series of messages to you to say, most seriously: "In Time of War, Prepare for Peace." * * * Whatever your income, **YOUR WAR BOND SAVINGS** can buy you everything mentioned on this page—things finer than ever before because of our war skills. So begin to save and plan for the things your savings will buy. Each after victory purchase you make will help create more jobs. General Electric Consumers Institute, Bridgeport, Connecticut.



EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR AFTER VICTORY HOMES

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: The G-E "All Girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC. "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



DON'T LET YOUR HORSES SHRINK TO PONIES

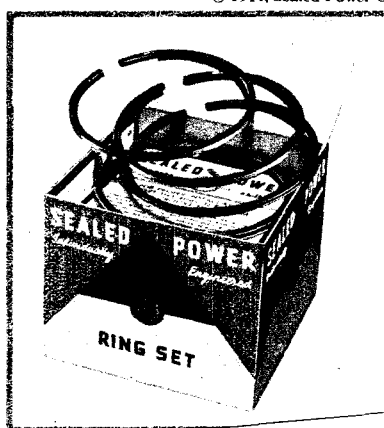
Horsepower shrinks as piston rings wear out. And as engine efficiency drops gas and oil consumption soar

WOULD you have bought your car or truck with the equivalent of two cylinders out of commission? Of course not. Today it is more important than ever to maintain your fine engine at full power and efficiency. How important the Government considers engine maintenance is indicated by the priorities which enable us to continue the manufacture of Sealed Power Piston Rings. Packaged sets, individually engineered for each make and model of engine, restore original power, control oil, save gas, reduce wear, lengthen engine life.

When horsepower begins to fail insist on genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings—the kind that are now serving with Sealed Power Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves in tanks, ships, trucks and

planes—everywhere that horsepower backs up fire-power in the war for liberty. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

© 1944, Sealed Power Corp.

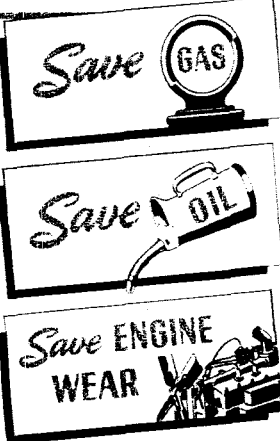


The war is not won yet—and as long as our men fight we must back them by BUYING BONDS.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves

Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts



WING TALK



BRITISH PRESS SERVICE

It looks like something out of a mail-order catalog, but the "Stringbag" is one of the mainstays of the British Fleet Air Arm

THOUGH most Americans wouldn't believe their eyes if they saw it, the plane known as the Fairey Swordfish is one of the mainstays of Britain's Fleet Air Arm.

Every time a Swordfish goes roaring down the flight deck of a carrier and claws its way aloft, the pageant of man's conquest of the air is lived again for a few tense seconds. For, to the casual spectator, a Swordfish flying off to battle in this war looks about as efficient and dangerous as a crossbowman on his way to tackle a squad of Commandos.

A Swordfish is a large, gangling biplane. It would fit comfortably into any movie sequence of the period 1917-1918. The wings and fuselage are covered with fabric, which is originally painted in shades ranging from gray to blue, but because every Swordfish invariably has a light rash of patches on its skin, the general result is a sort of mottled shade.

The patches are the result of a curious hazard in a Swordfish's life. After some service, the fabric becomes brittle, and curious visitors find that their fingers inadvertently punch holes in the wing surface. Also, in a dive or tight turn, the fabric covering sometimes flutters in an unpleasant, nervous fashion.

Fleet Air Arm pilots, both in affection and alarm, call these planes Stringbags.

The space between the two wings is pretty well filled with struts and wires and such, and back by the tail a lot of wires come out of the fuselage and run to the control surfaces. The fuselage itself is a long, narrow structure. The three open cockpits start immediately behind the following edge of the upper wing, the pilot in the first, the observer in the second, the aerial gunner in the last. So the Swordfish looks and sometimes acts like something out of a mail-order catalogue.

YET, regularly, stories come back on how these planes can muddle through. For example, in the Norway campaign a Stringbag from the Ark Royal found itself on the business end of a Heinkel 111. The Swordfish has a speed of about 120 miles an hour, and the Heinkel is better than twice as fast and carries a great deal more in the way of machine-gun lead. The Swordfish, however, came back to its carrier with nothing worse than a slight case of dizziness aboard. The pilot merely dived down on a Norwegian mountain and then flew in tight circles around it. The Heinkel couldn't cut corners so sharply, so he finally gave up and flew away.

As a matter of fact, one school of

Swordfish philosophy argues that the incredibly slow speed of the aircraft is an asset. The fast-attacking enemy aircraft simply cannot slow down enough to get in an efficient burst.

The Royal Navy calls its Swordfish torpedo-spotter-reconnaissance aircraft. Every carrier in the fleet has flown them off to seek the enemy and, if possible, get a torpedo into him. To be a naval success a plane must have a quick take-off, a low landing speed, and carry a heavy load. And that is where the lumbering Swordfish excels.

There is no sense in trying to make a silk purse out of a Stringbag. It is painfully slow and awkward and ugly. Its performance has guaranteed that as long as the war lasts there will always be a Swordfish. It has a great record behind it.

SWORDFISH flew into the Italian fleet at Taranto, putting three battleships out of action and changing the balance of naval power in the Mediterranean. They bombed Genoa early in the war, covered countless Malta convoys and put torpedoes into the French fleet at Oran. Again, Swordfish were down in the Channel fog looking for the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau when the German ships made their dash from Brest. That time only a few came back.

But it was in the wintry North Atlantic that the Swordfish did its greatest job. Torpedoes from Stringbags disabled the Bismarck so that the surface fleet could close in for the kill.

Stringbags have also engaged in extra-curricular activities. At the time of Dunkerque, some of them were sent over the French and Belgian coasts with instructions to act as much like fighters as possible. So they flew up and down the coast in tight formation, pretending to be fighter coverage for the troops below. Apparently they got away with it, too.

In another case a Swordfish was turned into a fighter when, after the two machine guns were emptied, an observer drew his revolver and assaulted an attacking Italian plane with that. The Italian flew home across the Mediterranean.

There is a classic story in the Fleet Air Arm about one time when a lone Swordfish met seven fast Italian fighters and returned safely to its base. To check on the story, I asked a Royal Navy officer about "the time a Swordfish escaped from seven Italian planes." He grunted and answered coldly: "You mean the time seven Eyetie fighters got away from a Stringbag?"

SCOTT NEWHALL

This is a
Tugboat...
scuttled by
the Nazis...



1.

We needed
Harbor Tugs
desperately for
captured ports
and inland rivers.
But how could
we get them
across the world?



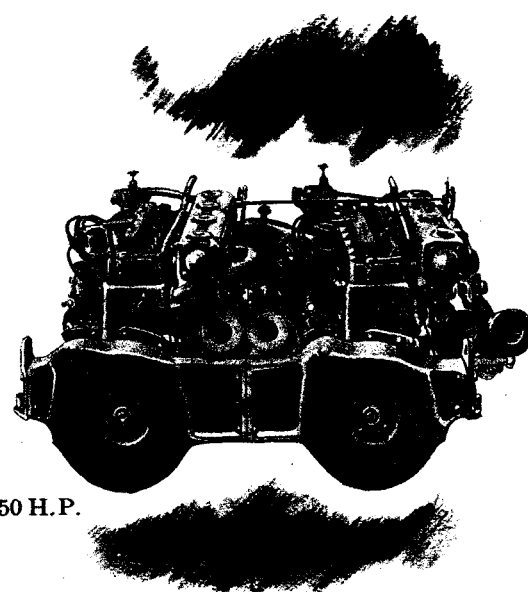
2.

This is the Tug
that saved
the day...
It is made of
two Pontoons
and two Tractors
bolted together.



3.

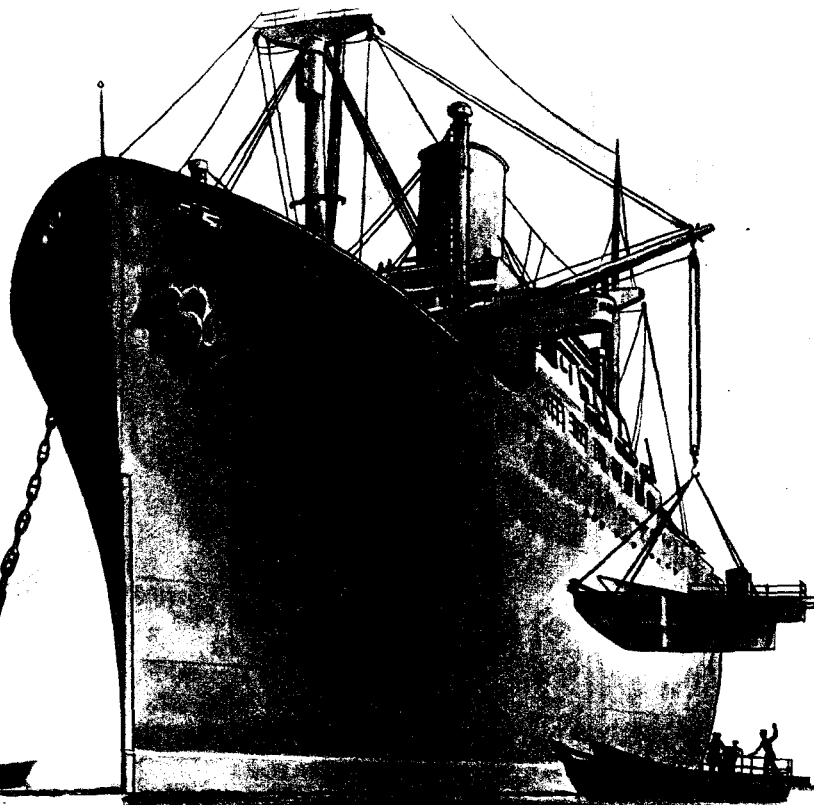
It is powered
by *two Mighty
Chrysler
Marine
Engines...



*Either single or twin units of 250 H.P.
or 500 H.P. as required.

4

Now our Navy
can carry this
Tug anywhere...
and set it up in
a matter of
hours!



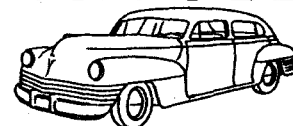
5.

This new Tug
was developed
and built by
Chrysler Division

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines
Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoon
Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon
Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank
Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-
Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens
Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors

CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The nation-wide Chrysler Dealer
Organization offers owners
service facilities to meet their
wartime transportation needs.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

Your Long Distance call may have gone to New Guinea

Telephone lines are the life-lines of an army. Bell System men and materials are helping to keep those lines unbroken on many battlefronts.

So if a Long Distance call gets delayed once in a while, you know there's a good reason.

The additional equipment that could be used here is serving the soldiers over there.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**WAR NEEDS
THE WIRES**

If the Long Distance circuit you want is busy—and your call isn't really urgent—it will help if you will cancel it.

U. S. Army Signal Corps installing switchboard in New Guinea

If it must go through, we'll appreciate your co-operation when the operator says: "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."



Beautiful, amusing and right, the mistress of 10 Downing Street is by nature a homemaker. Because of this millions of Britons rest assured that "the Boss has got a good wife"

THE wife of England's Prime Minister is, by the nature of her position, a public figure who, by the nature of her own inclinations, shuns publicity. Any biographer of Mrs. Winston Churchill wishing to get a slightly more intimate picture than the accepted one of a handsome gray-haired woman competently performing the official routine of inspecting this and opening that is forced to rely on the interpretation of personal friends, colleagues and employees. This method has its drawbacks, since the aforesaid friends, colleagues and employees have a tiresome knack of going starry-eyed and murmuring, "Mrs. Churchill? Oh, but she's marvelous!"

"In what way is she marvelous?" the biographer asks briskly.

"Well," they say illuminatingly, "you know. Just marvelous."

Though the stupor of honest admiration into which Clementine Churchill apparently throws those around her is apt to make their reminiscences sound a bit saccharine, the personality responsible for them is anything but. After friends finish saying that she's marvelous, they generally fish around for another adjective and add, rather more thoughtfully, that she's very decided.

No Respector of Personages

Through all the years of an exceptionally successful married partnership, she may have chosen to be merely the background to her husband's career, but no one has ever felt that she was in the background of the background. Guests at No. 10 Downing Street or Chequers (the country home at the disposal of England's prime ministers) come away remembering the stimulating conversation they had with that amusingly downright Mrs. Churchill, not a few minutes conventional chitchat with the Prime Minister's wife.

This quickness on the mental trigger leads the more timid of her acquaintances to say respectfully that she thinks like a man. She adds to this, however, a typically feminine irreverence for heavy-weight personages and institutes, that a man would approach, so to speak, with his hat in his hand. At a private party she is not unlikely to demolish some serious discussion with a twinkle, which probably calls forth from the cigar end of the table a deep, appreciative, interior chuckle.

"You feel he's going to laugh like the dickens in his bath afterward," said a friend who is sometimes present at such family gatherings.

Mrs. Churchill is a beautiful woman whose looks have certainly helped to fix her and her husband firmly in England's warm heart, for the English have a romantic weakness for beauty. They like to say: "There's good old Winnie! Don't 'is missus look a treat!" as the Churchills drive past on their way to some function.



BRITISH COMBINE

They also approve of an obviously devoted family life and with Buckingham Palace and No. 10 Downing Street offering outstanding examples of this, the twin pillars of crown and state are felt by millions of small homes to be resting on pretty solid foundations.

The person responsible for the No. 10 background is undoubtedly Mrs. Churchill, who has always been a devoted family woman. Possibly there's something in the idea that an affectionate daughter makes an affectionate mother. Elderly gentlemen now recall how in the dear old gaslit days of Edwardian London, they used to see the youthful Clementine Hozier accompanying her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, about town as inseparably as Mary Churchill accompanied her mother before she joined the ATS. The Edwardian phrase for beautiful women was "stunners;" today Mrs. Churchill is still a stunner in the handsome, full-length way to

which the modern eye, accustomed to a more pocket-edition glamor, is slightly unused.

She is tall and holds herself with an old-fashioned straight back, a noticeable relief in a roomful of women who often look as though someone had just let the sawdust out of their middles. Her hair used to be ash blond; now it's gray and its curled coiffure gives her face rather an eighteenth-century air. She looks and is athletic. She has always played a first-rate game of tennis.

At an age to confound the experts, who hold that skiers should toddle into the snow straight out of the nursery, she became a creditable winter sports performer. She skis with the same intense determination that she does everything else. At Davos, one winter not long before the war, she announced that she was going to tackle the famous and formidable Parsenn Run. This badly scared the younger and

The perfect helpmeet, Clementine Churchill accompanied her husband to the historic Quebec conference and later paid a call at Hyde Park

more experienced members of the party, for a minor blizzard was under way, and they felt gloomily certain that at best she would probably fracture four or five assorted bones. To everybody's relief, she arrived at the bottom still vertical and cheerfully intact.

Another game which she plays seriously and well is croquet, by no means the mild English garden-party diversion that people think it. Recently at Chequers, she and Noel Coward, another keen croquet fan, were observed wrangling amicably over the rules as they played a spirited match. She loves the theater and enjoys meeting theatrical personalities.

(Continued on page 51)



Tecky tried Katushka on as a hat, pausing dreamily in front of the mirror to note the effect

THAT NEVER-FAILING NEWNESS

BY ALBERTA PIERSON HANNUM

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

War is a vast and complicated horror, but it is fought to preserve just such simple and immediate things as we come on here—the small concerns of our children and the gentle, enduring ways of family life

THE home of the free," commented Tecky, coming up from burrowing through her play cupboard long enough to glare out of the window. "There's that Cecil Williams again." She

gave a scornful hitch to her overalls.

Margaret sighed. Tecky was not exactly pretty, but she had possibilities, and Margaret would be glad when she at least got out of this overall stage and could get started on them. So far, they almost had to rope her to get her into a dress.

"Put on a sweater before you go play with Cecil. It's still nippy out."

"Play with him?" scoffed Tecky. "I'd as soon drink a glass of blood."

"Mercy!" said her mother mildly. Then she looked at the little girl curiously. "Why do you two even bother with each other, when all you ever do is quarrel?"

It was Cecil who had given Tecky her name—derived from T. K., short for Tan-

trum Kid. He had given it to her the day she had flung one of her barbed remarks at him, and he had leaped for his side of the drive and yelled belligerently, "Come over here and say that!"

"I will," Tecky had yelled back, "as soon as I get a handful of mud!" And she had. After the mud gave out, she started scratching, and then got so mad she didn't remember what she did, although when Cecil next showed up, he looked kicked all over.

"If I could only win out over him just once!" Tecky had raged. "If I could just hurt him once in his life so hard I could see him cry!" While she herself had big tears rolling down her smeary cheeks.

"But, Tecky," her mother had tried to explain it to her, applying boric acid to an eye that was growing black and rapidly swelling shut, "that isn't the kind of fighting a girl ever wins with."

"I didn't do bad," Tecky had laughed a little, suddenly; then she cried again.

That had been when they were nine, and now they were past eleven, but the name had caught and stayed. Although they no longer fought with their fists, they seemed increasingly to clash.

Cecil lived in the house on the other side of the drive, although as Tecky had mentioned, he seldom seemed to be there. At the moment, when Margaret looked

(Continued on page 52)

THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE

BY JOHN AUGUST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Can a beautiful and famous woman vanish overnight from the lap of luxury and the public eye? Can she disappear with a heart burdened by malignant secrets—and build a new life of peace and security? Here begins the story of one woman who tried—and whose picture in a magazine touched off explosives long buried and almost forgotten

THE door of the little office was open, and Marie Royce could hear all the sounds of the machine shop—the rattle and bang of an old planer taking a big cut, and the sudden squeal of a drill press working on aluminum, and the buzz of an abrasive cut-off wheel biting into the stock and, underneath the louder sounds, the hum and slap and click of many belts.

They had all become pleasant sounds to her. They meant that she slept eight hours every night without once waking up in terror.

After two years in the machine shop, she was no longer afraid. Her problems were no longer those of life and death but those of any attractive girl in a small town. She didn't know just what to do about Jim Gislason, who owned the shop and who had given her a job without asking any hard questions and who had fallen in love with her.

She bent over the forms that had to be filled out for Washington, until some new sound made her look up. Through the window she saw a car stopping outside. She knew nearly everybody in the little Wisconsin town of Petit Marais by now. The old man who drove the car was the one who still, in September, 1942, met the train from Fond du Lac. She saw two men get out of the car and knew them for city men—big-city men. One of them was dapper in a brown gabardine suit, with a shirt and tie of darker brown; the other was in gray flannels. They pulled some odd-looking luggage out of the car and disappeared from Marie's view toward the main entrance of the shop.

She went to the door and peeked out into the shop. The two city men were talking to Jim Gislason. She could see that Jim was pleased. Presently he waved his hand at the roomful of machines in a gesture that said, "Go ahead! It's all yours."

The man in brown gabardine took a camera out of a bag and started down the aisle looking for what he wanted. Marie Royce recognized the camera, with its flash-bulb rig, as one of the small expensive kind that so many news photographers use. She closed her office door slowly and silently, so that no one outside would notice it was being closed and looked around the room.

The window was a steel-factory sash of the kind with a small opening in the middle for ventilation. You couldn't crawl out through that opening. There was no other door. There was no way out of the room except through the shop and past the elegant young man with the camera. She knew what news photographers did when they saw her.

She heard somebody coming and sat down quickly and bent over the Washington forms. She tried to look as if she weren't shaking with fear.

Jim Gislason opened the door. He was a big, broad-shouldered Swede with thinning blond hair and blue eyes and an honest, homely face.

"We got a photographer and a reporter for Spectacle out there," he said.

"You mean the New York picture magazine?"

"Wait a minute," Scott whispered, as she started to climb out of the window. "Let's figure this out. Can you hang from the edge of the roof and drop?"





"Sure."

"What do they want?"

Jim grinned. "They say they want pictures of Wisconsin at work. They mean they want pretty girls running machine tools."

"But why did they come to a little place like this?"

Jim Gislason smiled proudly. "They heard in Madison that we're turning out more war stuff per man-hour than any other plant in the whole state. Come on! Let's show 'em we got the prettiest girl in the state, too!"

SHE glanced up at him, trying hard not to show how much it mattered. "Jim—please. I don't want my picture taken."

His face was grave. "There you go again—acting funny."

She gave him the most appealing look she knew how to give, and she was perfectly aware how very appealing it was. "Do I have to explain?" she asked.

"No."

She knew from his tone that he was deeply disappointed. He must be suspicious, too. He wasn't dumb. "I'd just rather not," she said.

"Okay," he said, and closed the door behind him as he went back into the shop.

She sat staring at the three geraniums in pots that she had tended so carefully, on the window sill. She tried to concentrate on the Washington forms, but she found herself poised for flight like a wild animal and listening intently. She knew by a burst of laughter from the shop that Jim's employees enjoyed being photographed for a New York magazine. She began to plan a story she could tell Jim—one that didn't make her out to be any better than she was. After all, he

wouldn't believe the real story. No one would believe it.

"I'll tell you, Jim," she imagined herself saying. "I was in Hollywood trying to break into pictures and I got into a jam with the wrong man, and the studio made it worth my while to disappear, and I did, and when the money was all gone—"

The ring of the telephone at her elbow made her jump. She took a deep breath to calm herself as she lifted the receiver and said, "Hello," in almost her normal voice.

It was the New York office of Spectacle trying to find its men.

"I—I—I'll get them," she said.

She went to the door and opened it just wide enough to call, "Hey—Jim."

He came quickly. "What'll you do now?" he asked.

"I'll be looking out of the window," she said.

Jim turned and yelled to the man in gray flannels that he was wanted on the telephone. Marie got a glass of water from the cooler and went to the window where her geraniums stood, her back to the table with the telephone. She heard the man come into the room behind her and say, "Hello, Chief. This is Banks."

She began to pour water slowly into the first geranium pot.

"Why does Senator Fetterman rate pictures?" the man behind her was asking. "What if he does die?"

Marie couldn't hear what was said at the New York end of the wire, but it was evidently firm.

"All right," the man behind her said. "We'll be through here in a few minutes. We'll send you the stuff air mail from Milwaukee and get a plane for Denver. We're on our way."

She heard the receiver slam down and waited for the

man to leave, but there was no sound behind her. She could feel he was staring at her back. She poured the last of the water into the third pot of geraniums.

"Well, sister," the man behind her said, "how long do I wait to find out if the rest of you is as good as what I see?"

Marie knew it was no use. She turned around.

The man had a nice friendly smile. "You may not know it, sweetheart," he said, "but you're what Spectacle is looking for."

He turned to the door and yelled into the shop. "Hi, Benny, come here and see what I found."

Jim Gislason came in right behind the man in the gabardine suit with the camera.

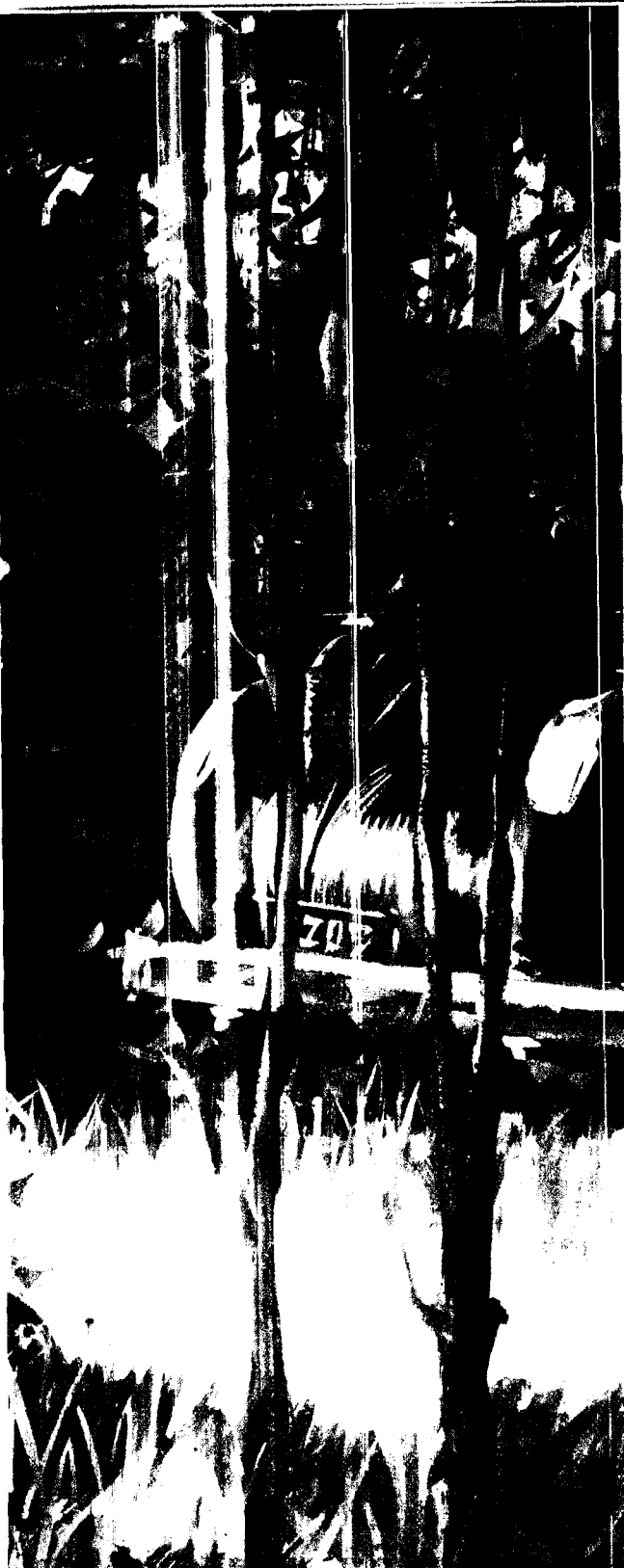
"Listen, you guys," Jim said. "She doesn't want her photograph taken."

"Now—now," the man in gray flannels said in that richly skeptical voice of his. "Lives there a beautiful woman with soul so dead she doesn't want our boys overseas to pin up her picture?"

"I'll have her at a machine," the photographer said.

MARIE looked at Jim and shrugged her shoulders. If she made an issue of having her picture taken, the whole shop would know it. She couldn't have everybody in town wondering why she was afraid to be photographed.

She went out into the shop and put on the hair net all the women had to wear when they worked at a machine; then she took her place at the lathe she had run so long, and did what the photographer told her to do, while all her fellow workers gathered round and watched. The man knew exactly what he wanted, and the flash bulbs went off every half-minute.



He brought her down with a football tackle and she hit the ground hard. As he got up, he caught one ankle and took the pump off her foot. "You won't go far in one shoe," he said confidently

longer fell to her shoulders. She'd had it cut quite short before she came to Petit Marais.

The photographer got down on one knee and squinted at her. He stood up and arranged her blouse. She couldn't resent the familiarity. It wasn't a familiarity. It was the act of a competent workman doing his job.

He was down on one knee again. "Relax," he said, "but don't smile. You're thinking of that guy who kissed you goodbye just before he went overseas, and you don't know if he's ever coming back."

She couldn't hear the click of the shutter but she knew he'd taken a picture because he said, "Take it easy. One more." Then he stood up and closed his camera. "Thank you," he said. "You did it very nicely. 'Anybody'd think you'd done a lot of posing.'"

WHEN the men from Spectacle had gone, Marie went back to the office, and the shop went to work again. She sat at her desk, listening to the sounds she'd found so pleasant an hour earlier—the rattle and bang of the old planer, the sudden squeal of the drill press on aluminum, the zooming buzz of the abrasive cut-off wheel when it bit into the stock and, underneath the louder sounds, the hum and slap and click of many belts.

But the sounds no longer meant safety to her. If Spectacle printed her picture, she'd have to move on, fast and far. Maybe it wouldn't be as bad as it had been the last time. She knew how to run a lathe now. She'd run a lathe for a year and a half before Jim had asked her to help him out with his load of paper work. She had a trade. But when you went to a town where you weren't known, people asked questions. They wanted your Social Security number and your birth certificate proving you were an American citizen, before they'd give you a job. And if you'd changed your name, how could you have a birth certificate?

Jim Gislason came in at quitting time. "How'd it be if we had dinner together?" he asked.

They both knew there wasn't any restaurant in town except the dog wagon near the railway station and the hotel. There was no privacy in either place.

She smiled up at him, feeling the need of his friendship. "You mean how'd it be if you bought a steak, and I cooked it?"

He nodded, grinning.

"Sure," she said.

She had two rooms and a kitchenette over Keller's shoe-repair shop on Main Street. She put potatoes in the little oven on top of the gas plate when she got home. Then she had a bath and put on a fresh cotton dress and turned on the radio for the news broadcast, but there wasn't anything on the radio that interested her half as much as her own fate.

She went to a mirror and asked herself how much she had changed in the three years since her photograph had appeared in the papers all over the United States. Her hair was shorter and differently done. But the wide-apart eyes with the long lashes, the high cheekbones, the arrogant nose, the mouth, the chin were all the same. And her figure hadn't changed. She was still a little taller and longer-legged than most girls, and still almost as slim as a movie star.

She looked down at her hands. Her hands were stronger and there were calluses where there hadn't been any calluses three years ago. Her fingernails were short now, and she no longer used colored nail polish. But who would notice her hands?

She wondered how good people were at recognizing you from a photograph after three years—when you were supposed to be dead. Then she heard Jim coming up the stairs and she went to open the door.

He'd washed up and put on a double-breasted blue suit with a white shirt and a red tie. He leaned against the doorjamb of the kitchenette while she put the steak in a hot frying pan and then made a salad. She found it comforting to have him there. He was so good a friend, and so husky. She knew that if any stranger intending evil come up the stairs from Main Street, he'd go down again faster than he came up. And then she felt impatient of her fears. There weren't any strangers of evil intent in Petit Marais.

"You know, Marie," Jim said, "it was a good engineer who made the blueprint for you, and the guy who did the machine work got it right to a thousandth of an inch."

She smiled at him over her shoulder. She knew she'd never had a more honest compliment, but, as she

turned back to the gas plate, she was troubled. The simple, the easy thing was to accept Jim's love. But she wasn't in love with him.

"You set up the card table," she said. "Dinner's ready."

She'd made the living room a pleasant one in the year and a half she'd lived there. The flat was a tenement really, but it was clean. The furniture was shabby, secondhand but comfortable. There were two lamps on small tables beside easy chairs, and there were books and magazines. They lingered over coffee and cigarettes after they had eaten.

"I like this place," Jim said. "It's a home."

She knew that wasn't what was on his mind, so she waited. He got up and walked back and forth.

"You're afraid of something," he said suddenly.

She tried to laugh it off. "Most women are," she said.

"You've run away from something and you're afraid of being found."

"What makes you think that, Jim?"

"I remember how you were the first day I saw you. You couldn't have been more scared if you'd shot your husband, and the cops were on your trail. You didn't trust anybody. But you got over that. You got so you'd kid me and everybody else. You were being yourself—most of the time—until those guys from Spectacle came today. And then you turned green."

"Really?" she said.

"Don't 'really' me," he said. "You don't have to tell me anything you don't want to. I don't care about your past. It doesn't matter what you've done or not done. I don't think it's anything really bad. And I wouldn't care if it was." He turned and looked at her. "Will you marry me, Marie?" he asked.

He was offering her safety, and she couldn't take it. "No, Jim," she said.

He sat down and lighted a cigarette. "Look," he said. "Is this thing you're afraid of real, or are you just seeing things?"

She couldn't tell him a fairy tale about Hollywood and she couldn't tell him the truth. She could never tell anybody the truth. "It's real," she said.

"It isn't anybody in this town," Jim said, as if he were thinking out loud. "It's somebody who doesn't know where you are but who might find out if Spectacle prints your picture."

"Something like that," she said.

"Why don't I talk to the police?"

"Oh," she said, "you wouldn't do that!"

"Then you've got to let me look out for you. Lots of nights when I can't sleep, I take a walk. I always walk past here. If you're ever scared, you leave your lights on, and I'll come up."

"I will," she said. "The downstairs door is never locked. But I wouldn't think they could print a picture in less than a month, would you?"

"No," Jim said. "And if they do print it, I'm going to see that nobody bothers you." He crushed out his cigarette. "I guess I'd better take a walk now. I've got plenty to think about."

She went to the door with him.

"Good night, Marie," he said.

She saw he'd taken her refusal of him as final. He wouldn't ask her again.

"Good night, Jim dear," she said.

She watched his broad back as he went down the rickety wooden stairs to Main Street. She wished she were in love with him. He believed in her, and it was good to be believed in. He'd known her when she was desperately in earnest—trying hard to survive. He thought of her as a young woman who'd make a good wife. Would he feel that way about her if he had ever seen her at Palm Springs or on Fifty-second Street? She guessed he wouldn't like the kind of person she had been. And he'd be right.

SCOTT WARNER was at his desk in the offices of SOWI before eight o'clock that morning. For the fourth day in succession, he went through the New York and the Washington and the Philadelphia papers, looking for comment on what Governor Queed would do if Senator Fetterman died. He found one broad hint in a paper that he knew was controlled by Taylor Damon. He read:

"The doctors offer us no hope that Senator Fetterman will live. If he dies, it will be incumbent on Governor Queed to appoint a successor to fill our Senator Fetterman's unexpired term. It is rumored the governor is considering Eugene Penfield."

"Certainly he could not make a better choice. Gene Penfield is an example of the finest American type. His ancestors went West in '49 and he preserves their indomitable spirit. As a college boy, he was an All-America halfback. In his young (Continued on page 42)

"Now," he said, "take off those slacks and put on a skirt."

"I haven't a skirt here," Marie said.

"Go get one."

She felt jittery again. She couldn't keep her mind off what would happen to her if Spectacle printed her picture. She couldn't take much more of this. "I'd rather not," she said.

"What's the matter with your legs?" the photographer demanded.

BEFORE she realized what he was going to do, he leaned over and picked up the wide cuff of her slacks and raised it until he exposed a leg to the knee. All her friends in the group around her laughed.

"I thought so," the photographer said. "Go get a skirt."

The laughter had braced her. "I will not," she said.

The man in gray flannels interrupted. "We've got to get out of here, Benny," he said. "We're due in Denver tomorrow. Senator Fetterman is dying."

"I'm not interested in photographing old men," Benny said.

"The office is. It's big political stuff."

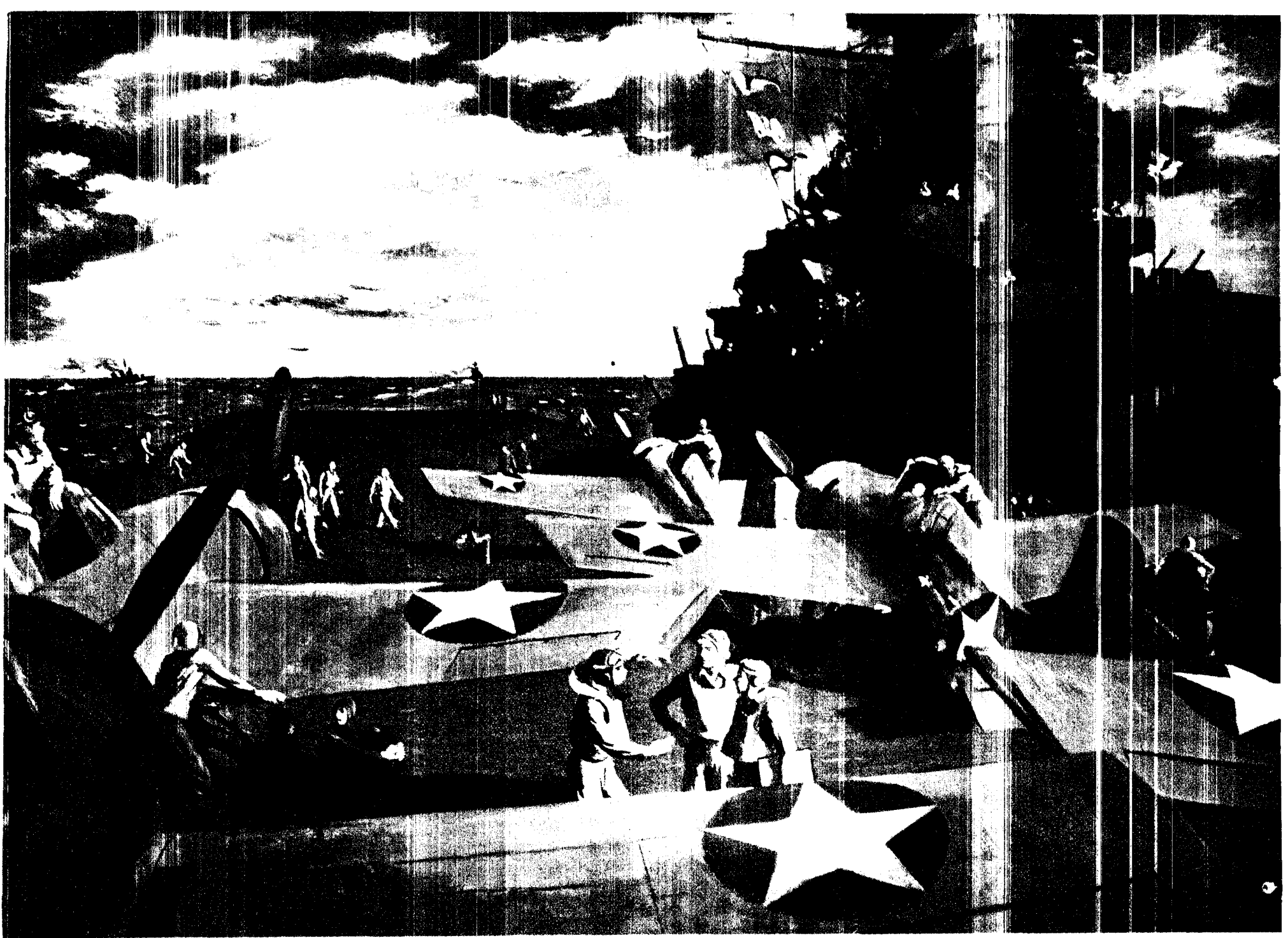
The photographer didn't seem to be listening. He was studying his victim. Marie felt that he saw right through her clothes, but he couldn't have been more impersonal if she'd been a horse with a blue ribbon. He took her elbow and pushed her toward a window.

"I want you in silhouette," he said.

Marie posed obediently in the window, her right side toward him. He took the net off her hair.

"Shake it out," he said.

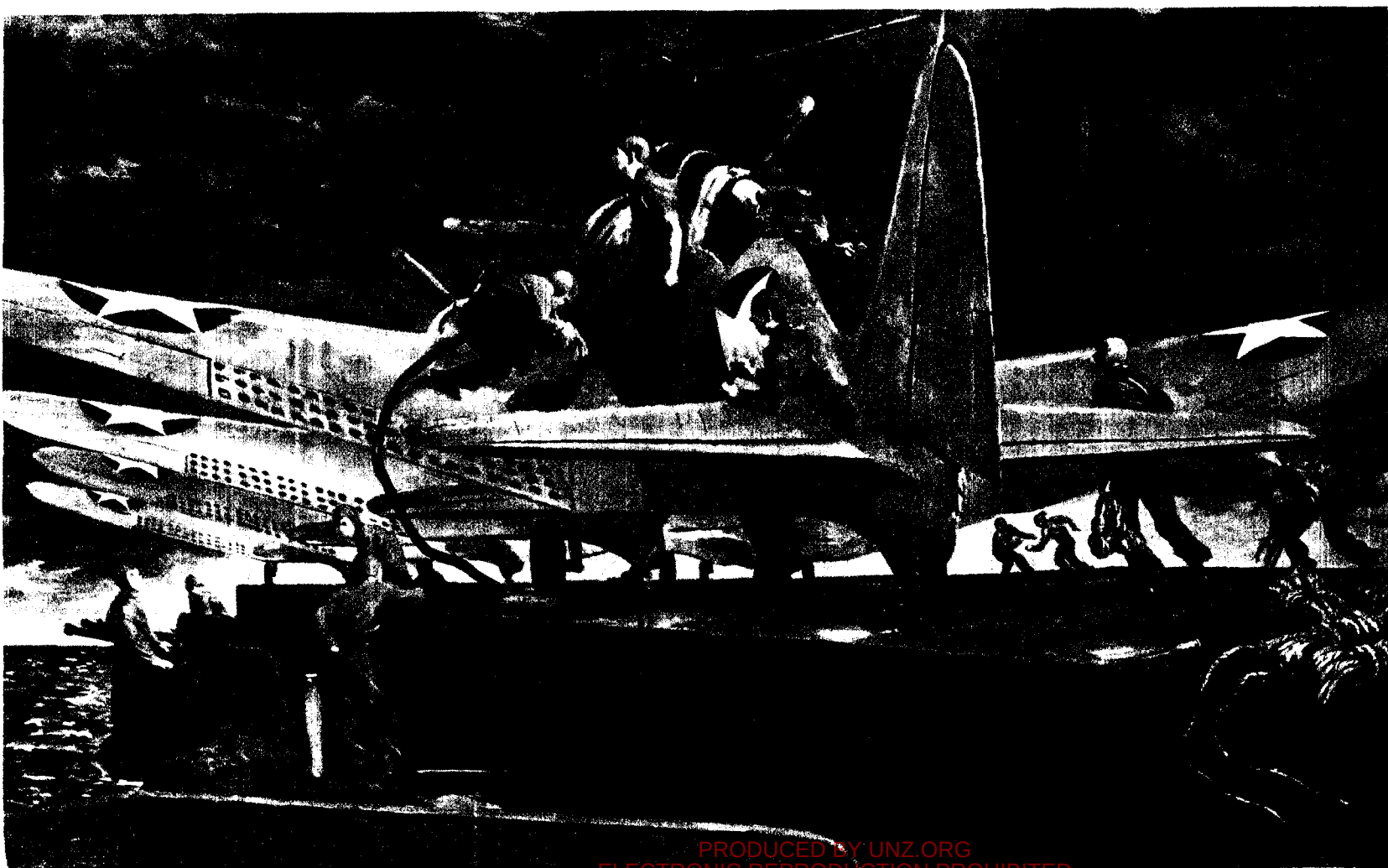
She shook out her hair. It was still curly, but it no



Task Force Hornets

The operations island a grim gray redoubt against the sky, this aircraft carrier steams behind her task-force screen with a swarm of fighters at ready on the flight deck. To be first off, planes of a fighter

squadron stand at Fly One, the take-off spot. Meanwhile, as signal pennants snap from the truck, handling crews and pilots await the orders which will send these Grumman fighters snarling into the air



Serviced and Ready

The aircraft carrier, as well as being a mobile airfield, is a service station de luxe. Once aboard and spotted by the Flight Deck Officer at its appointed parking place, the plane is taken in hand immediately by a servicing crew. It is refueled, cleaned, checked and inspected for instant use. At the same time, a crewman lashes down wings with running lines attached to deck fittings. Wing lashings are necessary on the exposed flight deck, where heavy winds and seas sweep its broad expanse

ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

PAINTINGS BY LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH

ADMIRAL McCAIN says: The Navy is fortunate to have in the Abbott Collection a graphic record of what some of the country's finest artists saw and felt while living and working with the Navy's air arm. Their work was financed by Abbott Laboratories, planned with the co-operation of the Associated American Artists, and carried out with the co-operation of the Navy, to whom the collection recently was presented. Each of seven artists, with established reputations, was assigned to a different type of naval aviation activity. Each spent several weeks at the scene of these activities; lived the life of the Navy; worked and ate and talked with its men and shared their hardships and dangers as well as their pleasures.

The first of this series to be presented, appropriately enough, is of life on an aircraft carrier, as depicted by Lawrence Beall Smith.

This artist spent nine weeks aboard one of the Navy's great new carriers and, I am told, was a most welcome member of its company, making a substantial contribution through his work to the maintenance of high morale. His paintings show that Mr. Smith came to feel as a naval airman feels; that he learned to speak the language of the Navy. He found and recorded determination, efficiency, initiative, co-operation and loyalty in the officers and men on that seaborne haven for fighter planes, bombers, torpedo planes and scouts.

The aircraft carrier made its debut in the present war and has demonstrated itself to be the Navy's most potent striking force—the queen of the battle fleet of the new Navy. It has reached out farther and hit harder than any other single weapon of modern war, and it still is growing in effectiveness. Carrier planes saved two continents inhabited by free peoples from invasion—Australia in the Battle of the Coral Sea, and North America in the Battle of Midway. Now carriers spearhead the work of wresting back the territory lost because our naval strength was not kept at a level adequate to the tasks imposed on it.

The work of other artists in this series will deal with other types of naval air activity, both in combat and in the equally essential training and maintenance activities ashore, where women as well as men make their contribution to victory. These artists know Navy instructors, students, officers and enlisted men; know their problems and the answers they have found.

To describe with brush and pencil the actions of naval aviation, the artists took numerous flights in all types of naval aircraft. Their oils, water colors, drawings and sketches provide a spirited chronicle of sea-air power.

Although military leaders must now dedicate their full attention to winning a victory in the shortest possible time and with the least expenditure of lives, they are nonetheless aware of, and grateful for, the contributions of talented and responsible civilians in reporting the activities of their services to the public. It is with such a feeling that the Navy views this record of naval aviation. These works by patriotic American artists have caught the spirit of the men who fly and fight; the men who man the ships and guns guarding the carrier; and the men and women who maintain the Navy's planes and equipment and train its fighters.

In short, the artist at war has captured the essence of naval aviation.

J. S. McCAIN, Vice Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air)

The Smoke Watch Aloft on a searchlight platform, the smoke watch stands a chilly vigil. In war, heavy black smudge from the stacks of a warship are dangerous telltales to the enemy. On an aircraft carrier, smoke is doubly dangerous as it also interferes with launching and taking aboard planes. To engineering officers below, the most desirable smoke condition is a light haze, so a smoke watch is posted to report to the engine room on smoke conditions above decks. Below are bundled and hooded seamen cleaning the flight deck



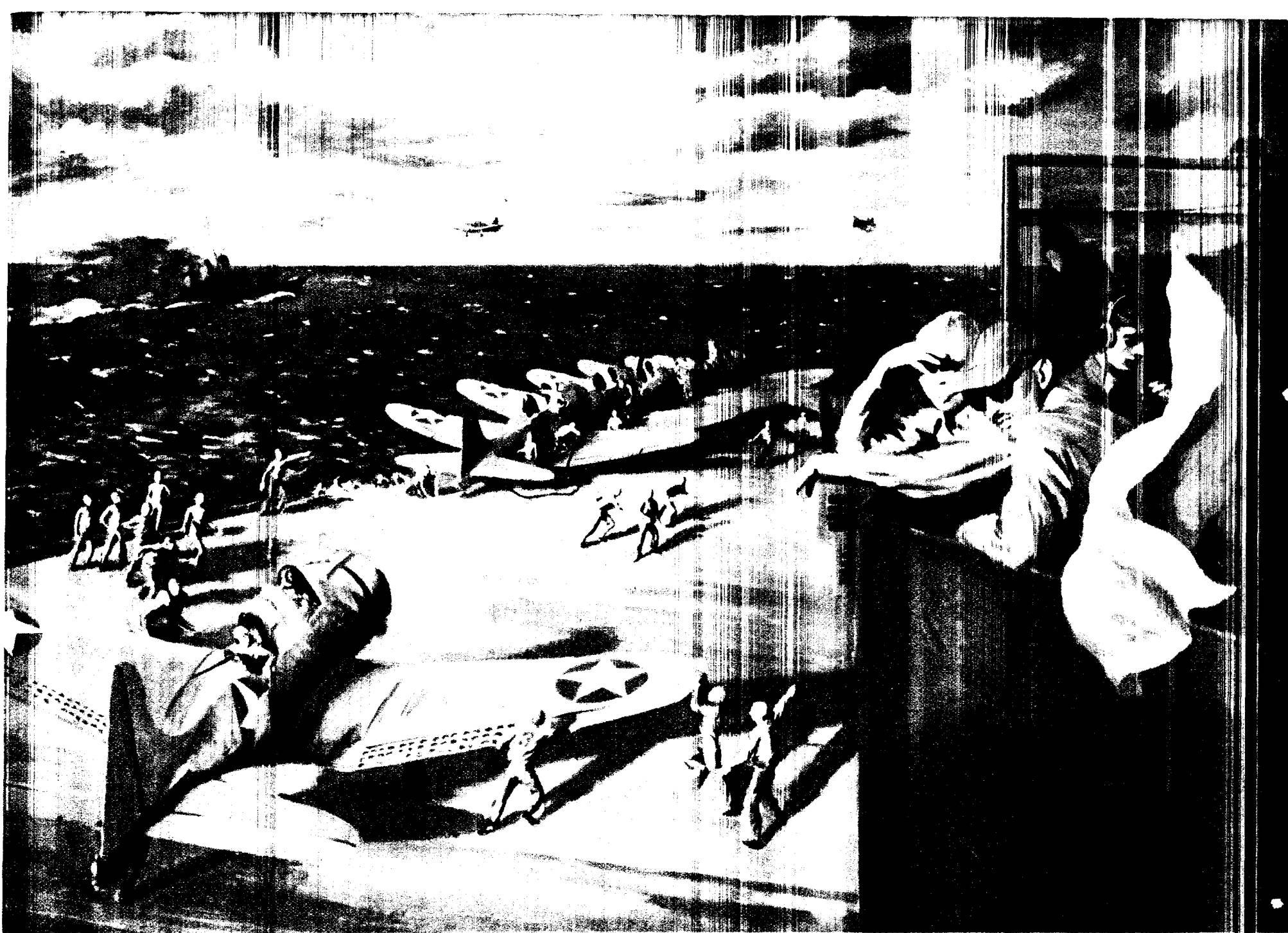
Scuttlebutt Session The Navy has a word for it—"Scuttlebutt"—the shipboard grapevine by which even the skipper's innermost thoughts seemingly can be divined and relayed with constant improvements. A plane-handling crew, in the lee of an aircraft carrier's island superstructure, participates in the shipboard pastime of passing along the latest scuttlebutt, awaiting the return of their squadrons



Securing Fuel Hoses When all incoming planes have been parked or taken below, and servicing has been completed, plane-handling crews secure the fuel lines. A detail is pictured here stowing a gasoline hose at the edge of the flight deck—a job that requires great care and experience, because improperly secured fuel stowage aboard a carrier constitutes a deadly hazard for the carrier's crew



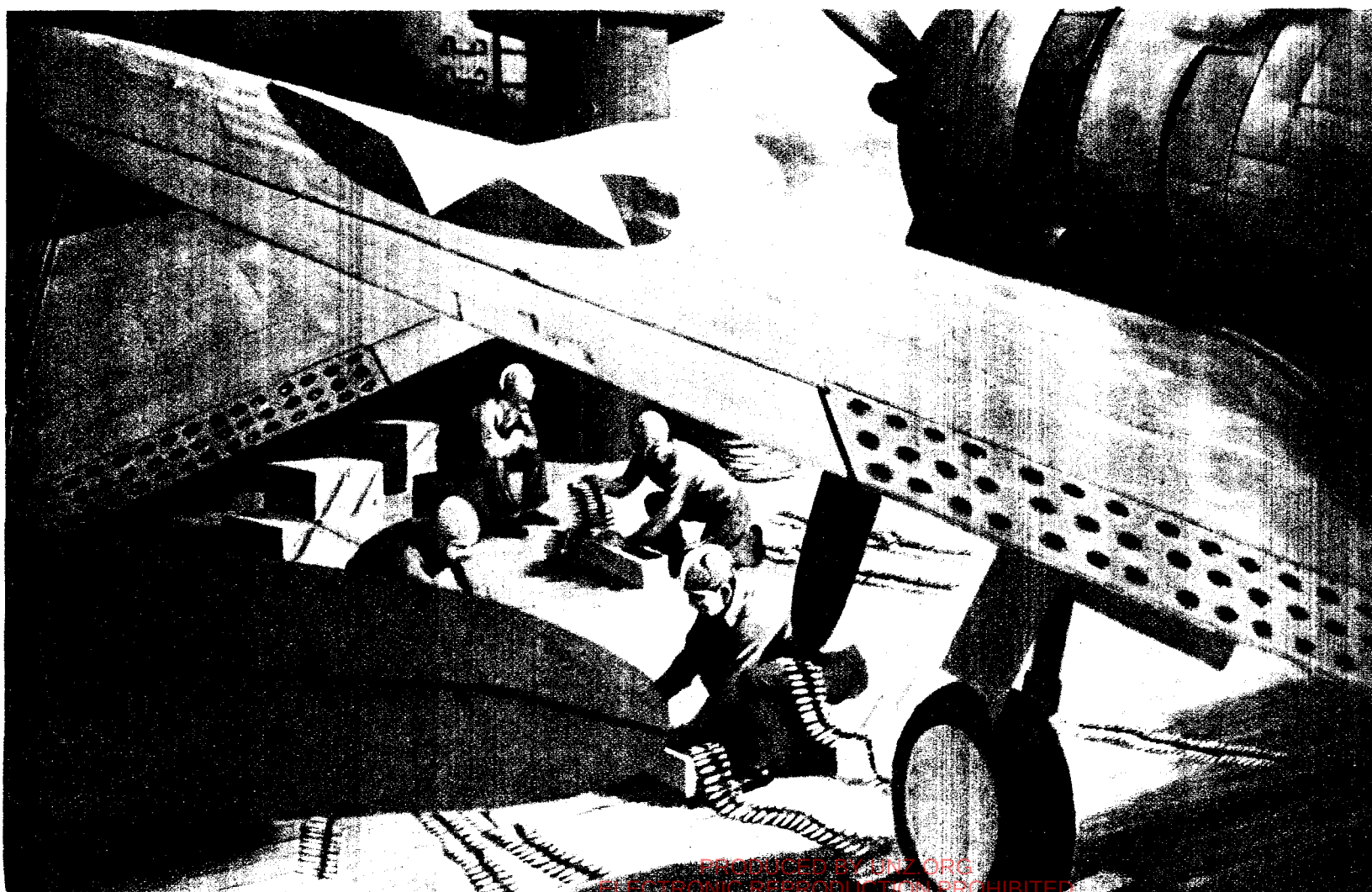
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Coming Aboard

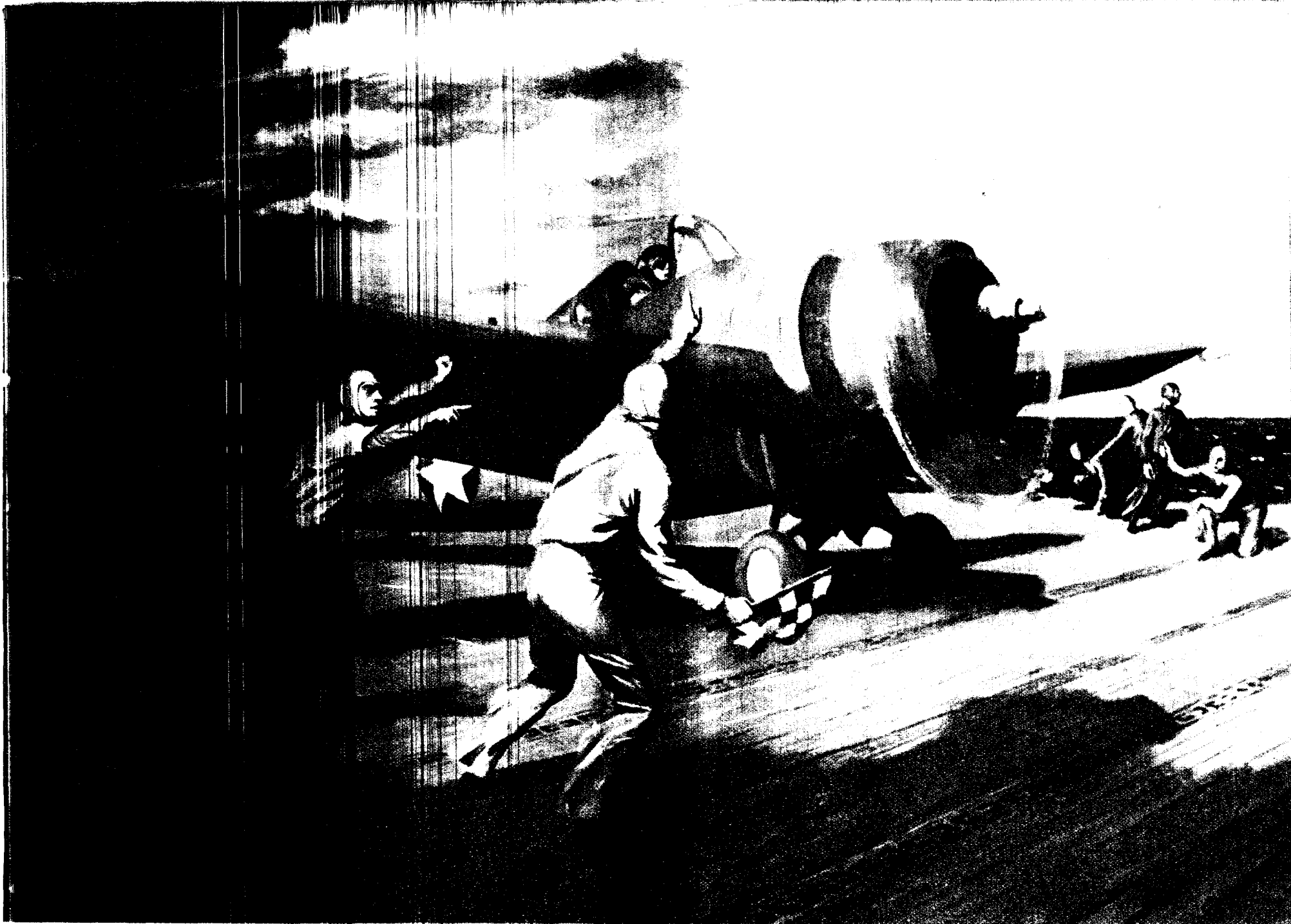
Back from patrol, Navy Dauntless bombers make their landing circle and come in on the board flight deck of an aircraft carrier. From the "bird cage" on the island, where the white flying flag is hoisted, the Air Control Officer and the Group

Commander observe operations. On deck, handling crews sprint forward to take charge of each returning plane, spot it forward, and start servicing. Off the port beam, an escorting destroyer rushes about busily in screening operations



The Sluggers

Aviation armorers break open cases of ammunition, the belts of bullets which feed the insatiable maws of the machine guns of the aircraft carrier's airplanes. These machine guns are fired from fixed and flexible positions on the airplane, and their power has been found sufficient to sink or critically damage enemy destroyers coming within their range on strafing attacks



To the Attack

The glinting flash of the checkered flag in the hand of the Flight Deck Officer . . . the thundering roar of smoothly harnessed horsepower—and a Grumman fighter races down the aircraft carrier's flight deck to take off into the wind.

Even as it rolls forward, plane directors wave another into the take-off spot to follow in a matter of seconds. The torpedo and dive bombers will swing away in turn as the fighters rendezvous aloft to form a protective air umbrella

In the Briny

Oceans are large and missions often are long, so a dunking is the lot of the carrier-borne aircraft pilot unlucky enough to have his fuel supply run out before he can reach the flight deck. This Grumman torpedo bomber ran out of gas just short of its carrier home, but the crew scrambles to safety in their Mae Wests as pilot signals a cheery "All's well." They will be picked up by an escorting destroyer while the carrier steams on at unreduced speed to take aboard other planes still in the air



BOY WITH GUN

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A kid is confronted by a man's job—and learns that fear can be an ingredient of courage

IT BEING a Saturday morning, the boy rose without reluctance and dressed swiftly. There was no one in the wide, rambling adobe house on the edge of the town, his mother having accompanied his father into the business section to do her weekly shopping, and the boy's older brother, Charles, being a long way from there. Breakfast was laid out on the kitchen table and the boy ate it quickly. He went to the icebox and cut thick slices of cheese to make sandwiches, and wrapped these hurriedly and awkwardly in a paper with oranges and apples.

The boy then went to the closet in his own bedroom, and his whole manner changed as he took the .22 pump gun from its rack and looked it over with his arms moving not unlike a dancer's as he held the thin-barreled gun at almost arm's length. The faint smell of its oil pleased him, and the easy way the pump slid under his hand. He pushed it almost all the way back, then all the way, pleased as the complicated click told him the gun was now loaded.

The clock in his room was never right,

but now, suddenly looking at it, he dashed the length of the house to try to get the eight o'clock news on the radio. He had missed it, though, and now began to think of his brother, Charles, who was on Bataan like so many other New Mexico boys. "The dogs!" the boy said. "The yellow dogs!"

He went back to his room again to pick up the small, portable radio, no bigger than a camera, and the three kinds of cartridges he carried for his rifle. There were the .22 shorts, which were the cheapest and which he used for target and close shooting; there were the .22 longs, which he used for far shots as when he was potting at ducks in the Rio Grande from the rim of the gorge; and finally there were the .22 long rifle cartridges which he carried with him for some mythical and half-hoped-for emergency, as some adult bird hunters carry two loads of buckshot in the breast pocket of their hunting coats.

Outside the house, the boy took a bridle from the saddle shed and walked into the corral. The other horses shied away, but the paint mare stood and let him come up to her. She was a short, barrel-bodied little horse named Mollie and had been his pony almost since he could ride. He put the bridle on her and led her to the saddling bar, and taking a saddle and saddlebags from the shed, finished preparing

her for the journey. He put the lunch in one saddlebag, and the radio and boxes of cartridges in the other.

He made sure his hunting knife was buckled in its scabbard on his back and that the heels of his cowboy boots were firm. He put the rifle in its boot attached to the saddle, pulled down the brim of his hat, rose easily into the saddle, kicked the mare twice and was off westward across the prairie to the gorge of the Rio Grande.

THE wind coming down from Colorado warmed perceptibly as he rode. Far off to the south, the dust raised by a flock of sheep misted slightly the air in that quarter. "Damn' sheepherder," the boy said conventionally. He wished it was the old days when you could shoot a sheepherder. Or he thought he wished it. . . .

Occasionally he would pull the pony up, rise in the saddle and look around him for a sitting cottontail or jack rabbit. He was in sight of the gorge, a brown-purple gash in the dun of the grass, before he saw the first rabbit, a big jack sitting under a piñon tree about a hundred yards away. Standing in the stirrups, the boy aimed carefully. He had longs and shorts alternated in the gun, and he remembered he had a short in the chamber. But he would try the shot anyway.

Mollie kept very still under him and he

aimed very carefully and when he squeezed off, there was the big jack kicking under the piñon. The boy whooped, kicked his pony and went dashing off through the brush to where the jack lay. It was a good-sized one, the boy saw, ten pounds or better. Too big and too tough for his eating, although the Indians would know what to do with it.

The boy was almost to the gorge when he glanced at his dollar watch and saw it was time for the ten o'clock news. Here in New Mexico, the five minutes of news was always given over to what was happening on Bataan and Corregidor, both largely held by men from New Mexico and Texas. The boy had been in the houses of the Spanish people when these broadcasts came over, and had been both awed and embarrassed. It was like, it even was, a religious ceremony: the women weeping, their rosaries moving through their fingers; the men grim and silent.

The announcer's voice came in over the battery-powered radio as soon as the boy turned it on. Fifty-four heavy Jap bombers had been over Bataan, the announcer said, as a preliminary to another attack which had been beaten off after heavy fighting. The boy shut the radio off and began to curse as fearfully as he knew

(Continued on page 57)

The man clutched his shoulder and fell. The other men dropped, too, and on the wind came the sound of their strange jabbering



THE SIGN

BY

WILLIAM E. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

HE NEVER looked back when he left her, and she had always meant to ask him if that was the Navy way. She had tried so hard to be a good Navy girl—always, at the last moment, when they were parting, she tried to be bright and gay, denied even to herself the pain in her heart, never let him guess that she was wondering whether this would be the last time they would be together.

Now it was the last time. The orders he had been expecting for six months had finally come. He was going to sea, and they could not plan, as they had always done before, their next meeting, dissolving the bitterness of the hour in the sweetness of anticipation. There would be no more week ends, no more unexpected calls, when his voice would come to her eagerly over the telephone, "Darling, I've got the day off. Could you meet me?" and she would frantically piece together an excuse to give to her boss and then take a taxi down to the station to meet him.

There would be no more Sundays in the park, no dinners here in their favorite restaurant, no more concerts or movies together, no more nights in the little apartment he had rented for her after they were married, no more hurried farewells at the station gate, with always a clock somewhere greedily ticking away the minutes of his leave, but always the plan in their hearts for their next meeting. No more—not for a long time, at least—perhaps never . . .

But she had determined not to let herself think about that, now that the orders had finally come, now that the moment was almost here.

HE WAS talking about his ship, leaning across the restaurant table, his gray eyes looking a little beyond her, like those of a man who is thinking of another woman.

"I hope it will be a happy ship, dearest," she said, remembering that the Navy jargon she had read somewhere applied to a ship in which everything went well.

He smiled at her and took her hand across the table, and she knew from his look that it was only bookish jargon, and she should not have used it; and suddenly the pain in her heart seemed almost more than she could bear, for she was realizing how much a stranger he was still. In their six months, they had probably not been together ten full days. It came to her how little she knew him, how much she depended still upon books about the Navy and his letters and his gestures and his most casual words to increase her understanding.

"She's the finest thing of her kind afloat," he said.

But she was not listening. She was wondering, in spite of her resolution, how she would remember him if he did not come back. Like a dream perhaps, like an ideal never quite realized, never understood. There had not been time enough for him to disappoint her in any way, for her to discover little things in him that she would like—might even try—to change.

He was still new and perfect, like a child's new toy—and yet so very much more than a toy, so very much a part of her, the fulfillment of the dream she

had cherished since she was a little girl.

Of one thing she was sure, as she looked across the table at him and felt the warm pressure of his hand: If he did not come back, there could never be another man for her.

"Tom, it's ten o'clock," she said abruptly, almost harshly.

He drew back his sleeve and glanced at his watch. "There's still time for another B-and-B," he said.

But there was no magic in the last B-and-B. When the waitress brought it, they left it untouched on the table between them and only sat and looked at each other and could think of nothing to say.

"I've always intended to ask you—" she began once, to break the heavy silence; and she intended to finish by asking him why he never looked back when he said goodby.

"Yes, dear?" he said.

But she could not finish, for it had come to her all at once that she had to have a sign, and this was it. Always before, he had kissed her and then marched straight into the crowd, leaving only his square, blue shoulders and the back of his head under his officer's cap as the last thing for her to remember till the next time; and always before, there had been a next time. Now it would be a sign to her. If he did not look back, she could be sure he would return. But if he did look back . . .

"What is it, dear?" he asked, waiting. She shook her head. "Nothing."

He sat very still for a while, looking

down at their clasped hands on the table. "I know," he said at last. "There aren't any words really, are there? There are never any words." Then he stood up stiffly. "Come, dearest. We'll be late."

She followed him numbly out of the restaurant and stood at his side in the street while he hailed a cab, knowing that he was already gone, realizing, with a paralyzing fear, that she was waiting now only for the sign.

IN THE cab, he put his arm around her and held her close. "I love you, Margaret," he said solemnly.

"I love you, Thomas," she repeated ritually after him, but her heart was as heavy and as cold as a stone.

The station was a swimming haze of uniforms in blue tobacco smoke. Tom set his bag down and took her in his arms and held her so tightly that she thought she would have to cry out from the absence of pain; and when he released her, she was sure that her false, bright smile must be betraying her.

"Goodby, beloved."

"Goodby."

And then he was gone and all at once the time had come. If he should look back . . .

Her heart pounded as she stood beside the gate, clutching the bars, looking after him. He was walking away from her fast, working his way into the crowd. His blue shoulders disappeared, and only the back of his head under his white officer's cap remained above the others. Soon it, too, would vanish. He had not looked back.

Margaret's heart pounded as she stood beside the gate, clutching the bars, looking after Tom. He was walking away from her fast, his blue shoulders disappearing into the crowd

She would have her sign. He would return.

But suddenly her heart seemed to stop. He was no longer moving with the crowd. Almost out of sight, he had halted and was turning his head. He was smiling back at her and waving his hand. No! her heart cried; and a violent panic shook her. She had to get through the gate. She must run after him. She must fight her way through the crowd and reach his side so that they could have another parting without the sign. Wait, darling, wait! her heart clamored.

"Goodby, darling." She was startled by the sound of her own voice, surprised to discover that, in her panic, she had not moved from her place beside the gate.

And now the panic was gone. She was still standing beside the gate, smiling and waving her hand, and the sign no longer had any meaning for her. In its place was a strong, sure faith—stronger than any that a silly superstition could have given her. She was suddenly glad that he had looked back. She would have that to remember now—his smiling face looking back at her.

In a cab, going home, she allowed herself to cry a little—but not for long. She knew in her heart now that he would return.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



British Ambassador Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen arrives in diplomatic finery for a Turkish military review in Ankara

EUROPEAN

LET'S TALK TURKEY

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

Lend-Lease and Allied victories have been powerful persuaders for our side, in Turkey. Collier's correspondent examines the modern side of the land of the sultans

ANKARA is a dazzling capital of acacia-bordered boulevards and pastel-tinted modernistic buildings built by Kemal Ataturk to express to the New World the character of his revolution against the backward Old World orientalism of the sultans. You could set Ankara down anywhere in one of the more rugged parts of the United States, and the city wouldn't be out of place. As the setting for an international cloak-and-dagger drama, it is disappointing, until you dine at Karpich's.

Ivan Karpich has combined diplomacy and showmanship with culinary skill to become the most successful restaurant keeper east of Sherman Billingsley.

Karpich's is a high-ceilinged place, painted utilitarian green where handprints would show, and white the rest of the way. Along the left, the tables are strictly re-

served for nationals of the United Nations. On the right, the tables are for the Axis mob. In the middle, except for a small area for dancing, are arranged the tables for Turkish ladies and gentlemen, for other neutrals of all kinds, for newspapermen and, inevitably, for floozies.

Monsieur Karpich has often had to greet, and seat in the same evening, Britain's Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, Vichy's Monsieur Gaston Bergery, German Ambassador Franz von Papen, and our own Laurence Steinhardt.

Men who could legally slaughter one another almost anywhere else contrive to eat and drink together peaceably, and international incidents have been remarkably few in Monsieur Karpich's beanery. Of course, there was the time when a newly arrived young British journalist danced with a hefty but not unlovely blonde and learned when he returned to his table and his senses that he had been dancing with von Papen's daughter, Stephanie. And that other time when the band was browbeaten into playing the Horst Wessel song and then had to play La Marseillaise, God Save the King, The Star-Spangled Banner and the Turkish national anthem, to make up for it. Murder threatened momentarily, but Karpich

smoothed matters over in time to prevent physical violence to his equipment.

Ataturk unwittingly contributed to the complexities of diplomatic life in Ankara when he built the city. He crammed all legations and embassies into an area of less than a half square mile along 45-yard wide Ataturk Boulevard, on a hill overlooking the capital.

A Not-So-Good Neighbor Policy

Land was granted to different powers of the Americas, Europe and Asia to build their legations, consulates and embassies there. So that today the lemon-colored German embassy is almost within distance of a shouted insult from the neutral-toned British embassy, the Japanese are located next door to the Egyptians, and Italy's Rosso practically rubs doorsteps with Vichyite Bergery. It is all just one big, unhappy family.

Whenever a car leaves one of the buildings, it is tailed by an enemy car to make certain where the first automobile is going and how long its occupant remains in conference and with whom. The Allies keep a corps of more than 200 German attachés busy on this and other mild forms of espionage.

At least one diplomat, von Papen, has a bodyguard. Some time ago, there was an attempt on von Papen's life—a person or persons unknown tossed a hand grenade a little too far behind him. Now he's shadowed constantly by a Turkish policeman. The cop follows von Papen at a respectful distance when the Nazi leaves his home—the former Czechoslovak Legation—at ten o'clock every morning to walk to his embassy. It's a good idea to cross to the other side of the street when you see von Papen coming. The policeman might shoot first and look at your passport afterward.

Von Papen at seventy looks like what he is—the old and blunted tool of German Balkan policy. He walks with his sharp foxy head thrust forward in the manner of a person who is growing increasingly deaf. He is always well dressed in good British woollens which he buys in Ankara and sends to his tailor in Switzerland to be tailored. Only his blue eyes retain the alertness they had when he was the Kaiser's master spy in the United States a quarter of a century ago.

In this Pittsburgh of the espionage industry, it is easy to pick up from neutral sources interesting bits of information about what the enemy is doing and say-



Ankara is Ataturk's monument to Turkish modernity. As he ripped the fez from the men, so he ripped the veils from the women and built this 20th century city

ing. Von Papen, for instance, has been talking freely to Turkish friends about the possibility of the Fuehrer's downfall. He even speaks of himself as Hitler's possible successor. Canny diplomat that he is, von Papen has also circulated what he calls his "Peace Plan," which is really a blueprint for a negotiated peace such as the Junker militarists of Germany would like to obtain. Von Papen prefaces his plan with a preamble about Christian brotherhood and quotations from the Bible and the works of the Catholic philosopher St. Augustine. Von Papen is a Catholic.

"Worldly goods and worldly power," he is quoted as saying, "are evanescent. Only after death is there any hope of permanency—in immortality. This butchery"—which von Papen twice helped to start—"must end. It is killing everything good in mankind."

Then the true von Papen emerges. "Why not be done with this decimation," he says, "by going back to the 1938 frontiers?"

In those more indiscreet moments at Karpich's or a Turkish tea party when von Papen speaks of himself as the new head of the Reich, he promises to restore all conquered lands to their rightful owners. He makes two important exceptions—Czechoslovakia's Sudetenland and Austria.

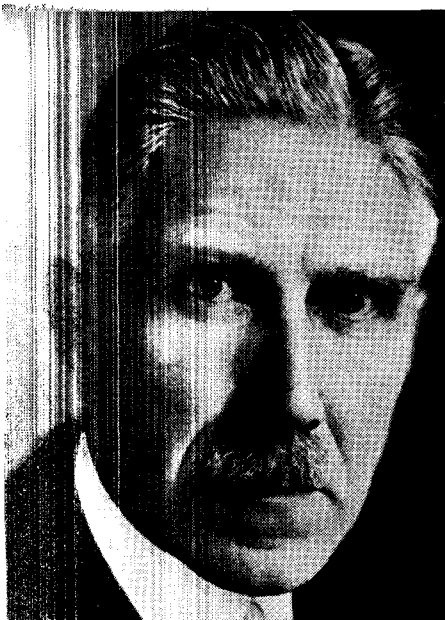
"After all," says he, "they are German lands, nein?"

Turkey, lying as it does on the edge of



Augusto Rosso is the pro-Allied Italian Ambassador

the Balkan darkness, provides a balcony from which the United Nations correspondents and diplomats can peer into the gloom of Nazi-held southeastern Europe. But Turkey also provides an enemy vantage point from which to observe the activities of the Allies, and a neutral atmosphere wherein to float trial balloons such as von Papen's "Peace Plan." It is complete, down to the creation of an international police and an international corporation for the reconstruction of Eu-



BLACK STAR

von Papen's job is to keep Turkey neutral and commute between Berlin and Ankara. Currently, he is busy denying Hitler seeks peace



KNOPF-PIX

Laurence A. Steinhardt, United States Ambassador, keeps a vigilant finger on the Turkish pulse and tries to keep it pounding for the Allied Nations

rope in ten years, with each nation contributing according to its financial means to rebuild the bombed cities—a scheme which would work to the enormous advantage of Germany.

Von Papen's plan could be dismissed as mere gossip if it didn't fit so closely into the Nazi Junker militarist grand strategy of defensive war to be waged with such ferocity that the Allies might be induced to set aside total victory for a negotiated peace. Von Papen represents Germany's long-range diplomatic and political aims, as its military represents the immediate short-range strategy.

Istanbul (which is ancient Constantinople), with its narrow Old World streets and bazaars, its redolent coffeeshops and alabaster mosques on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus, closely approximates a Cecil de Mille conception of an adequate setting for intrigue. Whereas in Ankara Axis news comes to a reporter second and third hand and isn't always trustworthy, in Istanbul a reporter can personally meet and talk with escaped Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Yugoslavs and Greeks, and even with Germans, provided they believe the reporter to be a neutral national. While the information they provide must be as carefully sifted as that obtained in Ankara, it has in Istanbul the quality of authenticity.

From a member of the Bulgarian legation, a young second secretary named Vassili Dimitroff, for example, Collier's

obtained what seems to be the logical version of how King Boris of Bulgaria died last August. The death of Boris was mysterious. Some said he died suddenly after too many bullets, and others insisted that his death was from natural causes. The truth seems to lie somewhere in between, according to our informant.

Bulgaria, the first to abandon Germany in the last war, apparently was about to repeat the performance just before Italy surrendered. Hitler knows that there is a strong pro-Russian element within Bulgaria, which had gained power and prestige with Soviet successes on the battlefield.

One day, two Bulgarian "doctors" arrived in Istanbul. These men, surprisingly, had diplomatic passports. They visited the Russian ambassador, with whom they lunched and had a long talk, and returned to Sofia the same evening. The next day, von Papen talked to Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop on the telephone, and a day later Boris was summoned to Berchtesgaden.

Hitler saluted lean, nervous Boris coldly. It had been Hitler's custom to greet Boris with kisses on previous meetings. Now there were none. In the room with Boris and Hitler were von Ribbentrop and translator Schmidt, whose services weren't required, for Boris spoke German. Hitler began talking calmly about the German grand strategy, and the benefits which would accrue to Bulgaria in the ultimate victory of the Reich, but Boris looked timidly unimpressed.

The Fuehrer Gets Eloquent

Hitler talked for two hours. By the time he was halfway through his oration, he had worked himself up into a fury. He pounded his desk with his clenched white fists, shouting that Germany would not tolerate any treachery, that Germany was not only fighting for its own salvation but also for that of all Europe. Sofia, he yelled, would be smashed like Belgrade if Bulgaria's flirtation with Russia continued.

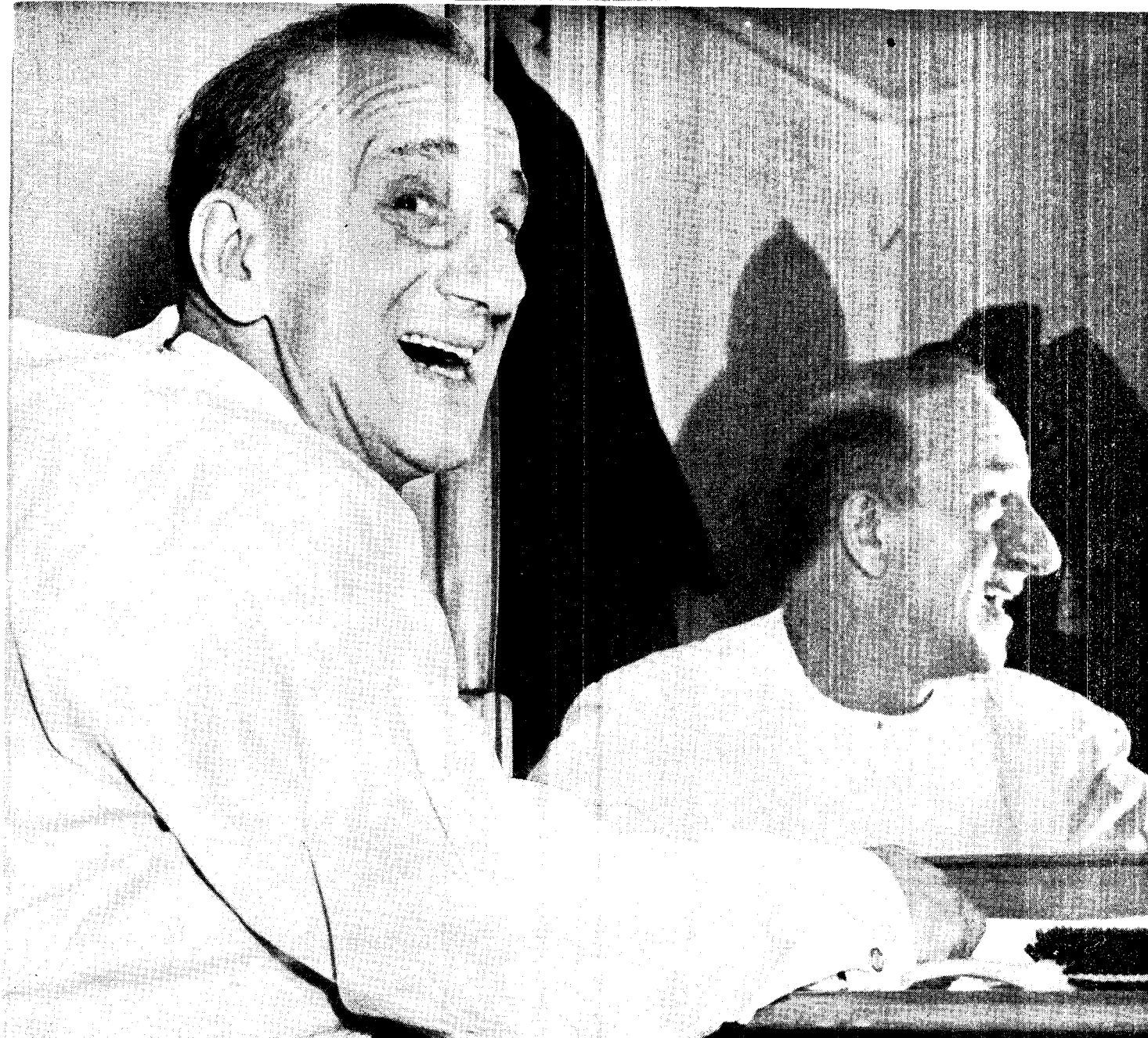
In the finale, Hitler shoved a paper under Boris' nose with the command, "Sign that!" It was an alliance binding Bulgaria to Germany for the duration and specifying that all pro-Russian and anti-Nazi elements within the country should be "purged."

Boris asked for permission to consult his ministers. He was told that this wasn't necessary. Boris said he hadn't the power to sign. Hitler said, "Sign!" and pushed a pen into his hand. Boris collapsed. Hitler's physician, Sauerbach, was summoned. Boris had had a heart attack. He rested for a while and seemed able to talk when Hitler again shouted to him to sign. Boris had a second attack.

Fearful that Boris might die in Berchtesgaden—which would have been the worst possible kind of anti-Nazi propaganda within Bulgaria—Boris was loaded onto a special train in the company of Hitler's own doctor and rushed to Sofia. The king had a stroke on his arrival and died that night, leaving Bulgaria in the hands of the Naziphile Prime Minister Filoff. The Regent Prince Cyril, a Nazi stooge, helped.

Espionage, an industry not nearly as glamorous or as dangerous on the whole as the movie and fiction writers would have you believe, has its casualties. A Swiss diplomatic courier was shot near Istanbul last September. The bag of dispatches he was carrying disappeared. A dispatch bag is worth thousands of dollars to a successful robber, and apparently both sides play the bag-snatch game. Some months previously, a German diplomatic courier lost his bag on Turkish soil near the Bulgarian frontier. Rather than face the wrath of von Ribbentrop

(Continued on page 59)



Hollywood Rediscovered Schnozzle

BY DAN PARKER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Jimmy Durante has a brand of unrestrained hilarious insanity all his own. After a "colossal" night-club season, Hollywood—and you—have the pleasure of rediscovering him

HOLLYWOOD, which is constantly discovering new stars, recently rediscovered an old one. How a luminary whose profile takes up as much space as Jimmy Durante's possibly could have been overlooked in the first place baffles only those who haven't heard the old adage about people being too close to the forest to see the trees.

The comical Signor Durante was thought to have the most protuberant proboscis of modern times until it was revealed recently that he had managed to hide right under the cinema citadel's schnozzle for years without attracting attention, and was discovered only after he had carted his prize feature across the continent to his native Broadway. That gives the blue ribbon to the Land of the Freeze and the Home of the Rave.

After a series of disappointments during which his early promise as a movie star never quite reached fulfillment, Durante, the night-club comedian with the mortified manner and the anteater's sniffer returned to Hollywood with a five-year \$250,000 contract, new-found confidence and the assurance that this time they'll let him be himself. Sometime this spring his first picture, at the moment titled *Two Sisters and a Sailor*, will be released.

Durante had to go back where he started from to make one of the most notable comebacks in show business, and the motivating force was a personal tragedy. Within a fortnight last winter, he lost his wife and his only sister. Grief-stricken, he had to keep his mind occupied. So he accepted his first night-club booking in a dozen years.

Return of the Native

Thus it came about that this unique product of the sidewalks of New York returned to his old stamping grounds last February to play an engagement at the Copacabana, and this gave his faithful fans the chance to focus the attention of the amusement world on him by staging

riots in his honor. To borrow one of Jimmy's favorite adjectives, his triumph was "colossal."

With the same stuff that panicked them in the thirsty '20s, when he was the most important third of the Clayton, Jackson and Durante trio, Jimmy again laid them ceiling-deep in the aisles, proving his comedy ageless and universal in its appeal.

A dozen years ago, Harry Lauder proclaimed Durante the funniest comedian in the world and, to prove he meant it, arose from his seat in a Glasgow vaudeville house where Jimmy was playing, joined him on the stage and gave the patrons—and Schnozzle—the benefit of his \$20,000-per-week talents scot-free. When a Scotsman who is also a comedian does that for a comedian who isn't a Scot, it's praise from Olympus.

Hollywood's belated discovery of Durante made it unanimous. He had been discovered more often than systems for beating the races. New York, a tough town out of which to squeeze a chuckle, yielded him unstinted belly laughs twenty years ago. He doubled them up in Dublin. Liverpool split its sides with mirth. Glasgow voted him not only louder than Lauder but also funnier. London was

tickled pink by his drolleries. He conquered audiences in vaudeville, musical comedy and radio, and a few of his pictures were knockouts. But Hollywood didn't discover Jimmy until it became aware of the hubbub caused by his triumphant return to New York last winter.

There are a number of reasons why Jimmy Durante makes people laugh, most important of which is that he is so utterly himself. Most other comedians have a stage manner. Ed Wynn becomes the perfect fool when he goes to work. Bobby Clark's *alter ego* is a hobo who burlesques the mannerisms of a duke. But the Schnozzle King is unalterably Jimmy Durante, on or off the stage, hot or cold.

Some comedians make their audiences painfully conscious of a false ring in their dialectic discourses, but not Durante. When he plunges into a malaprop-garnished tirade against the latest blow fate has dealt him, it doesn't remind one of an actor reading a line. It sounds like an 18-karat mug pouring out his soul.

There's more to Durante's art than its rare quality of naturalness, however. To begin with, he has a priceless comic asset in his face. If there are homelier mugs than Jimmy's, they haven't found their way into public places yet. Durante has you laughing before he opens his mouth. His nose is so absurdly large for his face and makes his twinkling eyes look so small by comparison that he arouses your subconscious sympathy, along with your mirth. Jimmy's face gives the impression that he's a good-hearted, "regular" guy.

The World is His Erster

Jimmy's voice is another important part of his stock in trade. As rough as a file, with adenoidal overtones and an unadulterated accent picked right off the sidewalks of New York, it is the perfect weapon from which to fire the utterly absurd gags with which he bombards his audience. There is no affectation about it. Jimmy still talks the way he did during his formative years on the lower East Side. An oyster to Jimmy not only is the world which belongs to him; it is also an erster. He goes into mi-lady's draw-ring room and he is annerved by the butler's supersillyass looks. The guy t'inks he's an impost-iator.

Durante doesn't provoke grudging smiles or snorts. What he engenders is the old-fashioned, unrestrained abdominal guffaw. Jimmy's comedy is no more subtle than a lemon meringue pie in the mush. But as a sure-fire tickler of the risibilities, it is as fundamentally sound as this early Keystone formula. In his hands, a purple gag becomes inoffensive even to puritans. Women like his robust comedy as much as men do.

It isn't claimed for Jimmy that every thing he says is funny. Some of the lines put into his mouth by script writers (who must have had a composite of five other comedians in mind when they wrote them) are no more comical than a triple funeral. But any quip that is born in Durante's own noggin is sure to be pricelessly absurd. Jimmy's slant is rock-bed original. His lines don't always sound funny if delivered by someone else. Also, if Durante sees a comic slant in something that seems dull to the layman, it doesn't follow that Durante is right. What happens to the dull line is that Jimmy flavors it with his personality and gives it a comic twist it didn't have in itself.

An instance of this is his classic number, *Wood*, at which hundreds of thousands of people have busted a gut laughing. Thumbing through a magazine one day, Jimmy saw an advertisement of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, announcing a \$5,000 cash prize contest for a slogan about wood.

"Wood is warm and alive to the touch."

(Continued on page 60)

DAILY DOUBLES

By William F. McDermott

If you're in on the baby boom and buying a bassinet, there's one chance in 88 that you'll need a double-decker. Here are some facts about twins

THOSE dimpled darlings who make you think you're seeing double are arriving among us at the rate of about 200 a day. With 1943 having chalked up approximately 37,000 sets of twins, and with no apparent falling off in new arrivals, it looks as though 1944 might even shade the current production record.

It isn't the war that is delivering a superabundance of babies in twos these days, as it supposedly produces more boys than girls. It's simply that the birth rate is skyrocketing. Early last year, the Census Bureau estimated that births in the United States in 1942 reached the 3,000,000 mark, an all-time high since 1921. On the basis of these returns, the national infant total for 1943 stands at about 3,240,000.

Four sets of twins an hour may seem like a lot, but the ratio is rather slight. Uncle Sam gives you a 1-in-88 chance of being Daddy or Mommy to doubles. In Denmark, one in every 62 births is twins; in Hawaii and Colombia only one third as many are born.

Altogether, there are about 3,000,000 twins in this country—1,500,000 sets. Of the half million sets classified at Washington, there were all boys in 168,550 cases; all girls in 162,881 instances; and a boy and a girl 168,814 times.

If you like triplets, you take an extremely long chance—one in 8,800. As for quadruplets, one set arrives among us in every 611,000 births. And quintuplets—well, forget it. In all medical history there are just 47 authenticated cases of quints. Traces have been found of six sets of sextuplets, but it is doubtful if any of them lived. There is evidence that the famous Dionne quintuplets just missed having a sixth sister. Scientists who have studied the case believe there were three sets of identical twins involved, all from one egg, but that Cécile, the odd one, lost her mate in an early-aborted embryo.

Two Separate Personalities

The most common variety of doubles are fraternal twins—two youngsters who are born simultaneously, but who are no more alike than ordinary brothers and sisters. They are the result of two separate egg cells being fertilized concurrently, and each develops an independent personality and distinctive physical characteristics. In fact, it is perfectly possible for the twins to be born of different fathers, and, therefore, be only half-brothers or half-sisters or mixed "halves." In a Western court, the judge held in a divorce suit that the twins involved were not by the same father.

◆ Identical twins compose about 25 per cent of all sets born. Such twinning occurs when a single egg splits in the womb, each half becoming a child. Identical twins are always of the same sex. They are strikingly similar in general appearance, usually indistinguishable—a characteristic that often lasts through life; they have the same hair color and the same color eyes and the same color pattern in the iris; identical eyelashes and eyebrows, size and arrangement of teeth, shape of ears and lips; hands and fingers and fin-

gernails the same shape and size, the finger and palm prints essentially the same.

A case in point involves Mattie and Myrtie Bosley Snyder of Chicago, now 80. As kids, they baffled even their own mother. When they married, they took brothers for husbands. Then they were separated for many years. Neither had any children, and both became widows. Later, they established their home together.

They are still as much alike as they were 80 years ago. Each weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 2 inches tall, wears size 14 in girl's dresses, and both have the same size feet. They wear their clothes interchangeably, and even hang dresses, suits and coats in pairs, and park their shoes side by side.

In the Bronx, N. Y., live the identical Sinclair triplets—22-year-old Shirley, Frances and Rosalyn, who are at present romancing by mail with U. S. Navy triplets Jacob, Abraham, and Isaac Taylor, 23 years old. The Sinclairs have a brother who married a twin and is the father of a set of twins.

Each the Other's Opposite

Most fascinating of all doubles are the mirror twins, whom scientists consider "superidentical." The latter believe that this type of twinning is more likely to occur when the egg-splitting takes place fairly late in the pregnancy.

In this type of twins, one literally mirrors the other. One is right-handed, the other left-handed; one parts the hair on the right side, the other on the left; the first crosses his knees right to left, the second left to right; one twin has the whorl of the hair at the crown of the head going clockwise, the mate has it counterclockwise; palm prints of the first's right hand will be essentially the same as the second's left hand. Probably the most famous of the mirror twins are the noted Picards, Auguste and Jean, who conceived and developed stratosphere balloon flights. Jean is right-handed and his hair has the clockwise whorl, while his brother is left-handed and has a counterclockwise whorl.

Twins run in families, and the trait is inherited. However, there are exceptions. Four consecutive sets of boy-girl twins were born in five years to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dye of Vancouver, B. C., the last set on December 7, 1939—without previous record of any twins on either side of the family. Three sets of twins were born in as many years to Mrs. William Jennings Bryan Merryman of Phoenix, Arizona; and two sets of twins in less than a year in the home of George Demeris of Chicago, the first twins arriving January 4, 1940, and the second set on December 15, 1940. For a shocker in the way of multiple births, consider the record of an American woman who bore seven sets of twins, five sets of triplets, and three of quadruplets—41 children in all, in 15 births!

For notoriety the prize must go to the Siamese twins—who really were Chinese, but were born in Siam in 1811. They were conjoined by a band of flesh at their side, on the border between the chest and the upper abdomen. A Britisher discovered them. Barnum exploited them for years. They married two sisters and finally retired, living on a North Carolina farm until their death in 1874.

The oldest living twins today are believed to be the 93-year-old Mrs. Minnie Stoxen and Mrs. Louis Brandes of McHenry County, Illinois. ★★★



NINA LEEN PIX

Two sets of identical twins: Mary and Jane Thomas of the Ice Follies of 1944. Below: Marvin and Melvin McNickle, 28, who were both AAF majors at the time of Melvin's capture by the Nazis. Marvin is now a colonel in the Mediterranean theater



ROBERT CAPA



PLAY'S THE THING

With the aid of some Collier's illustrators and a bevy of beauties from New York's popular Copacabana night club, we give you some examples of how you can lose your friends and break your lease—all in an evening

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY BOB LEAVITT



Before you dish up the stimulants (if you have any), put your gang through this little number, which we'll designate as Tin Can Alley. Each of two contestants stands on two tin cans at the starting point. When the gun goes off they race to the other side of the room, standing on one can while the other is moved ahead. Christine Karner shows you how it's done. Cheering her in the back row are William Reusswig, Mary Mullen, C. C. Beall and Ronald McLeod. Seated are Earl Blossom and Peggy Ellis, the only other visible spectators

That's a match box cover C. C. Beall, who illustrated The Sign (page 21), is passing along to Mary Mullen. This is a relay game played by two teams, but rule out those with head colds

Illustrator Mario Cooper (see page 20) and Christine Karner demonstrate the Elopement Relay, in which two teams dive into packed suitcases, don the clothes therein, run across the room under an umbrella, repack the duds, and return to the starting line to touch off the next couple

Don't try this if you've just given a pint of blood to the Red Cross. Idea is to balance on a broomstick, holding one end of a cane against the floor; then, with the cane, flick a handkerchief off the chair back. Harriet Clark does it here, watched by Mr. Reusswig, Miss Karner, Doris Sands and Earl Blossom. These and a thousand other games and pastimes are described in Mason and Mitchell's Social Games for Recreation, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 67 W. 44th St., New York



Post war promise to a Swing-shift Daddy

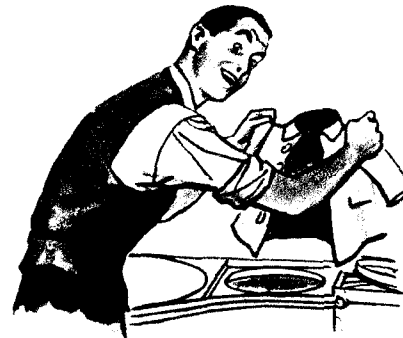
(MOTHERS, PLEASE COPY)



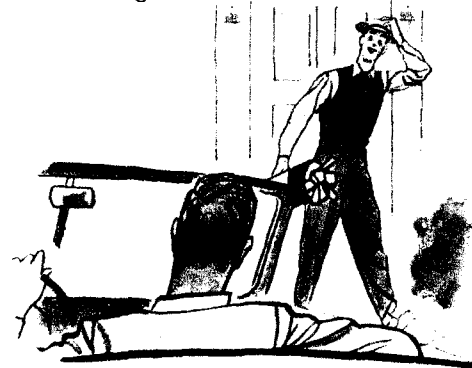
1 IF YOU HAD your choice, pop, you'd probably be playing nursemaid to a Flying Fortress. But you're doing a swell job right where you are. So lather up another diaper, fella... your reward will come after the war...



2 HOW'D YOU LIKE a washing machine with "quintuplet capacity"? Then brother, keep an eye peeled for the Easy Spindrier when peace comes. It'll handle 9 pounds of wash, or a total of 40 diapers at one time. And that's some going vs. your hand washboard, dip, dunk and squeeze routine!



3 POWER? Your post war Easy Spindrier has it to spare like an Army tank. But it's gentle as a baby's handshake. Takes lingerie, woolies, everything, and whirles them dry instead of squeezing the life out of 'em with a wringer.



4 SWEET VACATION DAYS! You don't stand around twiddling your thumbs while an Easy Spindrier plods through the washing and rinsing, one load at a time. No, sir! Its two tubs handle two loads at one time. One washes. The other dries. Gets a week's wash done in an hour flat!

BUY WAR BONDS
TODAY—
FOR AN EASY
TOMORROW!



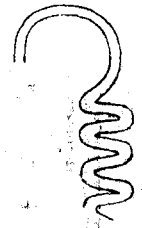
IRONERS, TOO! The same research that makes Easy the first name in washers will produce the best in your new Easy Ironer too! Save for it with War Bonds!



EASY AMERICA'S
LEADING
WASHER

5 BEST NEWS OF ALL, a new Easy Spindrier will be ready for you and Mom at the end of the war *without any long wait*. It's the result of 67 years' single-minded devotion to one job—making the best washer money can buy, during which we've learned to separate the good washing ideas from the bad, the workable from the "gadgets." We know, as washer experts, that your new Easy Spindrier will deliver the most amount of work for the least amount of labor over many long years. Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse, N. Y.

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Handsome, resilient, durable, it is the Goodyear synthetic rubber passenger car tire for essential civilian use.

In its sinewy spring and strength it surmounts the appalling difficulties of seeking to rival in 24 months the results of an entire century of natural rubber lore.

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Back of this tire, back of all that science, industry and government can now put into it, are the

matchless skill and experience of the world's largest rubber company.

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Properly used under current driving conditions, this superb new Goodyear ought not merely to meet your wartime needs but should satisfactorily serve you for years.

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See your local paper for time and station

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177,810 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE — AT YOUR SERVICE

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world. 419 of them have represented Goodyear for 25 years or more, 1,269 for 20 years or more, 2,594 for 15 years or more, 4,268 for 10 years or more, 12,073 for 10 years or less — a total of 177,810 years of experience to serve you in conserving the tires so essential to keeping America mobile.





BUY WAR BONDS TO SPEED

1 — Twenty years' experience in producing and manufacturing synthetic rubber

2 — Tough, sturdy carcass of Supertwist cord, built to prewar quality

3 — Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design

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5 — Greater "know-how," evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires — millions more than any other manufacturer

Supertwist—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

THE

THE BEANSTALK

BY MARJORIE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

Kathleen promised Tip a surprise on wheels for his birthday, but when the day came, the surprise walked in on legs

THE house, sprawled at the top of the steep, neglected garden, reminded Kathleen of an untidy white hen, taking a dust bath.

"It's larger than we need, of course," she said, "and more rent than I wanted to pay. Even so, if it weren't practically falling apart, we couldn't afford it at all. But it's in a good neighborhood. You'll have nice children to play with." She glanced down at Tip, a small replica of herself, standing beside her in his shorts and soft wool sweater. "And that's very important," she added, as if to reassure them both.

She, too, had on shorts—blue linen ones, and a blue shirt, open at the neck. She had been working hard, unpacking boxes and barrels as the movingmen carried them in. There was a long scratch down one slim bare leg and a smudge of dust on her nose, but she was still the prettiest person that Tip had ever seen; and somehow, here, in this alien scene, more valuable than she had ever been before. But it was an alien scene.

"Why did we have to come?" he asked.

"Because, darling, I told you—the other house didn't belong to us any more, and we have almost no money left. So we had to be near the city, where I can earn some. At the shipyard, perhaps. Then I'll be helping to win the war. But first of all," she finished briskly, "we must get this house settled."

In a week it was done. The familiar possessions were bestowed to the best advantage about these unfamiliar rooms; a special corner of the hall became the appointed parking place for the big red truck which was Tip's most prized possession; and Kathleen even salvaged a few nasturtiums from the dried-up garden for the mantel and the dining table.

"Now all we have to do is get accustomed to it," she said. "Then it will feel like home."

TIP had his doubts about that. He had his doubts, too, about Tessie, the small and taciturn Scotswoman who had been installed in the kitchen.

"The best to be had, with a war on," said Kathleen, "and we're lucky to get her. But I'll have to pay her more than I expected, too. So don't you go falling out of any trees."

"Why not?" asked Tip.

"You might break a leg if you did, and since we can't afford doctors' bills, I would have to set it. Which would probably mean that your two feet would walk in opposite directions all the rest of your life."

"And what would happen," asked Tip, fascinated, "when both my feet had gone as far as my legs would let them?"

"Then you'd be doing the split," she told him gravely, "without ever having to learn it, and could join the Russian ballet and support us both. Meantime, that is my privilege. Tomorrow I'm going to the city to see Mr. Sims."

Mr. Sims was an attorney. He had been a friend of her dead parents, and he had promised to help her find a job. He was a kind man but he believed in facing facts. He faced them now for Kathleen's benefit.

"Rent and the woman in the kitchen," he said. "There's two thirds of your income gone before you even begin to live, and the best you can possibly hope to earn as a beginner, even at wartime wages, won't be enough to meet your living expenses. Don't forget, you'll be paying wartime prices, too."

"I have two hundred dollars left from selling the car," said Kathleen, beginning to dislike Mr. Sims. "I can use that to fill in the gaps until I am earning more."

"The first emergency that comes along will swallow that whole," said Mr. Sims. He shook his head. "It's a great pity your husband had to let all his insurance lapse during that long, final illness." Then, after a reflective pause: "You haven't got in touch with—Noel?"

"No," said Kathleen.

"It would be the wisest thing to do. After all, there's a definite claim—"

"Are you doing this just for Tip?" Noel asked. Kathleen started to speak, then stopped; through her tears there shone a smile. "You'll never be quite sure," she said



"Well, I'm not going to," said Kathleen, with flat finality.

"Of course, it's your affair," said Mr. Sims, sighing. "But you're being very foolish."

From his desk he picked up a card upon which he had written something.

"Take this down to the Valiant plant," he said, "to the personnel director. I've talked to him, and he has a place for you. A white-collar job," he added, with a wintry attempt at humor. "Somehow I couldn't picture you in a helmet and leather trousers. You can start at once. Tomorrow if you like."

Tip wept the next morning when she was ready to leave, shedding his tears all over her crisp, clean blouse.

"Darling, I have to go!" said Kathleen, her own face white. And don't make it harder for me, her eyes were begging.

SOMEHOW, Tip could read that message. He cried no more. Not in her presence or in Tessie's—or even when he was alone.

Only, ceaselessly and inarticulately, he missed his old home—the car in the driveway, the house that had had his mother in it all day long; and Gigi, next door, who had been his best friend since they both wore safety pins.

Only if Gigi were here, was the burden of his thoughts, playing alone beneath the dusty oak trees, we could have fun together.

Tessie didn't like his toys about the house, so one by one he moved them outside. He built corrals out of twigs for the rubber farm animals, and dugouts for the soldiers, and endless roads for his little cars to travel on. The red truck, which was so much bigger, had its own territory on the other side of the garden.

It was an impressive affair, almost two feet long, and he and Gigi sometimes used to fight over it. But now there was nobody to wrest it from him, with a "Now it's my turn," or to argue with him violently as to where it should go next.

Sometimes, during the long and empty mornings, he tied a string to it and pulled it after him down the winding road, peering over gates at the other houses, secluded and aloof among well-tended shrubberies. And sometimes Towsy, the English sheep dog, who lived three doors away, strolled beside him for a little while, and then Tip was uplifted for an hour afterward.

And when the other children came home from school, he withdrew to the shelter of the steps at the foot of his own garden and sat there, silently watching.

They showed off for his benefit, at first, but that wore off after a few days, and they went their own way as before, running and playing up and down the road, and paying no further attention to him.

"Pretty soon they'll make friends," said his mother.

Tip waited hopefully for that day—until one morning he heard two ladies talking as they passed along the road. They were carrying First Aid books, and one of them had a knitting bag.

"Who lives in this place now?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said the other. "There's no sign of a father, and the mother works—at the shipyard, no doubt. And there's one little boy with an old woman taking care of him. The people in that house are always queer, but they never stay long."

"I don't wonder. It's an awful-looking place."

Tip sat there with burning cheeks. It wasn't awful inside. His mother had made it nice, but they would never come inside to see it, and the children would never make friends. Somehow, all at once, he knew that. He couldn't tell his mother. Some day, though, she'd ask him—and find out.

But before that, Kathleen caught flu. Very badly, with a practical nurse in possession, and the doctor they could not afford coming twice a day, for a week.

And there, she thought, when she was well enough to think again, would go most of what remained of her reserve fund—swallowed up by the first emergency, as Mr. Sims had so unerringly foretold.

On the first day after the nurse left, she crawled across the room and established herself in the sunlight, beside the open window. In the garden down below, she could hear Tip playing.

"Look, Gigi," he was saying. "Over here's the landing field, and this carries gasoline out to the bombing planes."

So he hadn't forgotten Gigi. Well, neither had she. Nor Gigi's nice mother. Nor the feeling of belonging, where people knew you and liked you. Suddenly and achingly she missed it.

She dozed, finally, wedged among her pillows, and when she awakened, it was midafternoon. The children had come home from school. Down on the road she could hear their lively voices.

Presently Tip appeared in her doorway. "Oh, you're awake!" he said, a note of pleasure in his voice. "May I come in?"

"Yes," said Kathleen. "I think my germs are all gone now."

He came and stood beside her chair, rubbing his head against her shoulder.

"You're not playing with the others," she said. "Tell me about them. Which ones are your friends?"

It had come. For a moment Tip did not reply.

"None of them," he said at last, with difficulty. "They don't play with me." And then, after another pause—as if this might shed some light upon it, "They all have things to ride on," he said.

"And you haven't!" said Kathleen. "If only your wagon hadn't been smashed when we moved, you'd still have that." Then she asked, "Would you like to have supper up here with me tonight?"

The sudden radiance of his face went painfully through her.

He's been lonely! she thought. All this time, he's only had me, and I've had to be away from him all day long!

THEY were finishing their supper—eating the slightly curdled cup custards that were Tessie's idea of a dessert, when Kathleen remarked, "You know, you'll be having a birthday pretty soon, and there might be a surprise for you then."

"Something to ride!" exclaimed Tip.

"It might be if you're very good." And she made her voice sound mysterious and promising.

But she cried, that night, after Tip had gone to bed—slow, burning tears that came partly from weakness and were partly for herself because, doing her very best for him, she had so signally failed to make him happy; but they were chiefly for Tip, living through his lonely days in such valiant silence.

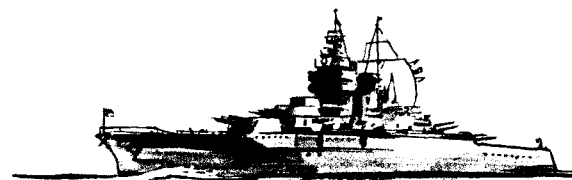
On Monday she went back to work, and the doctor's bill arrived, this being the first of the month. Almost double what she'd expected—like everything else. She was getting accustomed to that. But the point was that when she'd paid it she'd have nothing left to fall back upon, and nothing for a birthday present for Tip.

But she'd promised him, and in all his short life she'd never broken a promise to him. What could she do? How was she going to buy him a present?

Then into her perplexity came a sudden thought: But things don't have to cost money to please children! The things I loved best, when I was small, were not the ones that were bought for me.

And on the heels of that came a memory.

At home, that evening, she wrote a letter. For some time before beginning, she sat staring at the blank sheet of paper but,



WHAT'S HE SAY?

HE SAYS THERE'S
SOMETHING REALLY
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10% More Powder
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Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like

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(Above) ONE of the most important of the hundreds of aluminum forgings made by Chevrolet for the aircraft industry is the propeller blade. Chevrolet, with four separate aluminum forge plants now in operation, is a major source of supply of aluminum forgings for the aircraft industry.

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America long has thought of Chevrolet as a leader—but hardly in the field of aluminum processing!

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Products include propeller blades for bombers and cargo planes, propeller pistons, propeller hubs, landing gear trunnions, crankcase sections and small parts for all the Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines Chevrolet is volume-producing in its own plants as well as for other important aircraft producers.

★ ★ ★

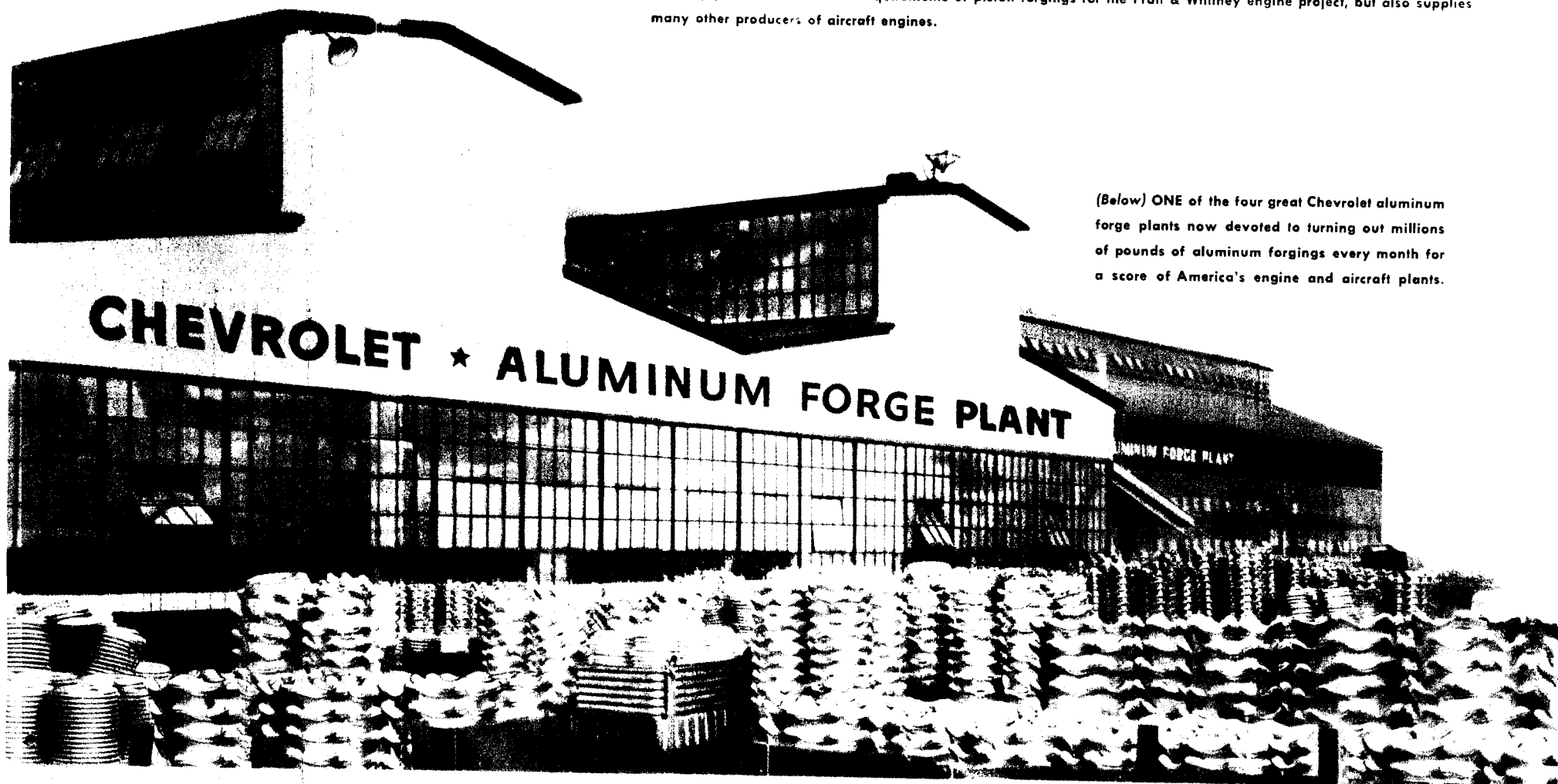
TO SPEED VICTORY

BUY WAR BONDS



(Above) CRANKCASE SECTIONS for Pratt & Whitney engines are forged of aluminum under massive hammerers.

(Above) PISTON FORGINGS are here cleaned after the forging process by rough hand-grinding and burring. Chevrolet not only produces all its own requirements of piston forgings for the Pratt & Whitney engine project, but also supplies many other producers of aircraft engines.



(Below) ONE of the four great Chevrolet aluminum forge plants now devoted to turning out millions of pounds of aluminum forgings every month for a score of America's engine and aircraft plants.

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having once started, she got through with it quickly, then sealed it up, with an air-mail stamp upon it.

"You know," she told Tip, in the morning, "that surprise may not be what you're expecting, because we're rather short of money just now. But it will be a nice surprise anyway, and every child that sees it will want one."

It would be ten days at least before she could expect a reply to her letter—longer, no doubt, under wartime conditions. But fortunately the birthday was still a month away.

Day after day went by, and no answering letter came. A square package arrived for Tip, from Gigi, and a few circulars and bills—and that was all.

As day followed day, Kathleen's disappointment was swallowed up in fright. If the letter didn't come at all, what was she going to do?

Tip was waiting, too, these days, with a subdued but mounting expectancy that made it increasingly hard to maintain her own air of cheerful assurance. But she managed it—until the very night before his birthday.

That night there were no letters at all waiting upon the little table in the hall. And no use hoping any longer.

"Tomorrow's my birthday!" said Tip at dinnertime.

Now she must tell him—and watch all the light of anticipation vanish from that small, beloved face. She couldn't do it.

"In the morning," she said, instead, "you'll have Gigi's present to open, and perhaps some other little things, and in the evening—the surprise!"

The doctor would have to wait for part of his money—wait indefinitely, because she was going to spend it—to buy Tip a scooter.

IN THE morning, he opened his small array of packages: A gay little ferryboat from Gigi, flat underneath, so that it could travel with equal ease on land or sea. Two diminutive new cars and a soldier on a motorcycle—which Kathleen had purchased at the five-and-ten—and a box of crayons from Tessie.

Tip was sitting with all of them ranged in front of him when Kathleen kissed him goodbye.

"I wish I could stay home with you today," she said. "But have a nice birthday, my precious son, and we'll celebrate together tonight."

Then she was gone and, except for the new toys, it was a day like any other day.

Tip introduced the new cars to the other ones and made a slip for the ferryboat. After lunch he used the crayons, coloring pictures in the old newspapers that Tessie produced for him.

He was doing this, sitting on the steps at the foot of the garden, when he heard somebody coming along the road. The postman, probably, and if it was, he'd say hello to Tip as he went by.

But that swinging, measured step did not sound like the postman.

Tip looked up—and remained transfixed.

Like all today's children, he had seen many men, in many uniforms, but never one like this—who wore his uniform as if to the manner born and walked as if he were accustomed to the beat of drums and music and the tread of marching men behind him.

An immaculate white cap sat level above his eyes, on the front of it a shining golden globe topped with a golden eagle. The breast of his tunic was crossed by a Sam Browne belt, and there were ribbons and medals pinned upon it, and double silver bars upon his shoulders.

Watching, Tip felt himself caught up in a still, tingling excitement.

The stranger halted. His amused, assured gray eyes met Tip's wide blue ones, and it seemed to Tip that he started

slightly, as if he had seen something he couldn't quite believe.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Carter's house," he said. "This is it, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," replied Tip breathlessly.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Tip Carter."

"You practically have to be," said the stranger somewhat cryptically. "Is your mother at home, Tip?"

"No," said Tip. "She's at the shipyard."

"The shipyard? Working, you mean? Then who takes care of you?"

"Tessie does," Tip answered. "She's old." Then he asked shyly, "Do you know my mother?"

"I used to." The stranger looked at the worn stone steps. "Do you care if I sit beside you?" he asked.

Tip moved over, almost overwhelmed by all this magnificence so close at hand. Then he inquired hesitantly, "Are you the surprise?"

"Surprise?"

"That my mother promised me. For my birthday."

and the stem climbed with him, higher and higher, until it was as tall as he was; then taller, rising as far above him as his arm could reach.

"How's that?" he asked triumphantly.

Tip laughed—a gurgle of pure delight.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's a beanstalk. Like the one that Jack had—sort of."

"Is it magic?"

"It could be. It was for me, once."

"Could I learn to do it?"

"Since this is your birthday," said the stranger, "I rather think you could. And when you get tired of holding it," he added, "you shove it down again. Like so." And he folded it carefully back into itself.

"But when my mother comes home," said Tip, "I'll pull it up again, to show her. Will you still be here—when my mother comes home?"

For a moment the man beside him did not answer. Then he said easily, "I'll be here for a while anyway, Tip. It's nice here. Not too hot—and not too cold." . . .

His eyes would go first to her face—and then to her empty hands, and into his own face would come the knowledge that, after all, there was no surprise. She must be ready, then, to say something quick and gay, tell him about the scooter and how beautiful it was—and how it would be here just as soon as possible.

Bracing herself for this, for a moment she did not recognize Tip as he came surging around the corner on somebody's three-wheeled bike, the fair hair rising in a triumphant crest above his radiant little face.

"Mother!" he shouted. "Look at me! Watch me ride! This is Tommy's bike, Mother, and he let me ride it!"

He was abreast of her now, his face alight and eager, his words tripping over one another. It was months and months since she had seen Tip like this.

"I got my surprise, Mother! He made it for me! And all the children saw it and wanted one, just the way you said. And now they're all my friends!"

"What surprise? Who made it?" she asked, bewildered.

"My beanstalk! A man made it. He's still here. He says his name is Noel, Mother."

Kathleen's heart turned over. Only with an effort did she manage to keep walking steadily forward.

Yes, there he was, sitting in Tip's place on the steps, smoking, and watching the children. He always had liked children. It was one of the odd and unexpected things about him.

SEEING her, he got quickly to his feet and stood there, waiting, his eyes upon her face; and for Kathleen, the children, the oak trees, the hills and the distant water were just a background for that one figure. But by the time she reached him, she had herself in hand.

"I had forgotten," she said, with a faintly mocking smile, "just how impressive a Marine could look in uniform."

The stillness of his face broke then into an answering grin. "Well, you've had seven years, almost, to forget in," he said.

"Years of parades and polo for you, I suppose, and daiquiri cocktails," said Kathleen. "And then the war."

"And then the war," he repeated. "A couple of campaigns in the jungle, with no daiquiris whatever. And a good many long watches on shipboard, under the South Pacific stars. Which gave me a chance, when there was nothing else going on, to do quite a bit of serious thinking."

"You never did do much thinking when there was anything else going on," remarked Kathleen.

"You always accused me of that," he said; "and I always meant to make you take back that idea some day, but you never gave me a chance."

Tip had been standing by during this exchange, his eyes going from one grown-up face to the other. Now he said, "Mother, may I go just once more down around the corner, before Tommy has to take his bike inside?"

"Just once," said Kathleen. "I'll wait for you here." And then, as if she could stand up no longer, she sat down upon the steps.

Noel stood leaning against the wall beside her. "I got your letter in Honolulu," he said. "They sent mail out to reach the transport."

"You got it!" Kathleen repeated. "But I wrote it to your mother."

"And she sent it on to me," he replied. "Because she'd forgotten the answer. Just by luck that it reached me, heading home with my little band of heroes. We had quite a ceremony at the base this morning after landing. Pinned medals on nearly all of them. That's how come I'm in this uniform. First time in many a long month."

Kathleen, observing, perceived that there was a new medal pinned on his own



"At this hour of the morning, I suppose I should order oatmeal"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE

"According to most people," said the stranger, with a slightly rueful grin, "nothing I could do would ever surprise anybody. No, Tip, I think I'm just an incidental happening. So today's your birthday, is it? And you're going to get a surprise."

"Yes," said Tip. "First it was going to be something to ride on, I think. But then my mother was sick, and that took all the money. So now I don't know what it's going to be. But she said that all the other children would want one."

"Did she?" asked the stranger thoughtfully. "Then maybe I do know what it is."

HIS eye fell upon the newspapers lying on the steps. He picked one up, spread it wide, then commenced to refold its sheets in another way.

"Got any scissors?" he asked.

"I can get some," said Tip. He scurried up the steep garden path and returned very shortly with his mother's best scissors.

The papers in the stranger's hands were in a long roll now. Taking the scissors, he cut into them, with leisurely deliberation. Then, doubling the roll over, he manipulated it, until it looked rather like a ruffled and untidy head of cabbage.

"Now watch," he said.

Placing the cabbage upon the ground, he tugged gently at the center leaves, pulling them gradually upward. A tall stem grew under his hand, for all the world like a hollyhock stalk, with newspaper leaves on either side. He stood up,

In town it was too hot—steamy and oppressive. At noontime, Kathleen skipped her lunch to buy the scooter, standing knee-deep amid a sea of small, glistening, wheeled vehicles, feeling guilty and elated, both at once.

"And I must take it with me," she said to the salesman. "Heaven knows how, but I'll manage."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the salesman regretfully. "But we can't make delivery for several days. All our goods have to come from the warehouse across the bay, and things only come over once a week now. The war, you know."

"But couldn't you let me have this one? It's for a birthday."

"Oh, no." The salesman was still more regretful, but quite inflexible. "This is our sample, you see. We can't possibly take it off the floor."

And no amount of argument would budge him.

So that was that. Disappointment hung over Kathleen all the afternoon—and rode heavily home with her at five o'clock.

The climb up the hill seemed steeper than it ever had before—and longer. But at last she reached the place where the road divided for the last time. Then she was nearly home. Beyond, around the corner, she could hear the children playing, their voices carried clearly on the evening air. In a minute, she would see them—and see her own small lad, sitting in his accustomed place on the steps, watching and waiting for her.

tunic—and a row of bright new ribbons—but she wouldn't ask what they were, and he made no mention of them.

Instead, he pulled her letter out of his pocket. It looked rubbed and handled, as if it had been taken out of the envelope and put back again a good many times between Honolulu and the mainland.

"Do you remember," he read, "the beanstalks that Noel used to make for me—and how they fascinated every child that saw them? Would it be too much trouble to write and tell me how to make them? I know that you taught him how." And no more than that." He returned the letter to his pocket.

"Do I remember," he repeated, "a little girl that came to live next door—who never gave me a tumble, until I made a beanstalk and flaunted it before her, and that magic worked."

"It still works," said Kathleen. "You made one for Tip, and he has climbed it, straight into Paradise."

"The way I did once," said Noel. And then he asked casually, "How long was it that I courted you?"

"From the first day I saw you," she answered, "until you graduated from the Naval Academy."

"And a year after we were married," he went on, "you got a divorce, on account of a couple of other girls that never mattered at all."

"To me, they did," said Kathleen. "Which one of them finally became my successor?"

"None of them. I told you I wasn't going to marry anyone else. You were the one who did that. Tell me: How did it work out? Tip told me that your—that his father died last year. But before that—were you happy?"

"You have no right to ask me that," said Kathleen steadily.

"I care about knowing," he replied; "and that gives me the right. But skip it. You've answered me, whether you know it or not."

"We were too young," said Kathleen, after a pause. "If I'd been older and wiser, I might have known enough to play the game your way—and keep you guessing. But you were too sure of me. And so you turned your roving eye on the others, that you couldn't be sure about."

"And if I'd been older and wiser," he answered, "I might have been able to convince you that they weren't even in the picture—those others. They were just a sort of challenge—"

"That you couldn't resist," said Kathleen.

"Well," he said, "we're both older and wiser, now. And what has it brought us?"

"To you," said Kathleen, "those nice silver bars on your shoulders, and to me—Tip."



"All from our own garden, and all beans! Wouldn't you think at least some of it would have spoiled?"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

"You have all the best of it," said Noel. "And so has Tip—because he has you. But two against the world— isn't that a pretty stiff proposition sometimes?"

"Sometimes," admitted Kathleen guardedly.

"You might change it." "How?" Then she asked, "You wouldn't be proposing to me again, by any chance? Or is it to Tip this time?"

In the distance they could see him returning the precious bike to its rightful owner.

"I knew he was yours, the first minute I saw him," said Noel, his eyes on the straight little figure. "He's exactly like you."

"Except for his hair," said Kathleen absently, "that grows just the way yours does."

"Mine!"

At his tone, she swung round to face him with an amazement that matched his own. "But didn't you know?" she exclaimed. "Didn't you realize? Why—he's just six years old, today!"

"I never even knew he existed until I came over here today and saw him. Hearing that you had married again was the last word I got about you, out in China. Plenty of other people were as disgusted with me as you were—and signified their disapproval by not writing, in droves, including my own mother. So, having figured that the best thing I could do for you was just to step out of the picture and let you forget me, I did that."

THEN he went on: "But why didn't you ever tell me? Don't you think I had a right to know?"

"I suppose I thought you'd find out—if you were interested enough," said Kathleen. Then she asked, "But if you didn't know—if it wasn't because of Tip—then why did you—"

"Ask you to marry me again?" He was lighting a fresh cigarette, his eyes intent upon it. "I did it for the same reason that I've never married anyone else: Because, in spite of all the evidence, I am a one-woman man." He flipped out the lighter and returned it to his pocket. "That sounds crazy, I suppose," he added. "Go ahead and laugh if you want to."

She didn't laugh. She didn't answer either, but sat in silence, her eyes upon the distant city beyond the blue bay. She was still sitting thus when Tip came back and tucked himself within the circle of her arm.

"Is he going to stay for dinner, Mother?" he asked.

"Would you like him to?"

"Yes." The glance Tip turned toward Noel was filled with confidence and affection. "Is his name really Noel, Mother?" he went on. "Or what should I call him?"

"It really is Noel," said Kathleen. Then, after a pause, she went on, "But how would you like to call him 'Daddy,' instead?"

"You mean—he might be?" Kathleen hesitated. Then she nodded.

For a space of seconds Tip was speechless, envisioning a future but faintly grasped as yet, but with ships and bugles and adventure woven into its every thread.

"And I'd get to blow his whistle!" he said in a tone of rapt reverie. "And wear his Sam Browne belt sometimes! And I'd belong to him!"

That last sentence encompassed a whole new world.

Kathleen's eyes filled with sudden tears. "You do!" she said softly.

"Are you doing this just for him?" Noel asked.

She started to speak, then stopped, and through her tears there shone the beginning of a smile.

"You'll never be quite sure about that," she said. "And I shall never tell you. This time, I'm going to keep you guessing."

THE END

6 A. M. . . . the morning's gray



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8 A. M. . . . the morning's gay



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TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"DUFFY'S" with Ed Gardner, Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

No Hard Feelings

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Jim Barrett came home on leave to see his girl—and to learn that one man's war is another man's poison

Jim did not hear his name until someone grabbed his arm. He glanced down and saw Charley Abbott in his Marine lieutenant's uniform. "This is no place for sleepwalking, kid," Charley said. "Sit down before you fall down"



HELEN DOUGLAS opened the door for him, and he saw the quick roundness of her eyes before the warmth and friendliness tempered her surprise.

"Jim!" she said and caught her breath.

He laughed and took her in his arms. He kissed her just as he had dreamed of doing, and her lips were sweet and soft. If the kiss itself was not just as he had dreamed, he knew it must be because she was so surprised.

"Hello," he said.

"But how marvelous, Jim! Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"I've only got a little while," he said. "I thumbed a ride in a bomber as far as Washington. I didn't want to waste time phoning."

He laughed again because he felt so good, because this was what he had so greatly wanted. He could not quite let her go yet, and hugged her to him, brushing her cheek with his lips as she turned her head.

Then she was looking up at him, a small, dark girl, flushed and lovely and confused. There was something deep down in her eyes, beyond the smile, that seemed embarrassed and uncertain, and the worry and concern that had grown with him the past month stirred briefly before she slipped her arm in his and nodded toward the doorway in front of the stairs.

"Come in and say hello," she said.

Helen's father and mother were in the living room. "Look who's here!" she said.

Mr. Douglas tossed aside his paper and advanced, hand outstretched. "Jim Barrett. How are you, boy? How does it feel to be a captain?"

"It feels fine." Jim shook hands and went over to Mrs. Douglas.

"My, but you look nice," she said, and asked how long he would be in town.

He told them another day. He said it looked as if he was all through instructing and was finally going to get some action. Then, abruptly, there was a momentary silence and a swift exchange of glances between the older people.

Mr. Douglas cleared his throat. "Swell," he said. "You're staying for dinner, you know."

Jim said he didn't think so. He said he'd take Helen downtown for dinner. "You have to have points and coupons and things, don't you?"

"Not for chicken," Mr. Douglas said. "Isn't that what we're having, dear? . . . And, Jim, I've still got some gin down cellar. You wouldn't turn down a Martini, would you?"

"I'll make it, Dad," Helen said.

"No, you won't." Mr. Douglas winked at Jim. "A good Martini needs a man's touch. But you can get the gin."

JIM sat down beside Mrs. Douglas. She was knitting a sweater and pulled the yarn aside to make room for him on the divan.

"How's Helen been?"

"Helen? Oh, fine, Jim."

"Hasn't been sick or anything?"

"No." She looked at him and smiled, a young-looking woman, small like her daughter, with warm hazel eyes and dark hair, gray at the sides and neatly waved. "She's been working pretty hard. Two days a week at the hospital, and then helping the nurse at the plant when she can."

He watched the needles click a moment. "That's probably it," he said. "It was her letters. They seemed—well, different this last month or so."

"Oh?"

"It—worried me a little. . . . That's why I wanted to get up here before I shoved off."

At dinner, Mr. Douglas talked about the changes in the town and in his plant. He wanted to know what Jim's plans were for tomorrow. "I don't suppose you could

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get over and see how we're turning out those machine-gun turrets?"

"Maybe," Jim said. "But there's one thing I want to do first." He looked at Helen. "I want to buy a ring."

Her eyes came up, the lashes wide. "A ring, Jim?"

"Sure. You know . . . the kind you put on a girl's finger to tell other guys to stay away."

Mr. Douglas said, "Ha-ha," in a half-hearted way. "I understand diamonds come high these days," he said, and then he was asking questions about the Army and the camp, and there wasn't much Jim could say to Helen.

Later, on the porch, he said, "I thought we could go downtown and have a dance or a drink or something."

"All right, Jim." She hesitated. "I'll call Paul. He was coming over, but . . ."

"Paul?"

"Paul Huntley. I wrote you about him. He works for Dad."

"Oh, yeah," Jim said. "Yeah." And the shadow of a doubt slid through his mind and left behind a twinge of tension where none had been before. He laughed it off. "That's okay," he said. "Let him come. I'd like to meet him."

Helen was sitting on the glider and she turned, her eyes concerned. "But—I thought you'd rather . . . I wanted to talk to you."

"We can talk later, can't we, darling?"

HE LEANED back, thinking, and the doubt was still there. He tried to remember what she had said in her letter about Paul Huntley. It was about six weeks ago when she'd said that her father had brought Huntley home to dinner. He was a new man, a designer of machine tools or something like that, from Buffalo. And then, a week or so later in another letter, there was a line about Huntley coming for dinner, and the four of them playing bridge.

"Does he come often?" he asked finally.

"Why, no. About once a week."

"Nice guy, huh?"

"Yes."

"4-F?"

"No, not 4-F." And there was the slightest edge in her tone. "He's one of those that just aren't expendable, Jim. If he had his way—"

"I know. He'd be over mopping up Germans."

"I believe he would," Helen said, "and if you're going to be like that, I'd really better phone him, Jim."

She started to rise, and he put out his hand, feeling the suspicion tightening inside and fighting against it. He couldn't explain it, or his mood.

"I'm not going to be like anything," he said, and slipped his arm through hers. "I'm just curious, that's all . . . and probably a little jealous, darling. I'd really like to meet him."

He felt her watching him and he waited, not looking at her, until she spoke:

"Are you sure you . . ."

"Sure I what?"

She sighed and put her head back. "Nothing, Jim. It's just that I guess he's still sensitive about not being in uniform."

He almost said, "You're awfully worried about him, aren't you?" But he didn't. He released her arm and reached for cigarettes. He held a light, studying her face in the glow of the match flame, seeing the sweet curve of her cheek and the shining sweep of her hair. She was the girl he loved, and he wanted to take her in his arms and tell her so, and yet something told him that right now it would not be the way he wanted it. Something had happened and it was his fault. He'd said the wrong things, with that suspicion driving him, and he had the feeling that they were more like strangers at this moment than sweethearts.

He leaned back, thinking of what he

should do. A bus stopped at the corner and pulled on by, gears whining. The smell of burned oil came faintly through the gathering dusk, and down the street, a man walked briskly. In front of the house he turned and came toward the steps.

Jim Barrett rose with the girl. He felt her hand on his arm, heard her say softly, "Be nice, Jim." Then her voice was louder, gayer: "Hi, there," she said. "This is Jim Barrett, Paul . . . Paul Huntley."

The announcement caught Paul Huntley halfway up the steps, and he stopped for an instant, looking up. Light filtering from the living-room windows fell upon his face, and Jim saw the quick stiffening of the mouth; then Huntley came on and held out his hand. "Well," he said, "this is a surprise. You might have phoned me, Helen. . . . How are you, Captain?"

"Hello, Huntley," Jim said.

"I told Jim you were coming," Helen said. "He wanted to meet you."

against it. He told himself he was jumping at conclusions, that it was imagination brought on by the worry over her letters.

"Forty-eight hours?" Huntley said. "Does that mean you're shoving off somewhere soon?"

"Very soon, I think."

Huntley found a cigarette and stared down across the darkened lawn without lighting it. It was a good ten seconds before he spoke: "I envy you."

"Some people do," Jim said.

THEY rode downtown on the bus. They walked three blocks to the Hill House and got a table in the Panther Room—near the door, because it was Friday night and crowded. Jim told Paul to order drinks and took Helen out on the floor.

It was wonderful to have her in his arms again, to feel her warmth and lightness, to have her for this little while wholly to himself. There wasn't much

doorway to the bar. There were some stags here, watching the dancers, and he edged among them so he could be closer to Helen and watch her face without being observed. What he saw then made his throat hard and left a cold, gone, empty feeling inside him. It wasn't Huntley. Huntley was holding a spot near the piano against all comers. There was more color in his face now, and when he looked at Helen, his smile seemed brighter, but mostly he was watching where he was going. It was Helen.

She was a girl Jim Barrett had never seen before. She kept watching Huntley's face as he looked at the near-by dancers and she had never been so beautiful. It was not just the fresh new coloring in her cheeks, or the way her red mouth curved when she smiled, or the steady deep-down shining in her eyes. It was something more, as though she stood transfigured by some secret radiance.

Jim Barrett stood there and saw it all. He saw the way her hand moved on Huntley's shoulder and he was shaken and torn and bewildered. She's in love with him, he thought, and he fought against the instinct that told him this. She can't be, he told himself; she's engaged to me!

Huntley began to move along the edge of the floor, and Jim waited until they had danced to the other side of the room and found another corner. Then, because he did not know what to do, because despair and anger and uncertainty were all goading him on, he moved among the tables again, still watching Huntley's head.

He did not hear his name until someone reached out and grabbed an arm. Then he heard a man say, "Jim," and he glanced down at the table beside him and saw Charley Abbott in his Marine lieutenant's uniform.

"This is no place for sleepwalking, kid," Charley said. "Sit down before you fall down."

"Hi," Jim said. He saw Ed Lanning—Lieutenant (jg) Lanning—and Kay Ferguson and a slim, blond girl he did not know. He said hello to Ed and Kay and shook hands.

"You know Connie?" Kay said. "The kid sister?"

JIM knew what he had to do. He grinned and shook his head and he was a little incredulous, too, because this was not the Connie he remembered. He said so. "Oh, no. The Connie I knew was a leggy brat with freckles."

Connie's skin was smooth and tanned, her smile friendly. "I've still got the legs, Jim, but I did something about the freckles."

"You did all right."

"Sit down," Charley Abbott said again.

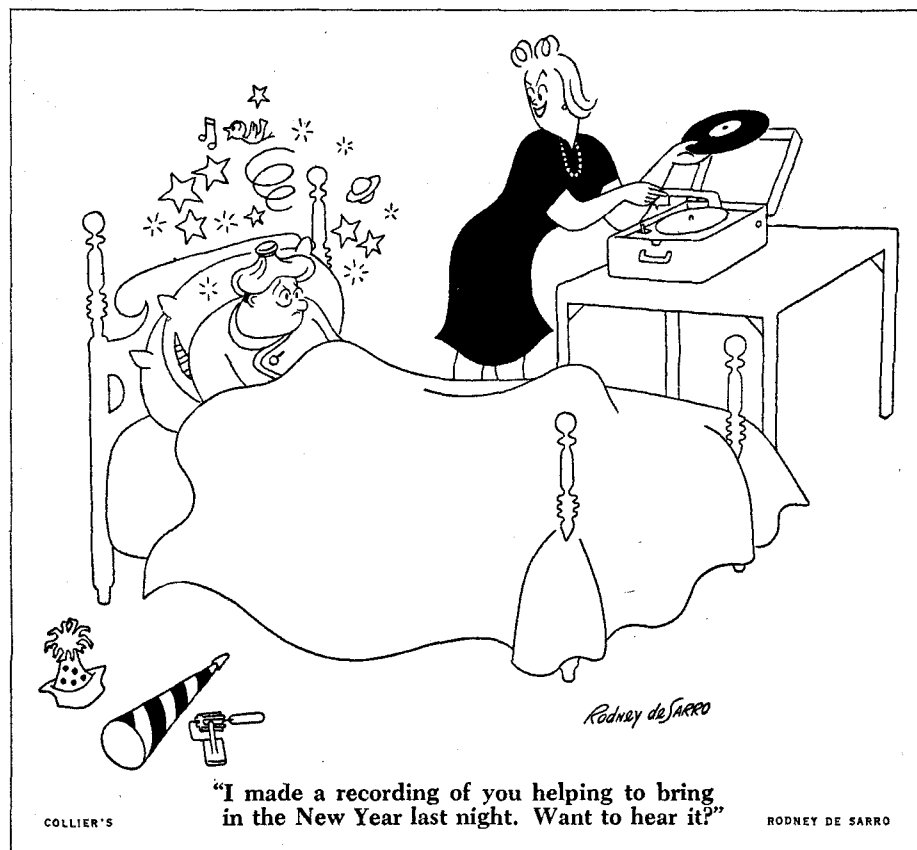
"Nick Warner's around somewhere. We're going to get some beer and sandwiches, and go out to Kay's place. This joint's too crowded."

"And it's too long between drinks," Ed said.

"I've got some people with me," Jim said. Charley said to bring them, too, but Jim was watching Kay now. He had to talk to someone, and she would understand. "Kay, will you dance with me?" he asked.

It was easy, talking with Kay, for they had grown up in the same neighborhood and were about the same age—twenty-seven now—and had gone through high school together. There had been a time along about then when he had thought he was in love with her.

That nothing came of it was simply because, in college and later, men generally find themselves going with girls who are younger than themselves, and girls like Kay wind up with guys a little older. Kay's guy was Tom Ferguson—Lieutenant Ferguson, U.S.N.R., now—and there were two small children, and you only had to look at her to know that it had worked out very well indeed.



"Oh," Huntley faltered over the word. "But I—"

"Yeah." Jim stepped back, getting a quick picture of a moderately tall man about his own age, a little thinner than he was, but with good shoulders and a nice slant to his jaw. "We're going out to grab a dance and a drink. Helen said you were coming, so . . ."

Paul Huntley wet his lips. He looked at the girl and back at Jim and his laugh was embarrassed. "But if this is your first night, you won't want me along."

"Why not?" Jim said. "Will you want a coat, Helen? We might as well get going."

HE SAW her hesitate and glance at Huntley. It was almost as if she was afraid to leave them. And sensing this, feeling somehow her quick concern about this man, he was bitterly afraid that Huntley was something more than just a fellow who came to dinner at her father's invitation. It was nothing he could put his finger on—no word, no gesture; just the way she looked in that instant before she hurried away.

The door closed behind her. A cool breeze came from somewhere and slid up the back of Jim's legs, and he stood there, a growing hollowness at the pit of his stomach. Then Huntley was asking about his leave and when he got in.

Jim felt the anger surge up where the hollowness had been and he tightened

chance to dance—you could move with the crowd or pick a corner and keep revolving there over the same minute space—but it did not matter just then. It was enough to hold her, to look down sometimes and see her smile and feel his fears grow small and unimportant.

"Thanks," she said, "for being nice."

"You weren't worried about it, were you?"

"N-o. I—I just wanted you to have a good time tonight."

Paul Huntley stood up as they approached the table and gave them his grave, shy smile. "How'd it go?" he asked. "It's a little tough out there in that mob," Jim said.

"But fun," Helen said.

They sipped their drinks and talked about this and that until the music began again. Huntley didn't seem to notice until Jim nudged him and told him it was his turn.

It had been a long time since Jim Barrett had been in this room and he looked it over carefully, aware now of the preponderance of uniforms. There were a few kids who didn't look very rugged, and a few men in their forties and fifties; all the rest were women, and men in uniform. He found Paul and Helen, and then looked to see if he could find some other man of Paul's age. He couldn't and he watched them idly, wondering how it would seem to be back in an office.

He stood up finally and moved from the

"I think I'm losing my girl, Kay," he said. "What do I do about it?"

She glanced up quickly, a sturdy, vital-looking woman with wise brown eyes and freckles on her nose. "Helen Douglas?" she asked. "Are you sure, Jim?"

He looked over the dancers and when he found Paul and Helen, he moved a little closer and squeezed Kay's hand to signal her. "Over here," he said. "Watch."

He had time for a brief glimpse before he turned so that Kay could see, and it was just the same. Helen's uplifted face still held that smiling radiance, the shine was in her eyes, and when he saw how oblivious she was to her surroundings, the ache in his chest began to contract around his heart.

"Look at her," he said. "All you have to do is look at her."

Kay did not answer for quite a while. "Yes," she said finally.

"Sure," he said, and bitterness rode his words. "A guy goes away to do something about the war, and that's what happens. Why, Helen's known him only a month or two."

"That doesn't matter, Jim. How long you know a person has nothing to do with it. I'm not even sure the war has."

He scowled down at her. "Why hasn't it?" he asked.

"There are lots of men like Paul Huntley," Kay said. "Men at home who can't go to war for one reason or another. They have as much right to fall in love as you. You can't expect people to stop falling in love just because they're civilians." She paused, looking up at him. "Can you, Jim?"

With grudging reluctance he had to admit she was right, but he could not say so. "What do I do? Sit down and take it?"

"I don't know. You could be wrong." She hesitated. "But, Jim, even if you're right, isn't it better to know now? You've still got the Army."

He kept frowning. He didn't get it. He said so. "What's the Army got to do with it?"

"It would be nice to have both," Kay said. "I mean Helen and the Army. But if you can't have her, think how much worse it would be if you were right here in town working, seeing her all the time—and Paul Huntley."

"Maybe you think I wouldn't like to be right here in town."

"You wouldn't."

"Phooey."

"Not with a war on. You didn't have to go. You're an architect. You could have made yourself indispensable very

easily, if that was what you wanted. You didn't. Nothing could stop you from getting into this war."

She hesitated, and he had to lean his head down a little to hear the rest of it: "Nancy was two and Timmy only three months that Sunday of Pearl Harbor, but Tom figured it out. There'd be money enough, he said, for a couple of years. I could get a smaller apartment, and if worse came to worst, his folks could take the children, and I could get a job."

"You could have stopped him," Jim said.

"No. I would have hated myself if I'd tried, and later he might hate me, too." She glanced up, a trace of a smile on her mouth. "War is man's business and it will always be his first mistress, Jim. No woman can hold a man who really wants to go. Tom was like that; so are you. You're going. You have to go. It isn't just a job to do, it's something more. That's what I meant when I said you still had the Army. Paul Huntley has to stay home."

It took him a while to reply. Her arguments bewildered him, but he was moved, too, not by what she said, but by the quiet intensity of her words. The trouble was it solved nothing for him and he knew, finally, that he was going to speak to Huntley. He was going to keep his temper but he was going to find out some things.

HE TOOK Kay back to the others and refused the invitation to join them later. He went over to his table. Helen and Paul were there, and if he had not seen the other smile, the one she gave him now would have made everything all right. He said, "Do you want to go powder your nose, Helen?"

"Do I need to?" She started to laugh and it didn't come off, and suddenly she was very sober. For another moment her eyes tried to give Jim some message; then she said, "All right," and picked up her bag.

Jim looked at Huntley. "Let's go in the bar."

They found an empty space down at one end and ordered. Huntley offered cigarettes, and Jim watched him. He wanted to hate this guy and he couldn't; he wanted to ask him out in the alley and tell him what he thought of him, and that wasn't any good, either.

"I watched you dancing," he said, and was careful of his voice. "You're in love with her, aren't you?"

Huntley's mouth tightened and some of the color left his face. He didn't answer right away. "Let's have it," Jim said. "I haven't got much time and I'd like to know

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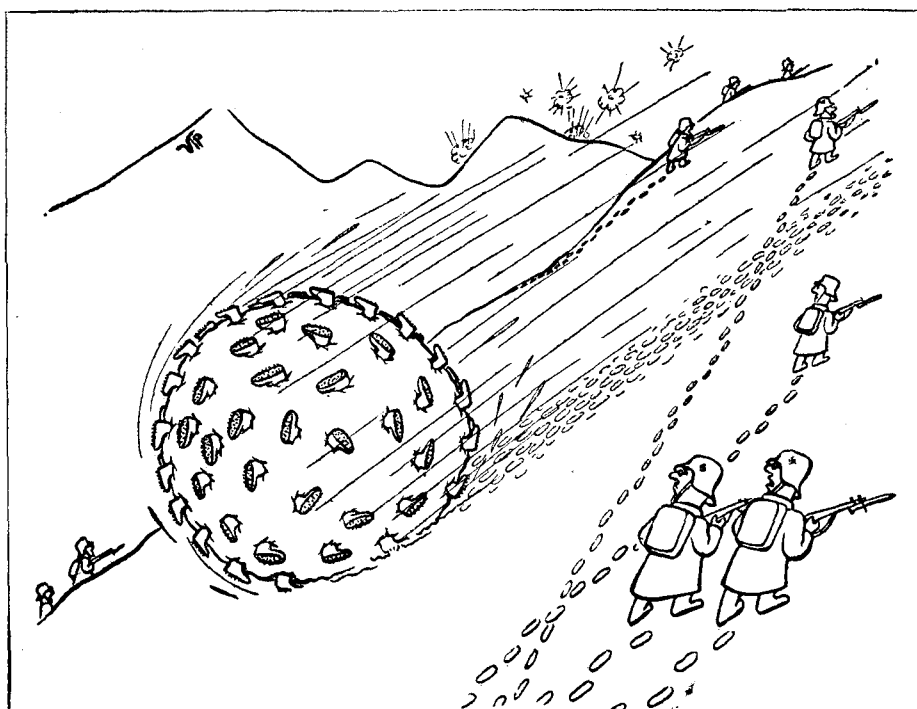
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what the score is before I leave. I'm entitled to that much."

"I guess you are." Huntley watched the bartender put down the glasses. "Yes," he said. "I'm in love with her," and then he was telling about the first time Mr. Douglas had brought him home to dinner. He said he hadn't known about Jim then and he'd asked for a date, and Helen had turned him down.

"Mr. Douglas asked me again and after that I saw her around the plant. I knew about you then, but I didn't think you expected her to sit home every night until the war was over. I thought it would be all right to see a movie or something like that once a week. She seemed to think so, too, but then something happened. If it never happened to you, I can't explain it."

"What did you do about it?"

"Nothing."

"Why not—if you loved her? Didn't you even tell her?"

Paul Huntley stopped making circles with his glass. He looked up and the slant of his jaw was solid and his blue eyes were steady and direct.

"You don't make love to a girl when her guy is out fighting your battles, do you?"

Jim didn't answer that one. He wasn't even thinking about it: he was thinking about Helen. He was remembering summer vacations when she was home from Smith, and the tennis and the rides and swimming in the moonlight. He remembered the holiday dances and the imported bands and the breakfasts at four in the morning—and the guys. There had always been two or three in the picture and the competition had been tough, but he had been most constant.

HE PROPOSED to her first on a New Year's Eve, just after he'd had his first raise at Cross & Dalrymple's. She was sweet and deeply moved and careful not to hurt him. There wasn't anyone else, she said, it was just that she did not love him enough; she was not sure. After his induction, it was hard not to ask again, but he had waited until he came back with his gold bars. That time it was different, and he wondered now if it was the uniform or the war or simply that she wanted to love him because she liked him so well.

Thinking now, with the heaviness inside him, he found most of his anger gone. The answer to those thoughts no longer mattered. Huntley was the guy who put all that radiance in her face. It didn't matter why, or how long he'd known her. And Jim believed what the other had said; he was, somehow, the kind you had to believe.

"What're you going to do?"

"I don't know," Huntley said.

Jim picked up his glass. His fingers trembled a little and his palms were damp. He didn't know what to say but he knew he'd said all he could say about Helen. He had to get away from the subject for a little while and, without caring much, he asked about Huntley's background and where he'd been to school and what his work was now.

Paul Huntley started to tell him and then, without realizing it, Jim was answering the questions, and Huntley was asking them. He wanted to know when Jim had joined up and what camps he'd been to and how he liked the life. And Jim was telling him about his outfit and the half-tracks and the 105s.

"I'd like something like that," Huntley said, and now there was distance in his gaze. "Artillery or something mechanized. I might be good at something like that."

Jim looked at him, wondering. Something in Huntley's face or in his voice, the way he spoke, started a curious stream of thought, but before he could build on it, someone moved at his elbow.

"Jim . . . Jim Barrett!" a voice said, and he turned and found Nick Warner jabbing his chest.

"Nick!" Jim said, and Nick stood there, brown and wiry, with gold leaves on his shoulders and wings on his blouse and ribbons for the Air Medal with Cluster and the Silver Star. Jim introduced Huntley.

Nick nodded. "Hello," he said; then, "What's with you, anyway, Jim? Don't tell me you're still instructing?"

"Not any more," Jim said. "A couple weeks, boy, and I'm gone. What're you drinking?"

Nick said rye and water and looked glum. "Lucky you," he said. "Now it's little old Nick that's giving pep talks. A month I've been here. It's driving me nuts. I've got to get back."

Jim lost track of time as they stood

chest, or of Helen or Paul Huntley, but of the smell of hot metal and gasoline fumes and dust and burned powder. He'd been thinking of his outfit and the men that made it; the precision of their work and the slam of the 105s.

He grinned because they seemed such strange thoughts to have in this place. He looked over at the table, his glance sobering. Helen was smiling and talking, and Huntley was answering her but he wasn't looking at her: he was watching the three young lieutenants at the next table.

Then, like that, the nebulous thought that had started to work in his mind before Nick Warner came up burst full-grown in his consciousness, and he knew why the distance and wistfulness had been in Huntley's eyes, why he had been so full of questions about the Army, why he had seemed so subdued when he walked away.



there talking about the war and fellows they knew and where they were and what they were doing. Nick had run into a dozen mutual friends and he had the dope on everything. That was why Jim forgot about Paul Huntley until he felt the hand on his arm.

"I—I think I ought to go back," Huntley said. He was very quiet. He was apologetic, his attempted smile a little pathetic.

"Sure," Jim said and was ashamed because he had forgotten Huntley was with him. "I'll be along in a minute."

PAUL HUNTLEY nodded to Nick Warner and went quickly away. Jim watched him a moment, wondering why the guy was so subdued; then Nick asked him something and they were talking again.

The music from the Panther Room seemed to smack him in the face when he walked out of the bar after Nick had gone. The decorations seemed so garish and unreal that he stopped in the doorway and only then did he realize that he had not been thinking about the ache in his

Even from here, it was all in his face, and now Jim remembered the things Kay Ferguson had said.

War is man's first mistress. He hadn't believed Kay then; he was not sure he did now. But one thing he knew: Paul Huntley was like himself and Tom Ferguson and Nick Warner. He wanted to fight and he had been sentenced to serve as a civilian, and realizing this now, Jim Barrett saw that he had something which Paul Huntley could never have.

Paul Huntley had Helen and she was very wonderful indeed, and he would marry her and they would be as happy as any other couple. Yet, much as he desired this girl, Jim knew that right now he would not trade places with the man who sat beside her. There would be other girls, but there would be no other war in his lifetime, and he knew finally that what he felt for Huntley was not envy or resentment or even jealousy, but a deep pity about which nothing could be done.

He straightened and pushed away from the doorway, counting the time he had left, knowing he had to make it quick and

clean and final. He sat down at the table, and when he saw how lovely Helen was, he started fast, before the tightness inside him got too bad.

"Look," he said. "I'm shoving off. I got to see some guys about winning the war."

Helen stared at him. "Jim!"

"Let's stop kidding ourselves, huh?" He looked right at her. He smiled. "You're in love with each other and, up to now, you've been brave and gallant and loyal about it, because you made me a promise once . . ."

"Jim!" For a moment her eyes were wide and bewildered; then she must have seen something in his glance that told her he meant what he said. The color rose in her throat. "Jim," she said. "How did you know?"

"I'm not blind," he said. "I watched you dancing. It was all over your face. It was pretty wonderful to see." He swallowed fast. "That's why you didn't want Paul to come tonight. You wanted to stay home—and tell me how it was."

She lowered her glance. "I—I couldn't write, Jim. I couldn't do it in a letter."

"You're swell," he said thickly. "It's okay, and I still love you, and if this guy doesn't pan out"—he grinned at Huntley—"let me know." He put his hands on the table and started to push back, but she reached out and took his wrist.

"But Jim . . ." Her voice was choked, a little desperate now. "I—I don't want you to go like this."

He tried to make his grin broader. It hurt to see the moisture gathering in the corners of her eyes, and he knew he had to be quick before he weakened. "Quiet, woman," he said. "You can't have two guys. Good men are scarce these days. Stick to the one you've got."

He stopped, seeing the beginning of a smile on her face, and he was embarrassed and said, "And look. This isn't any act. I'm not being big or anything. I guess things even up with Paul and me. He has something I haven't got and I"—he glanced down at his uniform sleeve and then at Huntley—"I've got something he hasn't got."

Huntley looked at the uniform. Huntley understood. "Yes," he said, "you have. It evens up."

JIM stood up, and Helen rose with him. She glanced quickly at Paul Huntley. "I'll walk out with you, Jim. . . . Will you excuse me, Paul?"

Helen waited until he got his cap from the hat-check girl and then walked over to a corner of the foyer, sort of backing him into it and standing close. She looked up at him and her eyes were wet and shining.

"You're sweet," she said and took his lapels. She came up on tiptoe and kissed him. "Would you—I mean, I could write you if you want, Jim."

He shook his head and fought against the sudden poignant surge of emotion that rose within him. He grinned again and spoke past the thickness in his throat. "Better not," he said. "I don't think Paul would like it. I know I wouldn't. Just let me know when and where, so I can send you a present."

When she had gone he turned from the street door and went into the lobby. He walked very straight, his uniform tight across his chest. Two lieutenants saluted him smartly, and he felt a sudden tingling as he returned the gesture. Then he saw the telephones and swerved toward them.

He wanted to see if they needed any more beer or sandwiches up at Kay Ferguson's place. It was still early. They'd be having fun up there. You could forget a lot of things when you were with a gang that talked your language, and Nick and Charley and Ed would be doing just that. Kay, too. Maybe even Connie.

THE END

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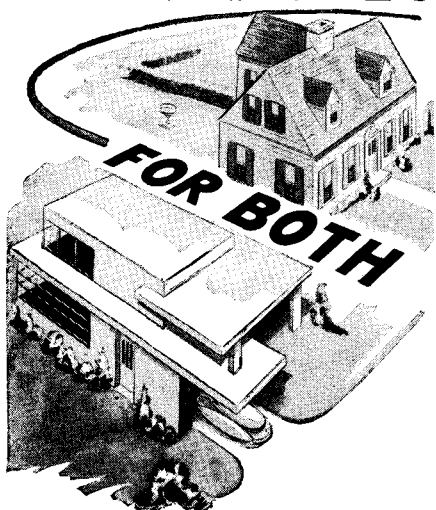
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The Woman in the Picture

Continued from page 15

manhood, he was one of the most daring and successful of all aviators. None of us has forgotten his rescue of his friend Dixon Gale in the jungles of the Amazon. But Gene Penfield wasn't content to be the hero of American youth. He became a serious student of public affairs. Intellectually unencumbered by any foreign ideology—

Scott Warner snorted. "I'll say he's intellectually unencumbered," he said to himself. "The only idea he ever had in his whole life was grabbing the center of the stage. He doesn't know the difference between a protective tariff and a poll tax. And he wouldn't admit that it was a nice day unless Taylor Damon told him it was all right to say so."

His secretary put a sheaf of photographs on his desk. "These just came in from Spectacle," she said. "They're in a hurry for a clearance."

Scott nodded and went on swearing to himself. He'd thought that Taylor Damon's attempt to build Gene Penfield into the presidential candidate of the defeatists had failed. But if Damon could make his stooge a senator overnight, the danger that he'd put Penfield over was greater than it had ever been before. He'd have incredible sums of money to use. Penfield was merely rich; but Damon and his friends controlled billions, along with various newspapers and banks and big industrial corporations.

And how was Scott Warner going to do anything about it?

He'd written a book two years before on the rise of Fascism in the United States. It had been favorably reviewed and forgotten. The people he'd hoped to reach were momentarily impressed; but they didn't really understand that the enemy within was even more dangerous than the enemy without. They thought the F.B.I. was taking care of that. They didn't realize that no one—and especially not the F.B.I.—could touch men of power and position like Taylor Damon or Eugene Penfield, whose every act was securely wrapped in the American flag.

THE prospect that Penfield—tousle-headed, handsome, with a radio voice that could thrill the country, provided somebody told him what to say and rehearsed him in how to say it—might be elected President in 1944 was intolerable. Taylor Damon would be the real ruler of the United States. Germany, losing the war, would win the peace.

But how were you going to stop it? You couldn't do it with a book. Scott Warner's book had been a complete flop, as far as that went.

His secretary was at his elbow again. "I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Warner. But that Spectacle stuff is rush. Mr. Allerton brought it in himself and he's getting awfully impatient."

"Tell him I'll be with him in five minutes," Scott said.

He picked up the folder of photographs and turned rapidly. The pictures were all of people at work making shells, tanks, planes, ships. Scott smiled to himself at the skill with which Spectacle's photographers managed to mix cheesecake with machine tools. The photographs left no doubt that America's supremacy in the production of the materials of war was due to the slender symmetry of the American girl's legs. There were more legs than lathes, but Scott felt that the illusion was harmless. Spectacle was probably right in thinking that the great public would rather look at good legs than at lovely lathes.

Then he turned to a picture that made him jump. It was a photograph of a girl in silhouette against a factory window—a

girl with the sweet and gently beautiful face of a Madonna and a soft, full feminine curve of the breast.

The girl was Marta Penfield—Eugene Penfield's wife—who'd been dead for four years. But the photograph had been taken within the week. So she wasn't dead. She was alive.

Scott looked down at the typed caption pasted to the bottom of the print and read: Marie Royce—Lathe Hand—Gislason's Machine Shop—Petit Marais, Wis.

So Spectacle didn't know who she was. And, of course, she wasn't the gentle and lovely creature she appeared to be in the photograph. She was the ultimate product of wealth and sophistication—a hussy if there ever was one.

He looked through the prints to see if there were any more pictures of her. There was a slightly different version of the silhouette, and then a dozen shots of her working at a lathe. She looked a little more like the kind of person she was in the poses at a lathe.

He sat there, staring at the pictures and asking himself what it all meant. Why had Marta Penfield taken so much trouble to make the world believe she was dead? Why had she buried herself in a small-town machine shop?

He noticed, studying one of the photographs of her, that the fingernails on the hand that held a micrometer caliper to measure the piece in the lathe chuck were short and stubby—the fingernails of a working woman.

It couldn't have been easy for a girl who'd been as much at home in the smarter New York night clubs as she was at the fabulous Penfield estate in the Sierra Nevada, to give up all the luxuries she was used to and stand eight or ten hours a day at a lathe.

Why had she done it?

Like everybody else, Scott had taken it for granted that there was a lot more to the Penfield-Gale story than had ever been printed. Now he knew that what had been so skillfully suppressed was front-page stuff. If he could dig it up, he could stop Eugene Penfield's political career.

Once in a lifetime! Scott Warner thought. You only get a break like this once.

He took one of the silhouettes and one of the shots at a lathe and put them in the top drawer of his desk. Then he picked up the folder of prints and walked out to the waiting room.

"Hello, Allerton," he said to Spectacle's man. "I hear you're in a hurry."

"We are," Allerton said. "They're all right, aren't they?"

"Oh, sure," Scott said. "Nothing we aren't glad to have the enemy know. How soon are you going to run them?"

"We'll have them on every newsstand in the country two weeks from today."

"I didn't know you could work that fast," Scott said. He was thinking that he had just two weeks in which to act. The day Spectacle appeared, Eugene Penfield would know that his wife was still alive; and so would Taylor Damon.

Allerton opened the folder and turned to the pictures of Marie Royce. "I thought there were two of these silhouettes," he said. "It doesn't matter. The plates have been made." He held up the remaining silhouette. "We're using this one for the cover. Don't you think it's tops?"

"She's a beautiful girl," Scott said.

"She confirms our theory that you don't have to go to Hollywood for glamor," Allerton said. "Think of finding a girl like that in a hick town! It goes to show the country is full of lovely girls."

"You mean lovely legs," Scott said.

Allerton held the silhouette in front of Scott. "Do you see any legs in that picture?" he demanded.

Scott Warner went back to his desk. Spectacle didn't know what it had, but he knew. And if he used what he knew skillfully enough, Gene Penfield was through. Warner had just two weeks.

He went into the office of his immediate boss, Bob Jennings. "Bob," he said, "I'm resigning."

"What!"

"I mean it."

"I see you do. What'll I tell the big boss?"

"Tell him something's happened that I've got to follow up. I can't do it while I'm with OWI. And if the newspapers want to know why I'm leaving, you can tell them I'm going West for my health, and my resignation implies no slightest criticism of the chief or the organization."

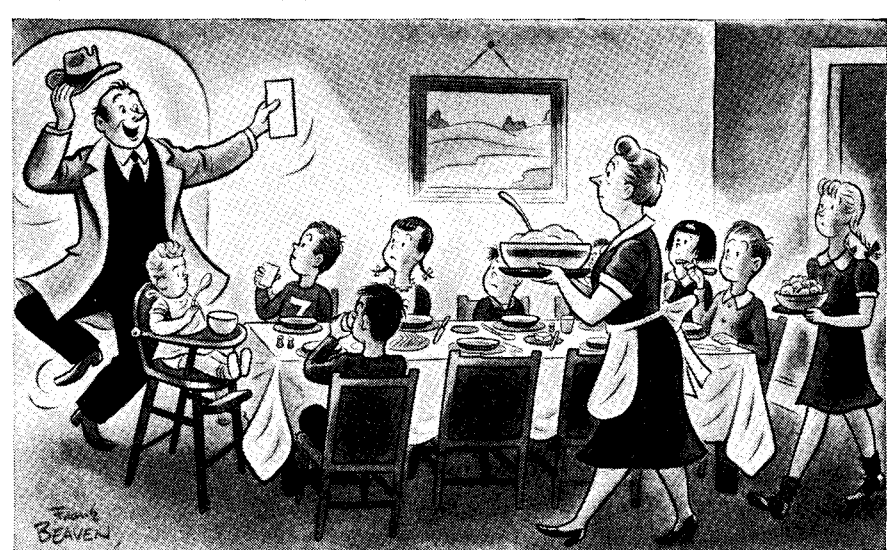
Bob Jennings grinned. "That'll be news. When do you go—next week?"

"In the next hour."

Jennings looked surprised. "Who's the girl?"

"The girl is incidental," Scott said.

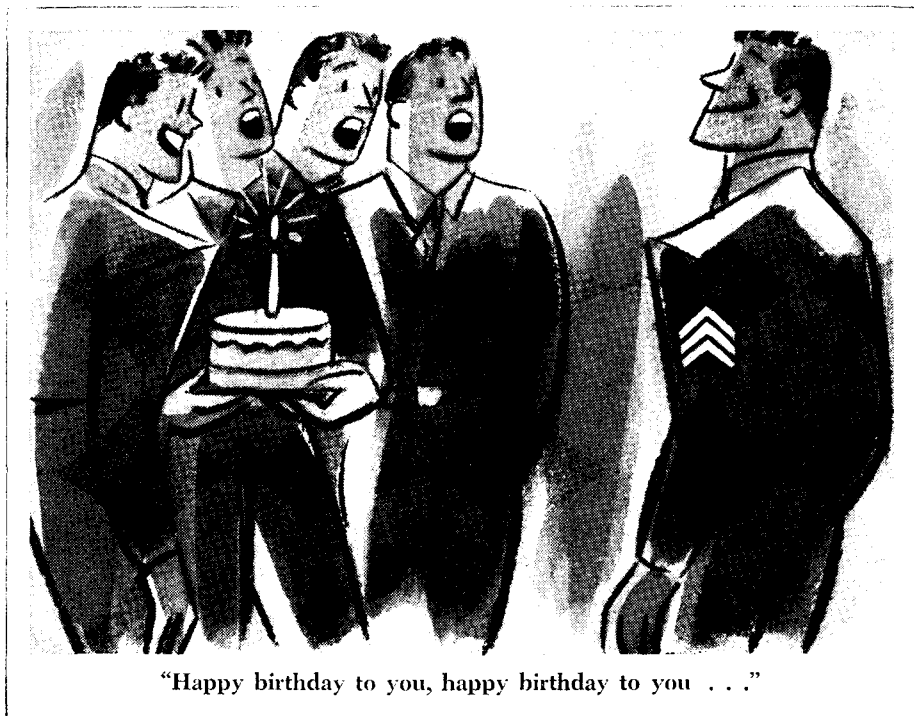
He knew as he went back to his desk that he hadn't told the truth when he'd said the girl was incidental. He'd noticed photographs of Marta Penfield in the newspaper rotogravure sections and the magazines before the scandal broke. He'd more than noticed them. He'd clipped them and filed them away in the fat envelopes of clippings devoted to Eugene Penfield. He'd wished he could meet her.



COLLIER'S

"Wow! We're rich! I've been drafted!"

FRANK BEAVEN



"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you . . ."

Not that he wanted to know her. He merely wished to find out what made that sort of woman tick. His curiosity was far more intense now, and he was going to gratify it.

He took Spectacle's two photographs of Marta Penfield out of his desk drawer and went home and filled his brief case with the Penfield clippings. Then he caught a plane for New York and got a room in a hotel and there he stopped to think.

What would he say to Marta Penfield when he got to Petit Marais, Wisconsin? The girl had nerve. She'd taken a hard chance when she'd made the jump that everybody thought was suicide, and it wasn't just a gesture because she had carried on. She'd stuck it out ever since. Making her come across with the real story might take a bit of doing.

He got the silhouette out of his brief case and walked down Forty-second Street to the office of a photo-finisher he knew, a man who loved fine photographs.

"Listen, Leo," he said, and tossed the print on Leo's desk. "Could you blow this up to the size of a Spectacle cover?"

Leo picked up the silhouette and studied it. "Do you know how good this is?" he asked. "Who did it?"

"One of Spectacle's men."

"Looks like one of Benny Wright's," Leo said. "And I'll bet he didn't have anything to light it with but a flash bulb."

"I asked you if you could blow it up," Scott said.

"I can blow it up to two feet by three, if you want," Leo said. He picked up the current issue of Spectacle and measured

it with a ruler. "Ten and a half by fourteen inches."

"Could you make it look like a final proof of a Spectacle cover—with the white letters on a red ground?"

Leo grinned. "Why not?"

"By tomorrow morning?"

"Why not?"

Scott realized, walking toward Fifth Avenue, that he needed help, and the man who'd be most likely and able to help was Morris Stein. He'd never met Stein, but Stein had written him a nice note about his book on the rise of Fascism in the United States. Stein had money and position, and he was passionately anti-Fascist. Scott called Stein's office and was told that Mr. Stein had gone for the day. He saw then that it was five o'clock.

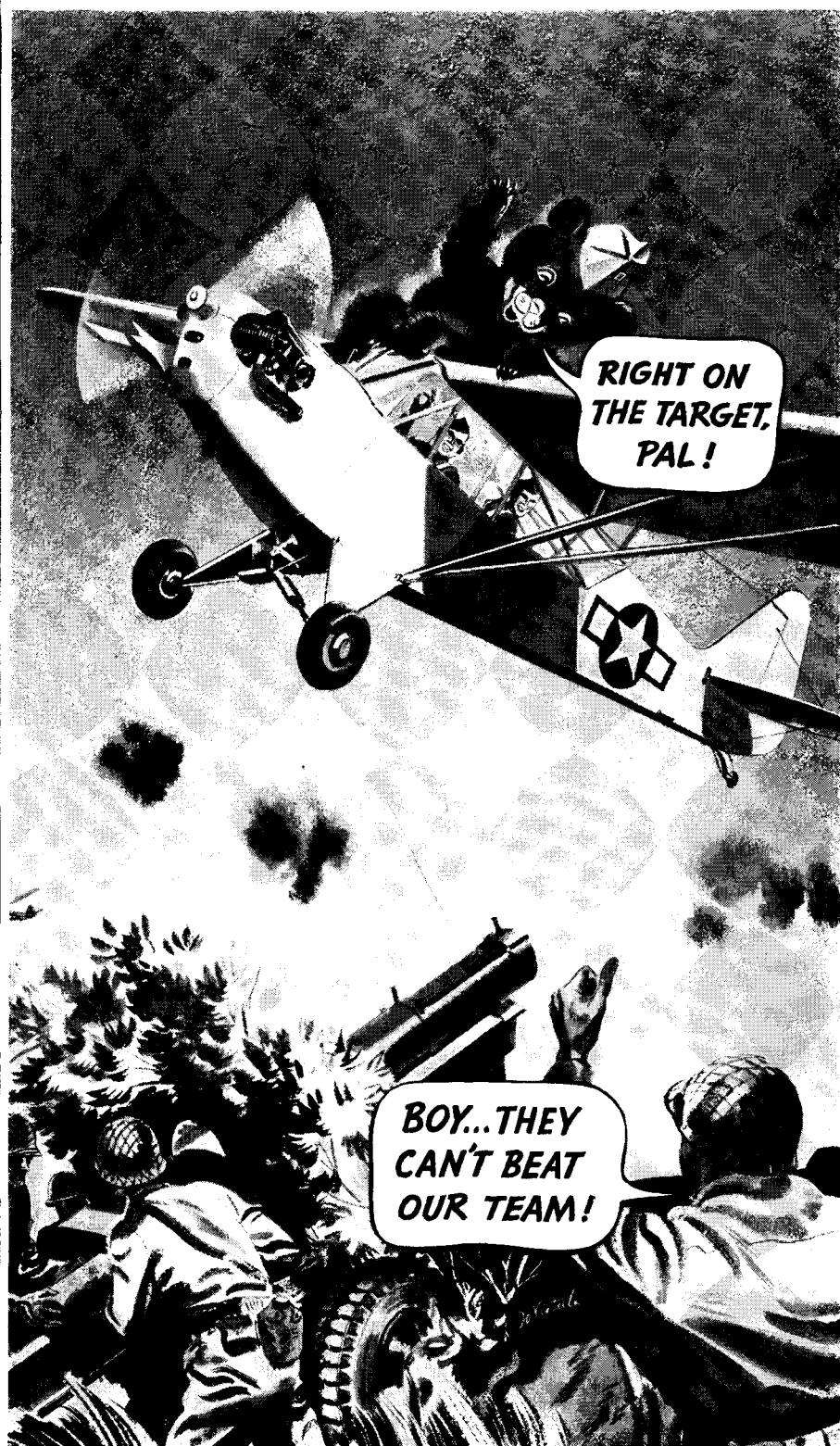
HE WENT back to his hotel and tried Stein's home in the East Sixties. A servant told him that Mr. Stein was expected home for dinner.

"Oh, yes," Stein said, when Scott finally reached him. "I remember your book. I'd be glad to see you. Could you drop into my office some day next week?"

"No, Mr. Stein," Scott said. "I'm leaving town tomorrow. I know you'll be interested in what I've found out about Eugene Penfield, but the time is short."

"Very well," Mr. Stein said. He was obviously not impressed. "I'll see you here at my house at nine o'clock this evening."

Scott Warner found himself at nine o'clock in front of a private house halfway between Madison and Park Avenues



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"Happy birthday, dear Sergeant . . ."

in a street with newly planted plane trees on both sides.

The butler took him to a library on the third floor and, as Scott entered the room, he saw that there was another man with Stein, a stocky, heavy-shouldered man with thick, blond curly hair cut close to his head. Stein didn't look like the shrewd businessman Scott had heard about. He was small, plump, shy, and his voice was a murmur, hardly louder than a whisper.

"Mr. Warner," Stein said, "I want you to meet Irv Barney of the New York Globe."

Mr. Barney showed strong white teeth in a wide grin, as Scott shook hands with him. Scott knew of him as the Globe's chief political reporter, one who took a sardonic view and frequently wrote things that brought yelps of pain and rage from people in high places.

The butler came back with Scotch and soda. Scott didn't know how to begin. The presence of Barney bothered him. He'd hoped to see Stein alone.

"What I've got to say is off the record," he said. "It can't be printed."

"You can trust Irv Barney," Morris Stein murmured.

"I'm sure I can," Scott said, and turned to Stein. "I came to talk to you about Eugene Penfield. As soon as Senator Fetterman dies, Governor Queed will appoint him senator, and that's a long step toward being a candidate for the Presidency."

MORRIS STEIN'S face was wholly without expression. "And so—?"

"You know what it means if he's elected President," Scott said.

"What does it mean?" Morris Stein asked in that scarcely audible voice of his.

"It means that Taylor Damon will be the real boss of the United States."

Morris Stein shrugged his shoulders.

"It means," Scott said, "a negotiated peace and the triumph of Fascism in the United States."

"You take such big jumps in your thinking, Mr. Warner," Morris Stein murmured.

Irv Barney spoke, and his voice sounded loud, almost raucous, after Stein's murmur. "Our friend looks like Anthony Eden without a mustache, doesn't he, Morris?"

Morris Stein looked at Scott and smiled slightly. "A young Anthony Eden," he said.

Scott knew they were kidding him, and it made him sore. Besides, he didn't like being told he looked like Anthony Eden without a mustache. He'd been told that too many times.

"I mean exactly what I said," Scott said. "Stop Taylor Damon or we have Fascism."

"You didn't say much about Damon in your book, Mr. Warner," Morris Stein said.

"How could I? I know and you know that Taylor Damon is the most dangerous man in the United States. But I can't prove it."

"So we come to the point," Irv Barney said. "We know how bad Taylor Damon is and we can't do anything about it."

"But we can," Scott said. "That's why I'm here."

Irv Barney leaned back in the overstuffed sofa he occupied and blew smoke rings at the ceiling. "Go on," he said. "We're sitting on the edge of our chairs."

"You know the story of Dixon Gale and the Penfields," Scott said.

"I'd have to stop and think," Barney said. "Dixon Gale shot himself at Penfield's magnificent estate in the Sierra Nevada—Silvertip, he calls it. And Marta Penfield went into a private sanitarium next day. She'd been there six months when she escaped and committed suicide by jumping off a high bridge into the river."

"That's what the newspapers said. What do you think really happened?"

"I didn't cover that story myself," Irv Barney said. "The men who did thought that Dixon Gale and Marta Penfield were lovers, and that she shot him. Or maybe Penfield shot him. What difference does it make now? Gale is dead, Marta's dead, and you tell us that Taylor Damon is going to have Governor Queed make Penfield a senator."

"You see, Mr. Warner," Morris Stein murmured, "it's an old story. Penfield came out of it all right at the time. It's no good raking it up now. You couldn't prove anything; and any attempt to use it against Penfield would react against the people who used it. I wouldn't have anything to do with that sort of thing."

Scott opened his brief case, took out Spectacle's photograph of Marie Royce

holding a palomino horse at Silvertip; Marta Penfield in a bathing suit on the edge of a Hollywood swimming pool; Marta Penfield stepping off a transcontinental plane in the smartest sort of suit; Marta Penfield doing all the things that women who were rich and beautiful did before the war.

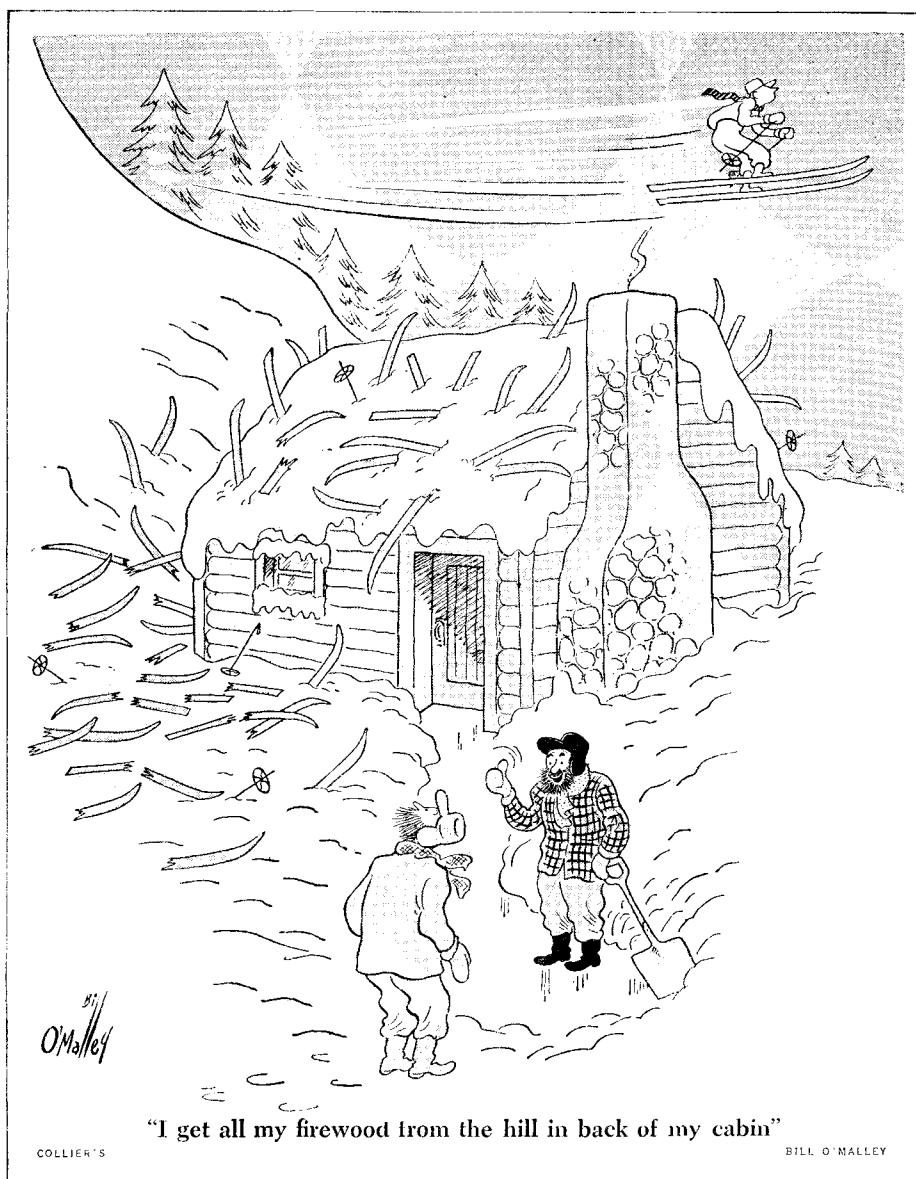
Morris Stein and Irv Barney got up and leaned over the table and studied the pictures, turning now and then to look at the photograph of Marie Royce at a lathe in Gislason's machine shop in Petit Marais, Wisconsin, for comparison.

"Could be," Irv Barney said.

"It is," Scott Warner said.

Morris Stein sat down again. They all sat down.

"Assuming that your guess is correct,



"I get all my firewood from the hill in back of my cabin"

COLLIER'S

BILL O'MALLEY

at a lathe and handed it to Morris Stein. "That's a picture of Marta Penfield taken four or five days ago in Petit Marais, Wisconsin."

Irv Barney got up and looked over Morris Stein's shoulder. "What makes you think it's her?"

"I know," Scott said.

IRV BARNEY smiled a patient smile. "As I remember it," he said, "there were three witnesses when she jumped into the river."

"They never found her body," Scott said.

"Wasn't the river at flood—with trunks of trees and barns and houses being carried down?"

"Yes," Scott said.

"No wonder they didn't find her body," Irv Barney said.

Scott took from his brief case the collection of Marta Penfield pictures he'd clipped long ago, and laid them on the library table—photographs of Marta Penfield and her husband and Dixon Gale at a night club; Marta Penfield in blue jeans and cow boots and a plaid shirt,

Mr. Warner," Stein murmured, "just what do you propose to do about it?"

"Go out there and tell her that Spectacle is going to use her picture for a cover in two weeks, and that when it does, the people she's hiding from will know where she is."

"And—?" Morris Stein asked.

"Offer her protection, provided she comes across with the real story of what happened at Silvertip when Dixon Gale died."

"You think that Penfield doesn't know she's alive?"

"I'm sure he doesn't."

"What's she hiding for?" Irv Barney asked. "She was never accused of shooting Gale—not publicly, anyway. There wasn't any evidence against her. She was in the clear. Why did she give up a millionaire's income to work in a machine shop?"

"You don't think Taylor Damon would like her to turn up now, do you?" Scott said.

"What could Damon do if she did?" Morris Stein asked.

"You must know that Damon doesn't

hesitate to do anything he thinks necessary," Scott said. "He doesn't go in for violence himself. But you know he's ordered kidnappings and murders."

"I know," Stein murmured. "But knowing and proving aren't the same. I wish you had some evidence against the man that would stand up in court."

Scott felt let down. Morris Stein didn't think much of his story and neither did Irv Barney.

"How much money have you, Mr. Warner?" Stein asked.

"Several hundred dollars."

"You'd better have more. I'll arrange that."

Scott jumped up. "You mean you believe Marie Royce is Marta Penfield?"

Morris Stein shook his head. "I don't believe anything, Mr. Warner. I think it's ten to one you're a romantic young idealist who has sold himself a story because it would be so wonderful if it were true. But it won't cost much to find out which of us is right, and just in case it's you, I'd like to help."

"That's good enough for me," Scott said.

"I might add," Stein murmured, "that in case you're indiscreet, I don't know you. I can't afford to be responsible for what you may do."

IRV BARNEY sat up. "Listen, chum," he said. "Who are you going to be when you get out there? What's your excuse for bothering the girl?"

"I'm a guy named George Cook on a fishing trip," Scott said.

"No, you aren't. Never use an assumed name until there's no other out. Once you get into trouble under the wrong name, you're sunk, and your best friends can't help you. You go out there as Scott Warner, on a roving assignment from Spectacle. The managing editor is an old pal of mine and he'll give you one of those to-whom-it-may-concern letters asking every courtesy for you. There won't be any salary or any expense account, and the only catch is that if you should turn up a story they can use, you'll have to do it for them. But you'll be able to say you're from Spectacle."

"That would be a big help," Scott said.

He put his clippings and the photograph of Marie Royce back in his brief case.

"I'll meet you at the offices of Spectacle at nine-fifteen tomorrow morning," Irv said. "And I hope you don't mind if we kidded you a little. Morris and I run into so many crackpots that we thought you were one of them. Maybe you are, at that."

"You've talked about Taylor Damon," Morris Stein said. "Did you ever meet the man?"

"No," Scott said, "I never did."

"I'm always surprised at how much you writers of books seem to know without ever meeting the people you write about," Morris Stein murmured.

"You could probably see him right now at Marcel's in Fifty-second Street," Irv Barney said. "It's eleven o'clock. He eats dinner there about this time almost every night."

Scott was halfway down the stairs when Irv Barney called out to him.

"Say, Warner," Irv said. "Wasn't there another woman in that picture? Didn't Dixon Gale have a girl friend who was there when he was shot?"

"Ann Sloane," Scott said.

"What became of her?"

"The last I knew she was out in California."

"I'll have a look at the Globe's morgue tomorrow," Irv said. "I might be in California soon."

Scott Warner paused on the sidewalk in front of Morris Stein's house and wondered whether he'd find a taxi quicker on Madison or Park, when he saw a cab

coming down the dark, leaf-shaded street. He whistled. The cab stopped alongside. "To Marcel's in Fifty-second Street," he said, and opened the door and stepped in. A thick arm went around his neck, choking him and forcing his head back. His brief case was torn out of his hand, and he was forced down on the floor. He struggled with all his strength, but there were two of them. "Be quiet, Buddy," one of them said. "Take it easy, and we won't have to hurt you."

THEY had him down between the seat of the cab and the partition behind the driver. The one who had spoken had one large hand over his mouth and the other on his throat, a thumb pressing on his windpipe. The cab went on for several blocks and stopped.

They opened a door and then threw him out on the sidewalk and, as he scrambled to his feet, the cab driver stepped on the gas. The cab went away fast and disappeared around a corner.

Scott straightened his tie. He wasn't hurt. But he was angrier than he had ever been in his life before. He felt like a fool. He'd talked about violence. He'd said that Taylor Damon was perfectly capable of ordering a kidnaping or a murder. But he'd only half believed it. He'd never been the victim of violence before.

He walked slowly down the street in the warm June dusk, getting madder and madder. He could only guess that the men who had taken his brief case were Taylor Damon's men. They weren't ordinary holdup men, because they hadn't taken his money. They must have been assigned to watch Morris Stein's house. And if they were Taylor Damon's men, Damon would know his secret within an hour or two. He wouldn't have two weeks in which to work on Marta Penfield. He wouldn't have two days.

He reached a corner and saw by the street sign that he was at Sixty-fourth and Third Avenue. They hadn't bothered to take him more than half a mile. His first impulse was to go back and tell Morris Stein and Irv Barney what had happened. But he was ashamed to tell them that he'd been taken for a ride three minutes after he'd left them and that he'd lost all his Penfield clippings and the photograph of Marta as Marie Royce.

He couldn't take consolation in the fact that he'd left the silhouette of her to be made up as a Spectacle cover. That hadn't been forethought. That had been sheer accident.

He saw a taxi coming down Third Avenue and hailed it. For all he knew, it was the taxi he'd just been tossed out of.

"Marcel's on Fifty-second Street," he said to the driver and opened the door. He saw that the cab was empty and got in.

Marcel's wasn't, he found, a night club. It was a place devoted to food and at this hour it was empty except for one large party. Scott remembered that he was hungry. He'd had a sandwich and coffee in his room while he was trying to reach Morris Stein on the telephone. Now he ordered a daiquiri cocktail and breast of guinea hen *sous cloche*.

He was having coffee when the headwaiter brought him a card. Scott read: Mr. Taylor Damon.

He turned the card over and saw that Damon had written: "Mr. Damon would be pleased to meet the author of *The Rise of Fascism in the United States* if he would be so kind as to spare a few minutes."

Scott looked at the waiter. "Where is he?"

"In the next room, Mr. Warner," the waiter said.

SCOTT followed the waiter into the next room and saw a man at a table in a corner, who could only be Taylor Damon. He was completely bald, though not very old—not over sixty. He got up, smiling, but his eyes were sharp under heavy brows, and his mouth looked cruel even when he smiled.

"Ah, Mr. Warner," he said, as he held out his hand. "I'm very glad to meet you. Won't you sit down?"

If he hadn't known anything about the man, Scott would have thought he was genuinely friendly.

"I've taken the liberty of ordering a brandy for you," Taylor Damon said. "They have what I'm told is an excellent armagnac. I have to take their word for it, because I never drink anything alcoholic myself."

The waiter brought the brandy.

"I read your book with the greatest interest, Mr. Warner," Taylor Damon said. "I hope I'm not wrong in assuming that

The Importance of the FILTER ZONE

SHORT CIGARETTE

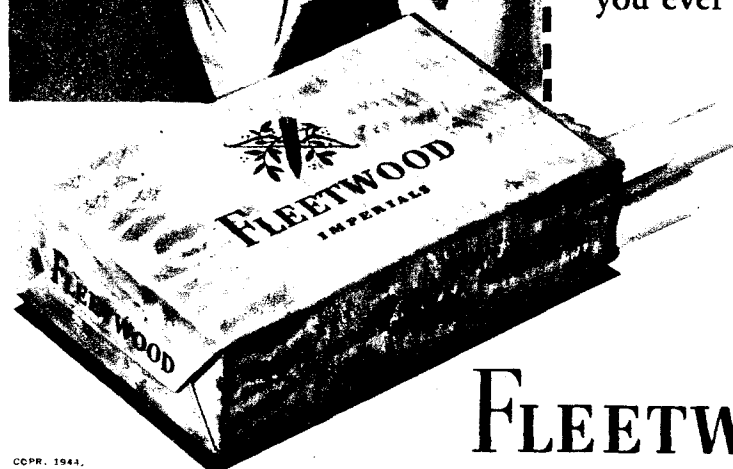


1 In the short cigarette you get a short Filter Zone. It fails to filter out the tars, nicotine and throat irritants that mar your smoking pleasure.

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"Next on the calendar is people of the State of New York vs. Latz, but people of the State of New York took a run-out powder"

COLLIER'S

PERRY BARLOW

I'm one of the people you're opposed to."

"You're quite right," Scott said.

Taylor Damon smiled. "That's good," he said. "A democracy like ours thrives on opposite opinions—freely expressed. Freedom of expression—that's one fundamental difference, perhaps the most fundamental difference, between our form of government and the totalitarian form. You and I are both intensely devoted to the welfare of these United States. You think our best chance is to take on our shoulders the burdens of the whole world, and I see our best chance in standing aloof from the internecine quarrels of a dying Europe. But our goal is the same. We both want our country to be peaceful and prosperous."

Scott fingered his glass. He was sure that this man who spoke so unctuously of freedom of expression had set two thugs on him within the hour in order to find out what he was doing and to prevent him from doing it. If Damon hadn't already learned that Marta Penfield was still alive, he would learn it before he went to bed. And when he did, he'd send ruthless men to Petit Marais—men whose job would be to see that no one ever heard of Marta Penfield again.

"I'm afraid you and I don't speak the same language," Scott said.

"Of course, we don't. I'm nearly sixty, and you're scarcely thirty. You look on me as a dyed-in-the-wool old Tory, and I look on you as a young idealist who hopes to bring about the millennium next year—or at least the year after."

"There is one thing we ought to agree on," Scott said. "We ought to agree that a democracy can't permit personal violence as a political weapon."

"We certainly cannot," Taylor Damon said.

"And yet," Scott said, "I was assaulted by two thugs this evening and my brief case taken away from me for no conceivable reason—except that I'm known to be anti-Fascist."

TAYLOR DAMON'S eyes opened wide. "You don't say so! Did you report it to the police?"

Scott got up. "No," he said, "I didn't report it to the police."

"But, my dear man," Taylor Damon said, "it's your duty as a citizen to report such things."

"What could the police do? I can't describe the men who took my papers."

"You're going to ignore it?"

"Not at all, Mr. Damon," Scott said. "I've taken it to heart."

Taylor Damon nodded. "Maybe you're right," he said. "Maybe you should take pains to avoid trouble in the future." He spoke calmly, but his eyes looked like those of a fanatic.

"On the contrary, Mr. Damon," Scott said, "I shall look for trouble in the future. Good night."

Taylor Damon rose from his chair. He was smiling now. "Ah, Mr. Warner," he said, "you remind me of my youth. I was once young and foolish."

Scott met Irv Barney at the offices of Spectacle the next morning and got his letter from the managing editor.

"Now we'll go to the bank," Irv said.

He bought two thousand dollars' worth of traveler's checks for Scott at the bank.

"What am I supposed to do with two thousand dollars?" Scott asked.

"Do what you said you were going to do—stop Gene Penfield."

Scott felt guilty about taking the money after what had happened the night before. He told Irv all about it as they walked down Forty-second Street.

Irv Barney grinned. "It's a tougher game than you thought."

"I guess it is," Scott said.

They paused at the corner. "I'm leaving for Denver on the Fetterman story this noon," Irv said. "I'll be there to-

morrow. If I can help, call me up any time. The Globe always knows how to reach me."

"I'll let you know if I have any luck."

"Whatever you do, don't go soft and fall for the dame."

"You needn't worry. I don't care for her sort."

"Okay, chum," Irv Barney said.

Scott stopped for his reproduction of a Spectacle cover using the photograph of Marie Royce in silhouette and caught the 10:45 plane for Chicago.

AT 4:15 in the afternoon, he was in a used-car lot, deciding that the 1941 station wagon was the only car in the place that had both a good motor and good tires. The dealer pointed out that it had a heater and a radio. Scott paid almost as much for the station wagon as it had cost new and he used a twenty-dollar bill to overcome the dealer's objection to lending him plates until he could register the car in his own name.

At 4:30, he was on his way out along the Wacker Drive toward the North Shore. At eight o'clock that evening, he drove

fore down Main Street. She passed a large house set well back with a tall hedge of lilac in front of it and disappeared through a doorway beside a shoe-repair shop.

He waited. There were three windows across the second-story front of the small frame building. The lights went on in the windows, and he saw her shadow as she pulled down the shades. He ran across the street and up the stairs.

She opened the door at his knock, and he stood there, staring at her and breathing a little hard after his run up the stairs and thinking how different she was from her photographs. Her photographs were paper and ink and she was alive—decidedly alive.

"Well?" she said.

"I'm Scott Warner," he said.

"Yes," she said. "And what are you selling, Mr. Warner?"

"I came to help you," he said.

She smiled; she almost laughed. "I haven't heard that one before. Come in."

He followed her into the living room, feeling that she'd taken the lead away from him while he'd hesitated, staring at her because she wasn't the kind of girl

but he couldn't see any sign that she was disconcerted. She merely raised her eyebrows and waited for him to go on.

"I knew you were Marta Penfield when I saw the photographs Spectacle took of you in Gislason's machine shop."

She looked at him as if she were greatly puzzled, her brows knitted.

"Who is Marta Penfield and how did I get to be her?"

"By marrying Gene Penfield."

She laughed. "My ex-husband worked in a garage. He was supposed to be good at overhauling a motor. But he wasn't a millionaire or a national hero."

Scott found himself almost believing her. The girl had charm. He braced himself against it. "We haven't time for this sort of thing, Mrs. Penfield. We ought to get out of here tonight."

"Really, Mr. Warner, you go too fast for me. Don't you think you'd better go back to Mendota?"

"What does that mean?"

"Mendota is our state hospital for the insane."

Scott took the rolled-up cover of Spectacle out of his pocket and unrolled it on the table and held the two ends of the sheet, so it wouldn't roll up again.

SHE stood close beside him looking down at her photograph and he was keenly conscious of the nearness of her shoulder to his. Physically she was the most attractive girl he'd ever seen, and he reminded himself to forget it.

"Do I really look like that?" she asked.

He glanced at her face. Her head was a little on one side as she studied the photograph, and he was aware of the lovely line of her cheek.

"From a certain angle and in a certain light, you do," he said.

"It ought to get me an offer from Hollywood. Don't you think so? Because it makes me look positively beautiful. But when they saw me, they'd know I couldn't act. They'd say it was all a mistake."

"It's no good kidding," Scott Warner said. "There isn't time. Spectacle won't publish this for thirteen days—a week from next Thursday. But I had photographs of you in my brief case last night in New York. The brief case was stolen, and the men who stole it were sent by Taylor Damon. He isn't going to have you turn up again. He's got men on the way here now. If you don't get out of here in a hurry, your life isn't worth a nickel."

She put her hand on his arm. "Please calm down, Mr. Warner. I don't know what you're talking about. You're making a mistake. You've got me mixed up with somebody else."

She sounded so convincing that he wondered if she was a victim of amnesia. He didn't know much more about amnesia than the fact that it was a name for loss of memory. Certain individuals did, under great stress, forget who they were. But somehow or other, he felt that this girl was faking. She wasn't going to admit that she was Marta Penfield. But she knew.

"I haven't got you mixed up with anybody else," he said. "You're Marta Penfield and I'm going to prove it."

She looked at him grave eyed. "I see that it means a great deal to you. It means so much that you can't bear to believe you're mistaken."

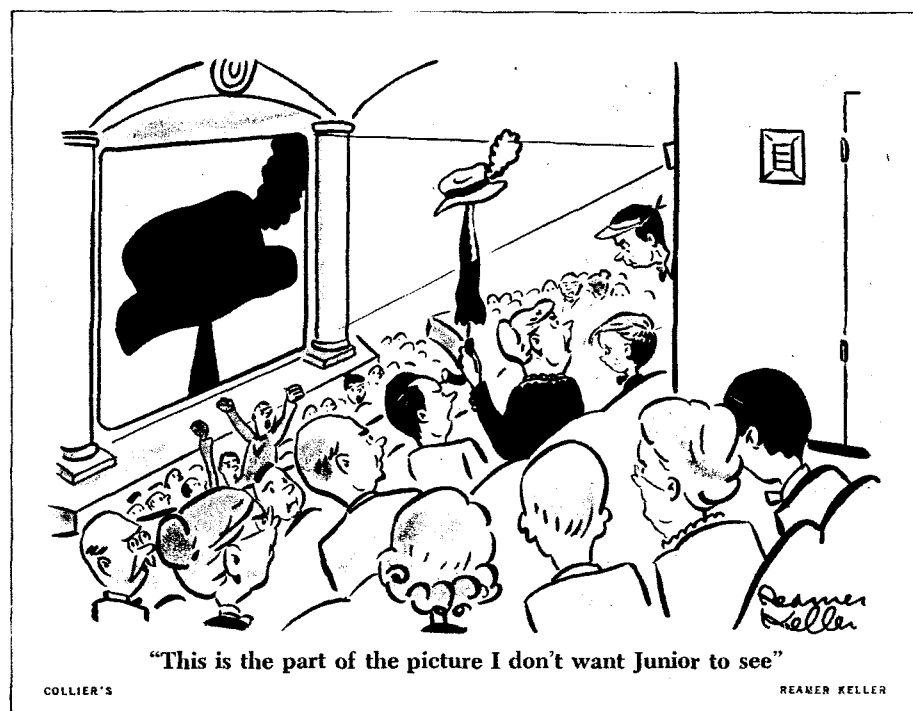
"That's right," he said.

"Please sit down and tell me all about it. I'm terribly curious." She sat down in her armchair and lit a fresh cigarette. "Why do you pretend?" he asked. "Don't you know it's too late?"

"I still don't know what you're talking about."

"Every newspaper reader in the United States knows about Marta Penfield."

"What did she do besides marry Eugene Penfield?"



down wide, elm-shaded Main Street in Petit Marais, Wisconsin, and stopped at a two-story frame building with double-decked porches that called itself a hotel. He was given a room with a white iron bed and a single electric bulb hanging by a cord from the middle of the ceiling.

He felt confident that he was way out in front of anybody Taylor Damon had sent on from New York, but he couldn't wait to begin his search for the girl. He looked for her name in the telephone book. It wasn't there. He found Gislason's machinshop and Gislason's home telephone. But he didn't want to ask anybody about Marie Royce if he could help it.

He walked down one side of Main Street past the post office and the movie theater and a chain grocery store and the five-and-dime. He stopped at the drugstore and bought cigarettes in order to have a look around. The place was full of high-school boys and girls. He crossed the street and, as he approached the Bon Ton store, he saw a girl looking in the window.

She was fifty feet away, and it was beginning to get dusk, but he had no doubt. She was wearing a simple brown dress with white polka dots. On her feet were brown opera pumps, and she carried a brown leather purse under her arm. There weren't two girls like that in Petit Marais, Wisconsin.

When she walked on, he followed her. She went farther than he had gone be-

he'd expected. He'd known from her photographs that she'd be handsome, but he'd taken it for granted that she'd be hard, and, at first glance, she wasn't. At first glance, she made you think she was pretty nice.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. Her voice was pleasing, low-pitched, slightly husky.

SHE sat down in a worn old armchair beside a small table with a book, a silver box of cigarettes, and a lamp made by putting an electric socket in a large brass candlestick and fitting it with a shade of fluted paper. She offered him the silver box.

Scott took a cigarette and watched her light one. Her hands didn't tremble, but he could guess she was scared. She didn't know who he was or why he was there, but of course she was afraid his coming had something to do with her past and she was trying hard to conceal her fear.

She tucked her legs under her and leaned toward him, with the expression of an eager listener.

"Now," she said, "won't you begin at the beginning? All I know is that you saw me in front of the Bon Ton and followed me home. You don't look like a big bad wolf, so I asked you in. But you seem excited about something. Are you excited, Mr. Warner?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm excited. I know who you are."

He watched her closely as he said that,

"She pretended to commit suicide by jumping off a high bridge into a river."
 "Oh, yes! I remember reading about that several years ago. It was after Penfield's best friend committed suicide. What was his name? Dixon—Dixon Gale. He shot himself at Penfield's lodge in the Sierras."

"That's what the newspapers said."
 She nodded gravely. "I always thought that she and Gale were lovers."

"That's what everybody thought."
 "But really, Mr. Warner, you don't think that I'm Marta Penfield—who committed suicide?"

"I've got a car," he said. "I want you to come with me. We can make Chicago in four hours. I'll put you under police protection. You'll be perfectly safe in telling the whole story. They won't try to kill you after the story is out."

"But I'm afraid the police wouldn't like it when they found out I was trying to pass myself off as the wife of a man who never saw me."

"You're being stupid," Scott said. "Either they'll kill you or you'll be found out in a few days, at most."

"Mr. Warner," she said, "did anybody ever tell you that you look like Anthony Eden without the mustache?"

Scott got to his feet. "You're being a fool. Can't you see that I'm offering to save your life?"

She jumped up in sudden anger. "Can't you see that I'm bored with this crazy notion of yours? I've tried to be polite, and you keep right on telling me I'm Marta Penfield. I'm through being polite. I'm fed up with you, Mr. Warner. I don't like you or anything about you. Will you go, or do I lean out of the window and scream for help?"

"I'll go," Scott said. "But don't think you've fooled me."

He walked slowly down the street toward the hotel. He'd have to get hold

of Jim Gislason and persuade him that Marie Royce was Marta Penfield. If that didn't work, he'd have to go to the police. And when you came right down to it, how was he going to prove it if she wouldn't admit it? What if she knew some garage mechanic who would swear he'd been her husband?

He was a few steps from the hotel when a man overtook him and said, "Hey, buddy. Got a light?"

Scott knocked the ash off his cigarette and held up the glowing end. The man took Scott's cigarette and lighted his own. He was in workman's clothes, a solidly built man with small eyes in a bland, plump face.

"You're checking out of this hotel," the man said, as he handed Scott's cigarette back.

"What?" Scott said, and he knew where he'd heard the man's voice before. It was the voice in the taxi in New York that had said, "Take it easy, and we won't have to hurt you."

"I want to see that station wagon of yours heading out of here in ten minutes," the man said.

"Okay," Scott agreed.

HE WENT into the hotel, paid for his room and told the proprietor he had to get back to Chicago that night. The station wagon was in a parking lot behind the hotel. Scott got the gas tank filled and the oil checked and drove around in front of the hotel and picked up his luggage and started south, toward Chicago. He drove south for several blocks, until sure he was out of sight, and turned a corner. After two blocks, he turned back. He parked the car in the street behind the shoe-repair shop and tried not to run as he went around the block; he cursed himself for not having a gun.

Two girls were walking up the street just ahead of him. There was no one else



Recipe

Scalloped Treet and Eggs

A hearty meat-feast to serve hot and often!

There's just no end to the grand meals you can fix with ready-to-eat Treet. For instance, Scalloped Treet and Eggs is a hearty, hot meat-feast that is sure to click these winter nights. Treet is *all* meat (no bone or waste)... makes a big meal for very few points!

1 can Armour's Treet	2 cups milk
6 hard-cooked Cloverbloom Eggs	½ tsp. salt
¼ cup butter or margarine	½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
¼ cup flour	¼ cup chopped parsley
1 cup coarse bread crumbs	1 tbsp. butter

Cut 4 slices from Treet loaf, cube rest. Melt butter, blend in flour. Add milk gradually, stir until thick. Add seasonings, parsley. Arrange ¼ cup crumbs, sliced eggs (save 6 slices for top), sauce and cubed Treet in alternate layers in buttered casserole. Combine remaining crumbs with 1 tbsp. butter and sprinkle over top. Arrange Treet on top, bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Garnish with egg slices. Serves 5.

High-vitamin Treet is a rich blend of chopped pork shoulder meat, tender ham and other selected pork cuts. You can fix Treet dozens of ways... baked, fried or simply sliced cold. Get Treet and serve it often!



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VITALOXI

Armour's new meat-flavor discovery peeps up taste of stews, sauces, gravies, soups... without a ration stamp!

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NEWS

"... but, under General Conservation Order No. M-73-A, it must be noted that tailors and clothing merchants are operating under certain restrictions. For instance, the ban on patch pockets has been lifted but sack coats must still contain no vents, pleats, bellows, gussets or yokes. As I understand it, cuffs may now be placed on trousers, but trousers must be no wider than 22 at the knee for a 39 seat—or 18½ at the bottom for a 39 seat. Underwear, elastic garters, gabardine and linen are all practically impossible to get, but it is said that serviceable trousers are now in the market made of walnut shells and corn husks..."

COLLIER'S

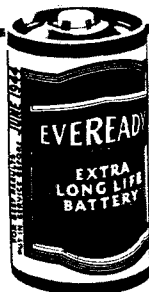
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"It's for the Squadron's third anniversary dinner... I didn't have any candles!"

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in sight. He opened the door to the stairway that led to Marie Royce's flat and stood there in the dark looking up the street. He saw two men coming down the other side of the street. One of them was the man who'd told him to leave town. He saw them pause and look up at the lighted windows over his head. Then they disappeared behind the lilac hedge across the street. Scott walked up the stairs as quietly as he could, and knocked. She opened the door and stepped back quickly and he saw that she had a revolver in her right hand.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

He stepped in and closed the door behind him. She had changed her clothes. She was wearing a short gray flannel skirt with a dark blue sweater. The jacket that went with the skirt was hanging over the arm of a chair, and on the floor was an open suitcase nearly full of clothes. She must have gone to work packing the moment he left and she'd worked fast. He hadn't been gone more than twenty minutes.

"So you aren't Marta Penfield," he said.

"No, I'm not."

"And you aren't getting ready to leave town in a hurry?"

"I'm going to La Crosse on the tenthirty bus."

"I wouldn't try that if I were you."

"I'll do what I please."

"I think not," he said, and told her about the two men behind the lilac hedge across the street. "They'll probably wait until you turn your lights out and they think you've gone to bed—unless you start out of here. If you do, they'll grab you."

SHE stood, poised, alert and tense, and she could guess that she was thinking fast, weighing all her chances.

"Is there a back way out of here?" Scott asked.

"There's a shed roof at the back."

"I've got my car parked in the next street. It's your only chance."

She put the revolver in her purse and deliberately sat down and lighted a cigarette, her purse on her knees.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere you like."

"Duluth," she said, and jumped up and closed her suitcase.

"How much luggage have you got?"

"This suitcase and a vanity case."

"Have you any food? I haven't eaten since noon and we won't be stopping on the way."

"I was boiling water for coffee when you came in and I always have something for sandwiches."

She tucked her purse under her arm and went out to the kitchenette. She poured boiling water into a drip-coffee machine and got butter and a plate of sliced ham and cheese out of the icebox.

"You'd better give me that gun," he said.

"I know how to use it," she said, and put the purse on a shelf where she could reach it before he could.

She sliced bread and buttered it while he put the ham and cheese between the slices of bread. She wrapped the sandwiches in paper napkins, and he put them in his jacket pockets. By the time they'd finished, the coffee had dripped. She got a vacuum bottle and poured the coffee into it.

"This'll go into my suitcase," she said.

"Where's the roof?" he asked.

"Outside the bedroom window."

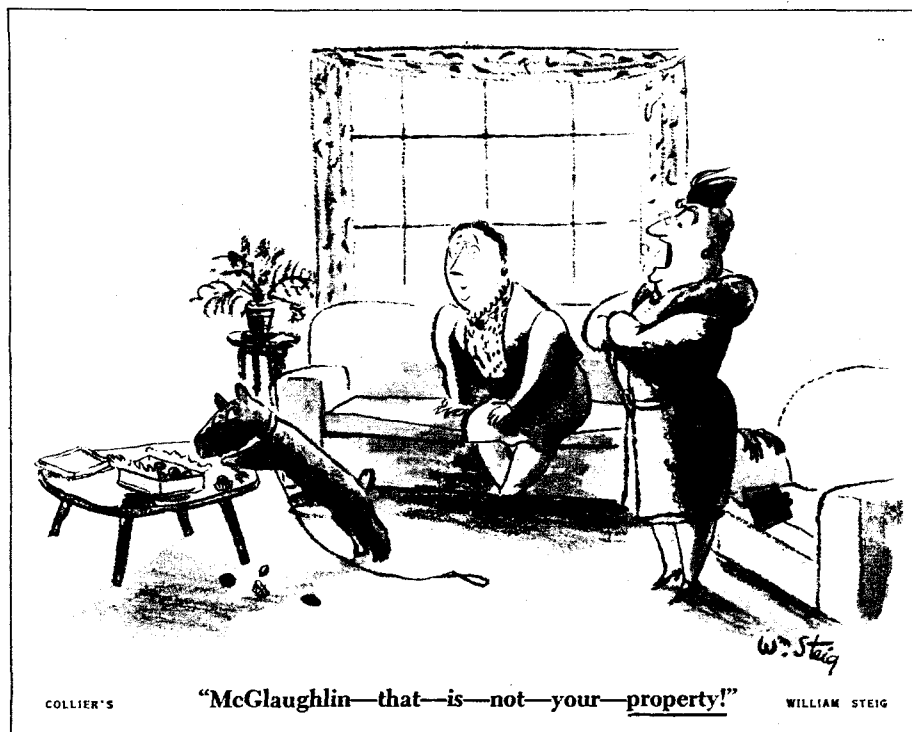
"We can't make a light in there. Somebody might see us climbing out. Have you got a flash?"

"No," she said.

"Have you got a clothesline?"

She went to the kitchenette and came back with ten or twelve feet of light, braided cotton line.

He picked up her suitcase. "Let's go," he said.



She went over to the table and picked up the silver cigarette box.

"No," he said, "I can't take anything more."

She put the box down and looked around the room. "It's taken me nearly two years to get this," she said.

He knew she meant the shabby furniture and the books and the vase with the zinnias in it.

She shrugged her shoulders and opened the bedroom door, and he followed her. When he shut the door behind him, the room was so dark he couldn't see where the window was. He felt her hand grasp his. She led him to the window.

"I'll have to get the screen out," she said.

She evidently knew how it worked. She pulled the screen into the room and started to climb out of the window.

"Wait a minute," he whispered. "Let's figure this out. I'll hang from the edge of the roof and drop. Can you do that?"

"Yes," she said.

"What'll we drop into?"

"A back yard with a high board fence around it."

"All right."

He climbed out on the flat roof after her. It wasn't as dark outdoors as it had been in the bedroom, but he couldn't see the edge of the roof. He had to feel for it with his hands. He let the bags down with the piece of clothesline. Fortunately, there was no gutter at the lower edge of the roof. He swung down and hung by his hands from the edge until his body stopped swinging. He guessed it couldn't be more than three or four feet as he dropped.

HE LANDED on an ash can and fell to the ground, as the lid clanged loudly against the can. He got to his feet quickly and listened. He heard no other sound. The windows of the near-by houses were dark. No one seemed interested in the noise he'd made. And if those two men behind the lilacs hedge had heard it, they wouldn't guess what it meant. He could see the girl against the sky as she got over the edge of the roof. She dropped her purse on the ground and hung by her hands. He caught her as she dropped. For a fraction of a second, she was warm and alive in his arms, and he couldn't help getting a kick out of it, even though he knew she was the kind of person he didn't want to know, except out of curiosity.

He dropped the bags and her purse over the high board fence, and they scrambled after them. They walked as quietly as they could through somebody's back yard and out into the street. In another minute, the motor of the station wagon roared.

"Keep on for three blocks and turn right

and you'll hit the road to Portage," she said.

Presently they were on a well-paved highway, and the speedometer needle hung just short of sixty-five, and Scott began to breathe again. He remembered the man who'd ordered him out of town and chuckled.

"What's funny?" she asked.

"Those two birds behind the lilac hedge waiting for you to go to bed."

"And thinking I'm Marta Penfield."

"They have the same reasons I have for thinking so."

She made no comment. He drove a steady sixty-five except on the worst curves until they got to Portage. He went through the town at a moderate speed and found the main interstate highway going northwest.

WHEN he got out of closely populated country, he looked for a road leading into woods. He found what he wanted and drove in beyond the first curve and stopped. It was half past eleven, and Scott remembered that it was only about thirteen or fourteen hours since he'd said goodbye to Irv Barney in Forty-second Street.

"I want a sandwich," he said. "How about you?"

"I'm not hungry."

"Coffee?"

"No," she said.

He unwrapped a sandwich, and she got the vacuum bottle of coffee out of her suitcase and gave it to him.

"We forgot to bring anything to drink out of," he said.

"You use the cap of the vacuum."

Her manner made it plain that she didn't want to talk. She wasn't friendly. She was putting up with him because he was useful to her, and he guessed that she'd disappear when they got to Duluth if he gave her the chance.

He ate two sandwiches and drank coffee and lighted a cigarette. She took a pair of slacks out of her suitcase and rolled them up and used them as a pillow.

When he got back on the main highway and was doing sixty-five again, she went to sleep in her corner of the front seat. He drove on hour after hour, with the silent girl beside him, until he caught himself falling asleep. He pulled up beside the road and got out to stretch his legs. He saw her sit up and look at her wrist watch.

"It's four o'clock," she said. "How far have we come?"

"We're better than two hundred and fifty miles out of Petit Marais."

"We ought to make Duluth by seven or eight o'clock in the morning."

"I want coffee before I try that."

She got the vacuum bottle. "You'd better let me drive," she said.

He considered that. He was dead tired and, if he kept on driving all night, he wouldn't be much good in the day to come.

"All right," he said.

"Then I'll take the coffee, and you can have the pillow."

She poured coffee and lighted a cigarette.

He tried to make a pillow of her rolled-up slacks, as she drove, but he couldn't go to sleep. He was watching the road. Then he watched the speedometer. The needle was steady between sixty and sixty-five. She knew how to drive. He stole a glance at her face. He could see her profile plainly in the light of the dash.

Why had a girl like this, who was attractive enough to get almost any man she wanted, married a phony like Gene Penfield? And why had she got herself mixed up in what the newspapers had called Dixon Gale's suicide?

He told himself it didn't matter why. All Scott Warner had to do was to break her down—bring her to the point of admitting she was Marta Penfield.

He knew that he'd dozed off because he came wide awake. The car was boring through the night at a little better than sixty miles an hour. The girl sat relaxed, impassive at the wheel. He thought she must have cast-iron nerves—the nerves of a good criminal.

He dozed off and awoke again and dozed again. And then suddenly he was wide awake. The car was standing in a woods road. It was broad daylight. The girl had a sandwich in one hand and the cap of the vacuum bottle full of coffee in the other.

"The last sign I passed said eleven miles to Superior," she said.

Looking at his watch, he saw that it was ten minutes of seven.

She drank her coffee and poured the cap full and handed it to him.

Between them, they finished the coffee, drinking out of the same cup, not in intimacy but out of necessity.

"You can drop me off as soon as we get to a bus line," she said.

He made a quick grab and got her purse

and took the revolver out of it and put it in his jacket pocket.

"You're going with me," he said.

"No, I'm not," she said, and jumped out of the car and reached for her suitcase.

He took her by both arms from behind and held her. She struggled madly, kicking at his shins, but he was a good deal stronger than she was.

She relaxed suddenly, panting for breath. "All right," she said. "You win."

He let go of her arms, and she began to run. He brought her down with a football tackle. She hit the ground hard. As he got up, he caught one ankle and took the pump off her foot.

"You won't go far in one shoe," he said.

She got up and brushed herself off. His impulse was to give her pump back, and apologize for knocking her down. He'd never fought physically with a woman before and he didn't like it. But he had a job to do. He couldn't be soft about it. He let her hobble back to the car. She got in and sat down behind the wheel. He got in beside her quickly. She was white with anger.

"You surely know you can't get away with this," she said. "The first policeman I see—"

"You don't want anything to do with the police."

"I'll go to them to get away from you."

HE TURNED the dial of the radio idly and, as it warmed up, he was startled by the loud voice of an announcer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the news since midnight. At one o'clock this morning, James Gislason, proprietor of a machine shop in Petit Marais, Wisconsin, was found shot to death in the apartment of his bookkeeper, Marie Royce. The girl could not be found. Police have sent out an alarm asking that she be held for questioning. She is described as five feet six, slender, dark-haired and beautiful."

The girl put her face in her hands. "Oh!" she said. "Not Jim!"

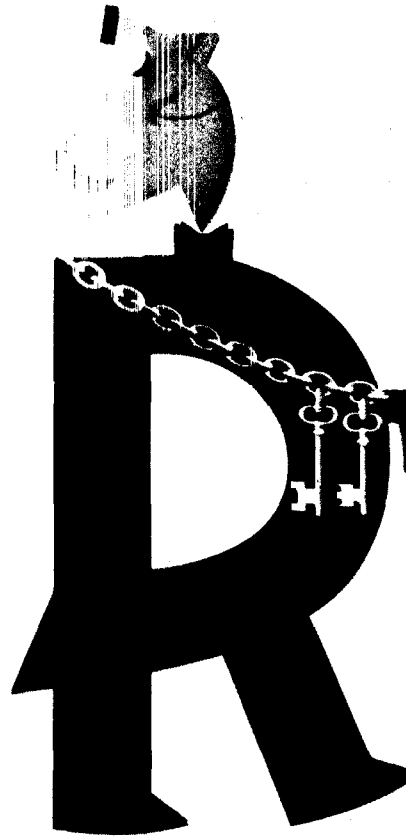
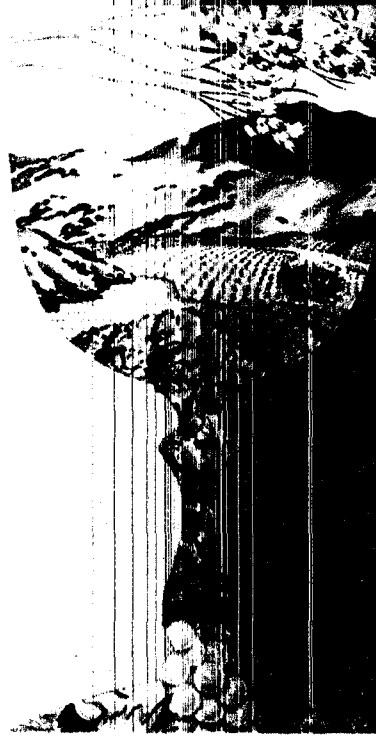
The radio announcer went on to something else, and Scott turned the switch and shut him off.

She straightened up presently. "It was my fault," she said. "He knew I was worried and he said to leave my lights on

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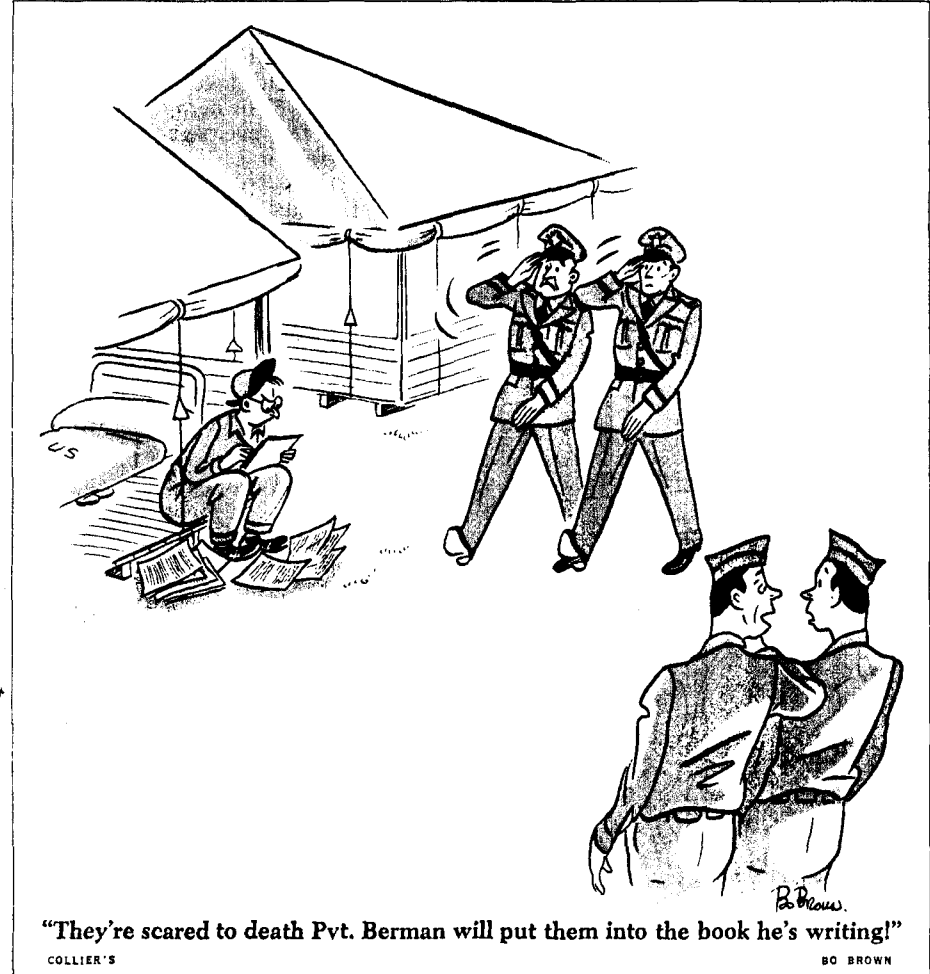
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"They're scared to death Pvt. Berman will put them into the book he's writing!"

COLLIER'S

BO BROWN

whenever I felt scared at night and he'd see them and come up. He must have been there when they came looking for me."

"How did he get in?"

"I don't know. My door was locked."

She turned her face away and looked off into the woods. He saw a tear roll down her cheek. She made a quick dab at her eyes with her handkerchief.

He waited for her to remember that there was now a police alarm out for her.

"I never thought," she said. "If I'd have turned out the lights when we left, it wouldn't have happened."

"It isn't your fault that Taylor Damon sent two men to get you, and I happened to be ahead of them. It isn't you who are responsible for Jim Gislason's death. It's Taylor Damon and his hired thugs."

Presently she took her compact out of her purse and made up her face.

"You'd better not go into Superior or any other big city," he said.

SHE tried to light a cigarette, and this time her hand trembled so that she couldn't.

"You'll have to stick with me," he went on. "I'm the only living person, except the men who did it, who knows you weren't there when they shot Gislason. If the police pick you up when I'm not with you, you'll have a hard time explaining why you went so fast and far last night." He held a match for her cigarette. "There's only one answer," he added.

"What's that?"

"Camp out. We're a young married couple on vacation—going West to see Glacier National Park. We won't meet many people. The police have sent out a description of you, but it will fit any pretty girl with dark hair, of about your size. They won't have any pictures of Marie Royce until Spectacle comes out and they don't know you're Marta Penfield."

"I'm not Marta Penfield," she said.

"Of course, they might hear that Spectacle photographed you last week and send on for prints. But that will take a day or so, and it will take longer to get them out across the country. I don't think they've connected you with me in any way. I doubt if anybody in Petit Marais knew that I saw you, except the thugs who shot Gislason, and they won't be talking. No one will be looking for you in my station wagon."

"Except them," she said.

"They won't have the least idea which way we went."

"We haven't got a camp outfit," she said.

Scott knew then that he'd won. "I can buy one."

She turned and looked at him. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because I hope you'll help me prevent Eugene Penfield from being appointed a United States senator when Tom Fetterman dies—and being made a candidate for the Presidency after that. Are you coming with me or not?"

"I have no choice now," she said.

"Then," Scott said, trying to keep the triumph out of his voice, "the first thing to do is to burn everything you have that identifies you as Marie Royce."

She opened her purse. "I haven't much."

She took out her Social Security card and her last pay envelope from Gislason's machine shop. Scott crumpled them up and put them on the ground and held a match to them until they disappeared in a wisp of ash.

"You stay here and keep out of sight while I go into town," he said. "It'll probably take me three or four hours."

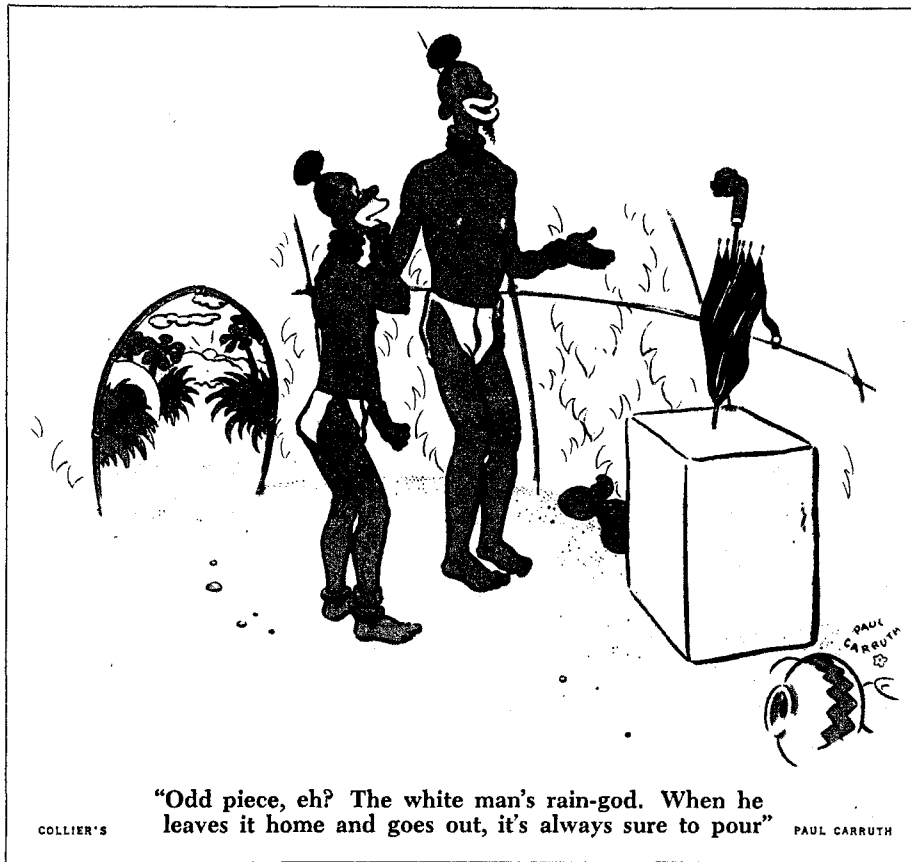
"I hope it won't take any longer."

When she said that, he felt that she was licked. She was dependent on him and she knew it.

"Is there anything you want?" he asked.

"You've got to look as if you were on a camping trip."

"May I have my suitcase?"



He got it out of the car for her. "I brought my work clothes," she said. "They'll do for camping out."

He drove into town and got license plates in his own name; he mailed his borrowed dealer's plates back to Chicago and bought food and a camp outfit.

It was noon when he got back to the place where he'd left her. She came out from behind a tree as he turned off the motor. He was startled at the change in her. She was wearing a bright handkerchief tied around her head, and a dark blouse and slacks and heavy shoes. She didn't look happy. He guessed that she'd been crying, and then he saw that her make-up was no longer almost professionally expert. It looked as if it had been put on by some young woman who didn't

know what make-up was for—the lips too full, the eyebrows too heavy, and the whole effect cheap.

"Well?" she said.

"You look like hell."

She nodded. "That was the idea."

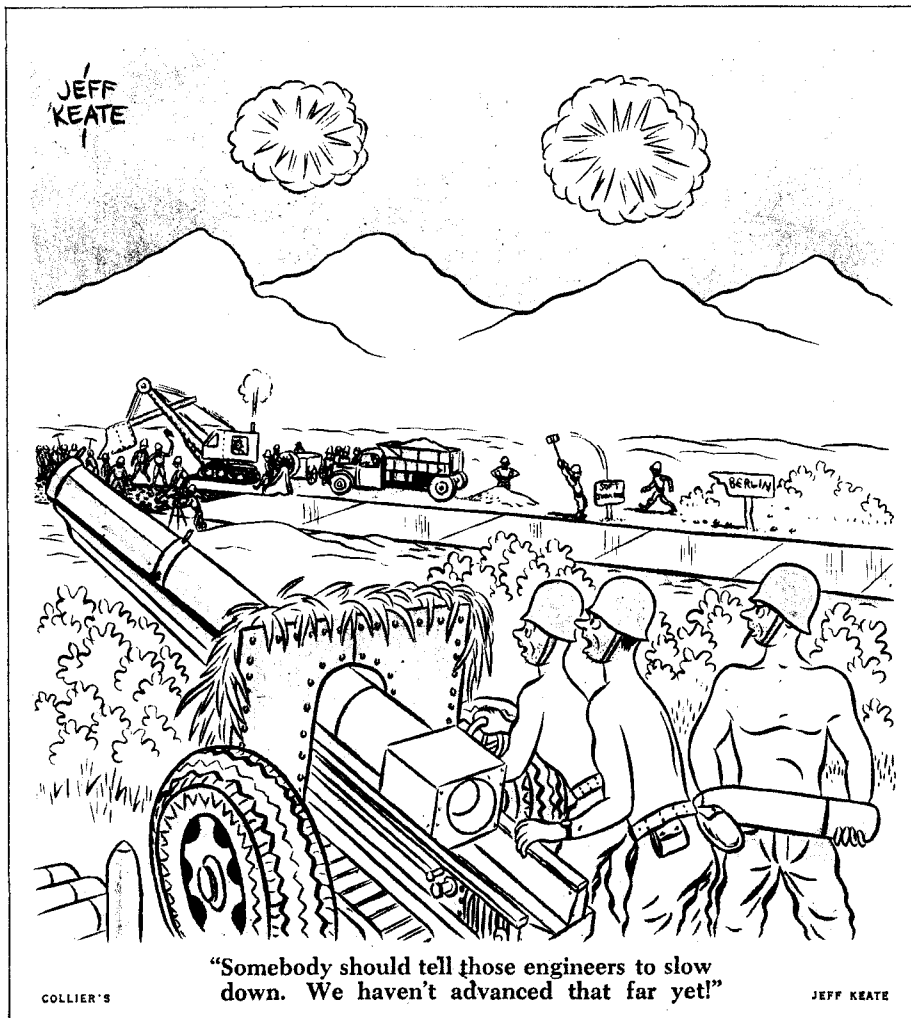
"I'm hungry," he said. "Is there any water near by?"

She pointed. "There's a spring over there near that big tree."

He gave her a bucket and hauled a two-burner gasoline stove and a gallon can of gas out of the car. He had the stove going by the time she came back with the water.

"I'm good at this," she said. "Let me do it."

She used the tailgate of the wagon for a worktable, and presently they were sitting on the ground and having ham and



eggs and bread and butter and marmalade and coffee.

When they'd smoked a cigarette, she rubbed the frying pan and the plates with sand and washed them in the bucket, and they packed up.

"Where are we going?" she asked, as he started the car.

"I think we'll meet fewer policemen if we go west," he said.

She sat silent in her corner of the front seat as he drove toward the Minnesota lake country. He guessed she was preoccupied with her own thoughts. He considered what he was going to do.

It was plain she was determined not to admit she was Marta Penfield. He'd have to force her to admit it. What he needed was someone who had known her well as Marta Penfield and who could identify her beyond denial. He'd have to reach Irv Barney and put it up to him. Irv would be in Denver by now on the Fetterman story. But Scott didn't want the girl to know that he was putting in a long-distance call.

He drove on for sixty miles without coming to a town of any size, and then he saw a sign that said, "Grandon 5 miles." He watched then for a spot to leave her for half an hour and, when he found it, he stopped the car.

"I think the town we're coming to is a good place to buy anything we need," he said. "Don't you think you'd better stay here in these woods and keep out of sight while I do the shopping?"

"Yes," she said and got out of the car. "I'd like a steak for dinner. How about you?"

She nodded.

He knew, as he drove to the town, that she was sunk. She must know that if she stuck with him and the station wagon, she'd eventually be exposed as Marta Penfield; but she couldn't run away. No place was safe for her with that police alarm out, unless he was with her.

He found a telephone booth in a drug-store and got the New York Globe. They told him that Irv Barney was at the Bartlett Hotel in Denver. He called Denver. The clerk at the Bartlett said Mr. Barney had gone to California but was expected back tomorrow.

Scott bought the steak and milk and cigarettes and drove back to the place where he'd left the girl. He saw as she walked toward the car that she was all in. She hadn't had much more sleep than he'd had the night before, and she'd been living with fear ever since he'd told her he knew who she was.

THE fatigue he'd held off till now began to get him as he drove into the glare of the westering sun. His eyes felt hot, and the road seemed to flow dizzily under the hood of the car. Then a flicker of tinted light appeared above his eyes, and he knew that his one physical weakness was going to get him down. Within an hour or two, he'd have a migraine that would disable him.

"I'm going to stop at the next good camping place," he said.

After ten more miles, he saw a road leading to a small lake and turned in. He parked the car within a few feet of the water and locked the ignition and put the key in his pocket, just in case the girl was mad enough to try to run away with the car while he was asleep. He got water from the lake and put a little on the gasoline stove to boil.

"I'll cook," she said.

"This is for something else," he said.

He got out the medicine case he always carried against the emergency of migraine and put a hypodermic needle on to boil.

"You'd better let me give it to you," she said. "I know how."

She slipped the needle into his bared arm with the skill of a trained nurse.

(To be continued next week)

The Prime Minister's Missus

Continued from page 11

Like all her family, she likes French films, old music-hall songs (of which the Prime Minister has an enormous repertoire) and American magazines. In her home, good Anglo-American understanding has always been a going concern, years before anyone here actively plugged it. The latest American periodicals arrive on her table as automatically as the London Times.

By her upbringing a Liberal, those who know Mrs. Churchill say that she has stayed progressively Liberal in her views in spite of Mr. Churchill's move over to the Conservative party. She has been a help to him in the past and to her son, Randolph Churchill, by doing a good deal of platform speaking at election times. She takes endless pains with her speeches and generally learns them by heart, so that they sound extemporaneous. Her voice is fine and clear. The BBC rates it the best woman's broadcasting voice after the Queen's. When the Prime Minister makes one of his own famous speeches in the House, she is always in the Ladies' Gallery to listen to the rolling Churchillian phrases which, acting as a critical preview audience, she has probably heard over in private before. Before he starts, she gives him an encouraging little wave.

For thirty-five years, they have been devoted companions. At Chequers, when the Prime Minister can relax for a week end, they sit up late together playing six-pack bezique, for which he has a passion. An employee of a London dressmaking house who took some dresses around to No. 10 for Mrs. Churchill to try on, was startled when the Prime Minister wandered into the room in his pajamas, smoking his usual cigar and amiably looked on.

"Madame told him all the places he was to be that day and not to be late, and Monsieur said, 'All right, darling,' just like an ordinary husband!" the employee admiringly recalls.

Mrs. Churchill would probably have been as solicitous of the career of an ordinary husband as she has been of the Prime Minister. Because of her special position, she has naturally lived in close contact with current world events, just as ordinary wives live in an atmosphere of their husbands' particular "shop."

An acquaintance who was taken upstairs to her bedroom shortly after Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister—and the Germans had invaded the Low Countries—noted that beside her bed, where another woman might have flowers, she

had an enormous war map. Catching the acquaintance looking, she explained hastily, "I know it's out of date. I'm going to buy a bigger one this morning."

Other conspicuous decorations of her rooms are photographs of her good-looking family, whom she adores. The children have always been her companions, even at an age when most English families at a corresponding social level keep them well apart in the nursery or the schoolroom. The hairdresser who used to do her hair for many years recalls that her room was pretty certain to be full of babies crawling between his legs as he got to work.

It is in her nature to be a homemaker and she has had an assortment of homes to make, for the wife of a politician in and out of office has to be nearly as mobile as a navy or army wife. Admiralty House, for instance, was another of the official residences where, when Mr. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty, Mrs. Churchill had to unpack the family boxes. She probably did unpack them, too; for she had no personal maid. She is thrifty-minded about her own personal expenditures in a way which is less English than French and which must have come in useful to a rising young politician with a family to bring up.

A Model to War Wives

She buys her clothes mostly at Molyneux and Norman Hartnell (who dresses Queen Elizabeth), but she buys like a smart Frenchwoman, selecting perhaps one good black or navy outfit a season and then living in it. This is a fine wartime example to Englishwomen in general, who don't feel so bad about making the year-before-last winter coat do when they notice that the Prime Minister's wife has been photographed again in that same dress she had ages ago.

Similarly, she has probably been largely responsible for women going around with their heads tied up in scarves or netted snoods. This economical form of headgear looks fine on Mrs. Churchill though, unhappily, not so good on most of her imitators, who give the impression of having absent-mindedly clapped their string shopping bags on their back hair. Mrs. Churchill's infrequent hats are mostly reserved for big functions and visiting foreigners, with whom her charm always scores a success.

She is a good linguist and speaks a beautiful French, unlike her husband

whose occasional breath-taking bursts into the Gallic tongue are nevertheless said by enthusiastic Frenchmen to sound endearing and attractive.

Mrs. Churchill does an honest, hard job of work as the lady of No. 10 Downing Street. If the various public bodies which beseech her to visit them had their way, she would spend her life with a bouquet in her hand and a glass of water at her elbow. Her principal wartime activities, however, are the Aid to Russia Appeal Fund, of which she is chairman, and the Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund, of which she is president. Her Russian fund has currently netted close on £4,000,000. This is passed on to Moscow in the form of badly needed medical and other supplies. She works like a beaver to raise money both for this and for the Y.W.C.A., in which she takes a special interest now that she has two daughters in the services—Mary in the ATS and Sarah (Mrs. Vic Oliver) in the WAAFS.

On tours of hostels and suchlike, her suggestions on the domestic side are often sensible and helpful. She likes to catch places on the hop, not all smartened up in a clean collar waiting for her. On receipt of a recent telephone message saying that Mrs. Churchill would be around to inspect it, the distracted lady in charge of a women's services club had barely time to pitch dead flowers out of their vases before the visitor had arrived and was going from top floor to basement with the thorough scrutiny that used to make Queen Mary's visits a slight ordeal for nervous hostesses.

Like the Prime Minister, she is good at making contact with all sorts of people. On flag days for her funds, she is more likely to pop down to the East End centers to see how they're doing than she is to call and shed light and cheer upon the flag sellers at the Ritz.

Although the Russian and Y.W.C.A. organizations are her leading wartime interests, it's possible that she has the deepest affection for her own pet child—the Fulmer Chase Maternity Home for officers' wives. In the early days of the war, she got the idea that thousands of young wives of impecunious junior officers would be grateful for somewhere inexpensive but first-rate where they could go and have their babies.

The project started with a ten-pound note. Now, largely due to her indefatigable work, it's a flourishing concern settled in a beautiful country house in Buckinghamshire. It is brilliantly staffed and is taking a big load off the minds of countless worried young fathers bumping through Italy in a tank or dodging Berlin's flak in a bomber. Mrs. Churchill's interest in the place is so keen that she likes to keep her finger on everything going on there whether it's a shortage of kitchen help or a new set of twins.

Sweet Dream of Peace

Divided between all these activities, her time is so taken up that it's easy to believe the friend who, on being asked to say what Mrs. Churchill enjoyed doing most by way of relaxation, replied after due reflection, "Going to bed early and having something on a tray."

Millions of humble English who've never seen the Churchills simply feel comfortably that they've got a good boss, and that the boss has got a good wife. If they are lucky enough to catch a glimpse of Old Winnie and his missus, they generally say thoughtfully, as they would of any other obviously successful partnership, "Ar, she must 'ave bin a big 'elp to 'im." And it makes them feel good to think of it.

THE END



*The right
whiskey
for deep
flavor
in an Old
Fashioned*

**BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

THE

Guilty



JOSEF TISO

XXIII

THE bullet-headed president of the puppet state of Slovakia, Josef Tiso, may be a traitor, false alike to his country and his God, but he is far from being a fool. Now that the tide of battle has turned against the Reich, with the Allies pledged to the punishment of all war criminals, he has put by his oppressions and persecutions, and begs Slovaks to believe that he was at all times the unwilling and unhappy tool of Nazi masters. His new council contains only one Hitlerite, and is made up for the most part of patriots who have denounced him for his cruelties and treacheries.

Fortunately, there need be no fear that these fawning gestures will save his skin, for neither are the Slovaks fools. Not a man or woman but knows that Josef Tiso played a principal part in the betrayal of the Czechoslovak republic. With their own eyes they have watched him plunge his country into ruin at Hitler's bidding.

The youth of Slovakia seized and marched off to cold and hunger and death in Russia; 70,000 Jews herded into concentration camps or else handed over to Himmler for torture; priests, pastors and liberals imprisoned; the wholesale confiscation of grain and produce, leaving the population to starve; the ruthless suppression of free speech, free press and free assemblage—all these things burn in the memory of every Slovak.

Still scheming, but less boldly, it was not until the Munich pact that Tiso came out into the open. On the day that the Germans marched into the Sudetenland, and while Nazis were throwing priests from the windows of the bishop's palace in Vienna, he served an ultimatum on Prague demanding complete autonomy for Slovakia, although still protesting loyalty to the republic.

Not until March, 1939, did he deem it safe to throw off his mask, but his *putsch* was quickly put down by loyal troops, and

Tiso himself was placed under guard in a Jesuit monastery. Straightway, Hitler demanded his release, and Tiso, brought to Berlin, sat in with the Fuehrer, Goering and Ribbentrop for the last act of the Czechoslovak tragedy. On the instant that poor Hacha, third-degreed to the point of collapse, signed the documents that gave Slovakia full independence and accepted a Nazi protectorate for Bohemia and Moravia, Tiso returned home at the head of Storm Troopers and took over.

What followed was strictly according to the Nazi pattern. Persecution of the Jews and the imprisonment of every democratic voice; the creation of an Iron Guard to shoot down strikers and saboteurs; the Germanization of the school system; the expropriation of property, the confiscation of grain and foodstuffs, and the dispatch of Slovak youth to the Russian front.

From Rome came the thunders of the Holy Father, denouncing these outrages, but Tiso paid no heed to the voice of the Pope. Nor was he moved to mercy by a pastoral letter from the bishops, bitter in its accusations of lawlessness and inhumanity. On the contrary, he arrested priests for daring to read it from their pulpits, and he proceeded no less harshly against Protestant ministers who cried out against his brutalities.

Now, however, Josef Tiso is singing a different tune. The collapse of the German drive in Russia, the steady advance of the Allied troops in Italy, the aerial bombardment of the Reich, the daily increase in sabotage and open revolt, all have combined to bring out a large and very vivid yellow streak, and where recently he bellowed his cruel orders with all the relish of a Mussolini, today his voice has the coo of a dove. "Forgive and forget." That's all he wants, and Slovaks count the days, even the minutes, until they can give him his answer. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

That Never-Failing Newness

Continued from page 12

out, he was being something aboriginal in the apple tree.

For the first time, the buds in the apple tree were looking faintly fuzzy, and there was that misty look to distances—a kind of fresh wonder at the never-failing newness of spring. Although spring had been slow this year, it had been cautious. It seemed to remember other times when it had been too impulsive and got batted back. But now, today, it was nearly here.

"The pest," glowered Tecky. "Always hanging around like a limp rag."

"Doesn't look very limp to me," contradicted her mother. Cecil was swinging nimbly from limb to limb, and suddenly he hooked his knees over a bough, let himself drop and grinned widely at Tecky, upside down. Margaret regarded him uncertainly. Something was the matter with Cecil's grin. It looked blacked out.

"What's the matter with him?" she wanted to know.

"He's got braces on his teeth," said Tecky miserably.

That was it. Margaret could see them now—dull metal caps over all his front teeth. The afternoon sun, striking them, was deepening their leaden glow to an almost black.

"Well," said Margaret, with interest. Tecky had just that morning got braces herself. She had come out from the dentist's office and smiled at her mother, and Margaret had exclaimed in involuntary dismay, "Oh, Tecky!"

But Tecky, far from considering them a social setback, had looked forward to them as being a decided distinction.

"I'll be the only one in the sixth grade to have 'em," she had informed her mother happily. "Boy oh boy, what a gay old day this is going to be!" She had given an ecstatic little scrunch. And then the real reason for her gleeful anticipation came out: "Just wait'll Cecil Williams sees these braces! Brother, I'll bet he looks sick."

But now, on the contrary, Cecil was looking very well. Even upside down.

"Uppers and lowers," Tecky told her mother bitterly. Then furiously: "You should have seen him showing off at school today. You'd have thought he invented braces!" She continued to glare. "I'll think of something," she threatened. "I'll think of something that'll make those braces look so silly he'll want to commit suicide! I'll make him want to fall out of that apple tree and break his neck!"

"Oh, don't be so vindictive," Margaret was getting disgusted. "It isn't becoming to a little girl. And what are you doing?" she demanded, as Tecky started digging

into the play cupboard again, throwing toys out behind her like a beaver.

"Looking for those false teeth of mine," Tecky told her grimly. "That'd fix him."

The teeth were celluloid, uppers and lowers on a hinge—chalk white and stomach turning, yet realistic enough, too.

"You haven't seen them anywhere, have you, Mother?"

"No," said her mother, and made a dart for a pair of manicure scissors she'd lost six months ago, coming out with a box of chalk and the doll Katushka. Katushka was really a Russian tea cozy; in her time, she had been everything to Tecky from a stolen princess to six-children-in-school. But now she was being cast out, unnoticed, so intent was Tecky's preoccupation with gaining dominance over Cecil Williams. Katushka was flung off to the side, where she lay stricken, her clasped hands up over her face.

Seeing the discarded doll, Margaret felt the pang one suffers for anything once loved that is no longer wanted or needed, and she said, a little sharply, "I want you to have this mess cleaned up before Daddy gets home."

AT THE mention of the time, Tecky's stormy countenance momentarily brightened. "Can I have trash?" which was Margaret's scathing designation for the late-afternoon radio melodramas that Tecky hung over, entranced. "It's time for Lorna's Facing Life."

"If Lorna had any stuff about her," retorted her mother, "she'd not make so much fuss about facing life."

Tecky chuckled and got the commercial preceding Lorna. "Listen to that," she said admiringly, of the announcer's deep, sad voice. "How do they do that?" she wondered. "Put him in a well?"

While Margaret was wondering whether that was worth answering, Tecky was turning up the volume, so she wouldn't miss anything, and Lorna, coming on just then, blared out at them full blast. "Can I face it? Can I go on?" she wanted to know tragically, at the top of her lungs.

"Sure you can, kid," Tecky told her bolsteringly, as one sister to another, and starting to excavate again with renewed fury through her play cupboard. "Just keep your chin up."

"Turn that thing down!" ordered Margaret, clapping her hands over her ears. She escaped, out of doors, and pulled weeds to settle her nerves.

She had started the spring cleaning of the flower beds the evening before, and Clem had taken a rare streak and offered to help. As usual, however, Clem had





COLLIER'S

"My wife . . . she always shows up on payday!"

SGT. IRWIN CAPLAN

found he was not interested in small things. It took a project. So his idea of cleaning up the yard had turned out to be cutting down a tree, and then there had been the branches to carry away, so little weeding had been done.

However, it was just as well to have waited until today, for it had rained in the night. Clem had got up at dawn, and she had floundered up to try to face the day with him, and then found it worth it—the cool wind of it, and a light like moonlight, although there wasn't any moon and there wasn't any sun. It was still raining. She had asked Clem what made the light and he had said "morning." But now the sun was clear and the ground giveable.

She weeded carefully, taking hold down close to the roots, absorbed in the delicate task of leaving the fragile plants undisturbed. When she looked up, the young hemlocks down at the end of the yard were bending with the windy weight of the last of the spring day's sun, and Clem's car was coming up the drive with that particular flare to the flying gravel that she would have recognized even had she not looked. She ran down to meet him, holding her hands gingerly wide while he opened the door for her, to ride on to the garage with him.

"Hello! Have a nice day?" she greeted. "I never have a nice day till I get home."

It was one of those remarks they both knew was not quite true, but it made a pleasant feeling around the house.

"How'd your day go?" he wondered. "Fine! Except that I'm going to quit trying to raise Tecky. She makes me dizzy."

Clem grinned. "She's like you. She's exciting."

"She's like you," contradicted Margaret, hanging her hands out of the window to dry them. "She's got sense, only she's a hard little thing. Do you know that?"

Clem didn't seem a whole lot disturbed. "We won't be needing the car again tonight, will we?" he hoped, as they drew up in front of the garage doors.

"Selina's party," she reminded him. "No," said Clem definitely. "I've worked all day. I don't want to have to work all night to keep that eagle from nuzzling me."

Margaret regarded the sardonic attractiveness of her husband blandly. "She likes you," she explained, of the darkly handsome Selina on the eager side of her thirties.

"Yeah? Well, she can spoil whole evenings for me. If I ever go wrong," he assured her, "it won't be with Selina Longstreet. If I ever go wrong," as an afterthought, "check me up for a damn' fool."

Margaret laughed and Clem said, "Well, can I put the car away?"

"Let's wait," she said. "We might change our mind and want to use it. You never can tell."

"Honey," said Clem, a little wearily, "you're fun." He picked up the paper off the seat and got out. "Handsome's on the loose again, I see," he observed, as Cecil, on a new tack now, whizzed past them on his bicycle, grinning fearfully.

"He's got braces," explained Margaret. "Tecky got hers today, too, by the way. They're awful, but Cecil's are worse. He's got uppers and lowers—and Tecky's furious! It's been murder by the minute all afternoon. What'll we do about it, Clem?" "Enjoy it," he said. "And be glad Tecky's got some reason for not minding braces on her teeth."

AS THEY went in, Tecky came down the stairs.

"Hello, Daddy," she said absently, and started on past him. But Clem reached out an unexpected arm and caught her around her hard little waist.

"Here," he said sternly. "You can't get away with that. Don't I get any proper greeting when I come home?"

He carried her, kicking and squealing, over to the davenport where he sat down with her across his knees. "I hear you need a spanking."

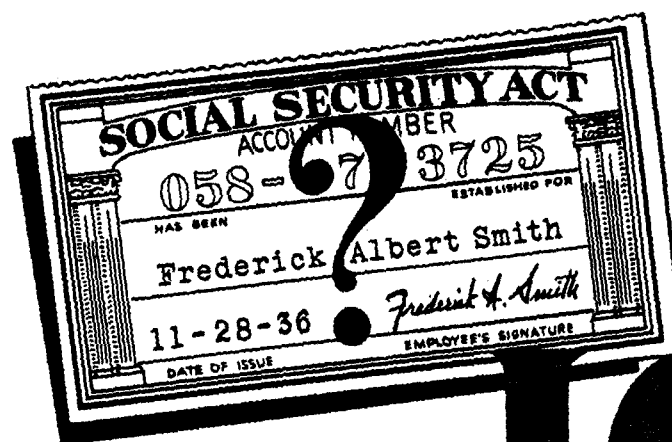
He gave her a whack and a poke in the ribs, Tecky giving throaty little moans of delight and rolling off his knees onto the floor and edging back warily for more. Clem would let her get so near, pretending not to notice, and then at some nerve-rackingly delicious instant she was expecting but could not anticipate exactly, he would catch her up and hurl her away.

Once he looked up quizzically at Margaret, who was looking on smilingly but keeping back out of it. "People seem to be with me," he puzzled, "and then they aren't."

"You go quick," explained Tecky, gasping it through her laughter and crawling out from under the piano, "when you get thrown."

Margaret and Clem laughed, too, just to hear the rippling infectiousness of hers.

"How do you work that?" asked her father. "Like a faucet? Turn it on and out



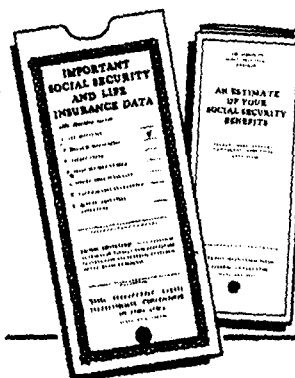
What's your Social Security I.Q.

60,000,000 Americans own Social Security cards . . . have money recorded in their accounts on the government's books. Yet many lack a clear understanding of how Social Security works. Here are five simple questions about Social Security. If you can answer *all* correctly, your knowledge of this important subject is probably "above average".

1. Who pays the cost of Social Security?
2. Would a private income of \$100 a month prevent you from accepting a Social Security check at 65?
3. Do children ever receive benefits on the death of their father?
4. Can a married couple over 65 live comfortably on Social Security alone?
5. Does Social Security make ownership of Life Insurance less or more desirable . . . and why?

Correct Answers below

Wouldn't you like to learn how Life Insurance and Social Security can work together for your family welfare? The Mutual Life representative in your community knows the Social Security rules. Let him show you what Social Security will do for you . . . how much other income may be needed if your family—or yourself at 65—are to accept Social Security and still live in reasonable comfort.



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CORRECT ANSWERS: 1. Employers and employees contribute equally through a special Federal tax. 2. Possession of income, such as from investments or life insurance, does not affect Social Security payments. But, as a rule, no one regularly engaged in commercial employment can receive a Social Security check. 3. Yes, until age 16 (18 if in school.) The widow also receives benefits so long as such children are in her care. 4. Social Security checks for an over-65 couple will not usually exceed \$40 to \$60 a month. To live comfortably, most couples require more. 5. More desirable. Without extra income, such as life insurance provides, you or your widow may not be in a position to accept Social Security when due.



Damon Runyon

FOR two years now, you are missing a character by the name of Damon Runyon from the pages of Collier's, a circumstance causing the editors to meditate no little and quite some until finally we come upon him in Hollywood and tie him down to a deal which gives us three stories by him. These we will pass on to you, starting next week, the first one being already in type and called A Light in France.

You will think from these stories that this Runyon is spending his time weaving in and out of concentration camps and occupied countries, cheating the Gestapo at gin rummy and other games, but this is not the case. This Runyon is at work (or so the rumor goes) writing and producing pictures at Twentieth Century-Fox, although when we visit him in his bungalow on the lot he is carrying on telephone conversations that do not sound like what you mean when you say business, and still living up to the advice his father gives him years ago:

"My boy, you see people all around you arising early and hurrying to work and growing tired by 2 P. M., and not doing much either. My boy, you play it smarter and lie abed until you feel like getting up and never lift your hand to work before 12 noon."

By assiduously following this advice and sometimes going it one better, i. e., not working until nightfall if then, Runyon is able to turn out his daily column for King Features, produce movies and write short stories, too. Broadway still is his dish, although living in Hollywood, the only change being that he now speaks of characters as personalities, and refers to dolls as bims.

WHEN you see a cartoon you like, do you smile, chuckle, or maintain a dead pan? It's the theory of one of the best cartoonists in the country, our Gardner Rea (p. 35), that a good cartoon may be enjoyed in sullen silence. His theory grew out of an experience he had at the age of twenty or so, when he'd just been mustered out of the first World War Army. He had used up his bonus money, he had no job, he was very tired of eating spaghetti, and hadn't any more money for spaghetti, anyway. He was, in fact, hungry. He took twenty cartoons in to Editor Metcalf of the old Life.

Metcalf ran through the batch hurriedly, frowning. He tossed one aside, and Rea breathed easier, thinking: Well, anyway, I'll get one meal out of this. Then Metcalf said, "I don't like this one, but we'll buy the rest of them."

Rea took his check and rushed to the Italian restaurant where he'd been buying his daily spaghetti. "Give me everything you've got except spaghetti," he ordered.

The waiter was sorry, sir, but at three in the afternoon, they had only spaghetti. So Rea ate the stuff once more, the last time for many years.

Now he and his wife and a daughter (the other daughter is married, with a husband overseas) live in Brookhaven, L. I., in a home of their own design, from which they practically never stir.

IF THE Waves think they're doing something new, let them listen to Marjorie Roberts (The Beanstalk, p. 30). "When the first World War came along," she writes us, "I joined the Navy, rising eventually to the exalted rank of Chief Yeoman (f)—a job so fascinating that I kept it for several years after the war ended. As Detail Yeoman for the Twelfth Naval District, I played a game of chess with the enlisted personnel of the U. S. Navy, sending them wherever they were needed, and, when possible, where they wanted to go.

"Sailors came back from Guam and Cavite and Tutuila and brought me necklaces of shells and seeds, beautifully woven baskets, pungent ilang-ilang perfume, birds of paradise and smuggled pearls. Then I married—into the Navy, inevitably."

Eventually Mrs. Roberts decided it was time her two sons put down roots, so they moved to her childhood home, Sausalito, California, where "my children scramble over the same high hills as I did, when I was young and free, and look down upon the same matchless views. . . ."

"I am inordinately attached to my two lively sons," she says, "and it is from an incident in one of their lives that The Beanstalk grew and flowered." . . . A. P.

Gardner Rea



comes a cupful? Come here. I hear you've got braces on your teeth. Great Scott!" he marveled. "You could be turned in for scrap."

Tecky beamed—for a minute. Then her delight faded from her face, as though someone had taken the washrag to it. Storm set in again.

"That Cecil Williams!" The roughhousing with her father seemed to give her an idea. Her eyes narrowed, and the wild red of her mouth set to a line. "I wonder," she said, going over to the window to throw a level stare in the direction of the Williams house, speaking toward it in a voice of deadly hatred, "how he'd like to be bounced off a table, hard, with the corner of it striking him at some tender place in his back so it would injure him, and he'd hurt all the rest of his life—"

Her father looked at her. "Tecky," he remarked dryly, "you'll be a great joy to somebody someday, somewhere, maybe."

The quiet cut of his tone brought her around quickly, as it always did. She flushed a little, and got a queer, uncomfortable look in her eyes, and wandered off into the kitchen. Just the same, a minute later they heard her asking Agatha, "Agatha, do you know where those celluloid teeth of mine are?"

"No, I don't," said Agatha. "I haven't worn them lately."

Margaret laughed suddenly, at the picture of Agatha, on the staid side of fifty and who—as everybody including Agatha freely admitted—ran the house and kept their married lives together, confronting them with a chalk-white mouthful.

"You see what I mean?" Margaret said. "Tecky's got that little mind of hers set on getting ahead of Cecil, and she won't stop until she does! Why in the world does she want to be dominant anyway? It's downright unfeminine, and I don't like it!"

Clem still refused to get too upset about it. "If you really want to worry," he said, picking up the evening paper that had dropped in the scuffle, and stretching out on the davenport with it, as though he were just realizing how tired he actually was, "wait till some young swain still wet behind the ears starts keeping us awake nights by twanging a ukulele on the porch."

"I suppose," she admitted, and then paid an instant's homage to the natural good sense of men that made them refuse to worry about the small problems of their women.

ALTHOUGH not so small, either, she thought. Nothing in human relationship is small. But men were apt to be more constructive about it—inclined to put the emphasis on how well a child was meeting a situation; or on some aside circumstance that took the tension out—and so were more helpful, really. Men, Margaret discovered again, were very valuable.

"You're good to Tecky," she told him warmly, hanging up the hat he had dropped on the table as he came in. "You were good to play with her, when you're so tired."

"No trouble. Most lighthearted five minutes I've had all day. Patch, wheedle, argue, plan, hurry, hurry. Someday," he decided, "I'm going to quit work. Work saps your strength."

Margaret smiled a little with amusement at the dryness of the remark, and compassionately for the strain it held.

"Someday," she suggested, "someday when the trouble's all over, we'll go find an island someplace, with breadfruit and bananas on it."

"Nope." Clem shot the beautiful simplicity of that thought uninterestedly. "Where there's tree fruit, there's bound to be flies."

Margaret looked at him, the hard length of him stretched from here to there, looked at him in sudden appreciation of

very much and said irrelevantly, "I love you."

"Better," he told her matter-of-factly, out of his preoccupation with Tarzan and the Boers, "or there'd be trouble."

There was trouble, anyway, although not of their making. Even Agatha couldn't find the celluloid teeth, although both she and Tecky hunted—all through the desk drawers and the bookshelves in the library, which opened out from the living room where Clem was trying to read.

Margaret also was reading, but she couldn't get her mind on it, with Clem trying very hard to keep under control. More and more often he was looking up from his reading at the two tooth hunters, who were keeping up a chummy conversation about the likelihood of the teeth's whereabouts.

Clem asked little enough of his home life—just a little peace, so Margaret told Tecky and Agatha to try to be quieter. At that, they moved on tiptoe and talked in half tones which did not quite reach into the living room, and that was worse.

"I'm going nuts!" said Clem suddenly. He slammed down his book at a page he'd read three times and still didn't know what he'd read. He looked wild-eyed at his wife. "Will you put that kid to bed," he demanded, "before I do?"

"Tecky," called Margaret hastily, "it's bedtime."

IT WAS not bedtime, and Tecky knew it. But if she had to go to bed, it would be with the full ritual.

"Up nearer the right shoulder," she ordered.

Margaret, who detested scratching backs, said, "This is really the moment that ruins my whole day."

Tecky chuckled unsympathetically, and squirmed around on her candy-striped pajamaed stomach till she got slantways on the bed, to give her mother more working space. "Do you think it would be wicked to have my back scratched while I said my prayers?" she wondered.

"I certainly do!" Margaret decidedly was against any ruse to prolong the slavery. "You shouldn't think of earthly matters while you pray."

"But my back isn't an earthly matter," argued Tecky. "The Lord Himself made it."

Margaret gave her a smack on her sound young rear, and Tecky got up off her stomach reluctantly and down to her knees. She clasped her hands upward, her face grew washed with an angelic calm, and she went through an evidently placid recitation of her prayers. Then she opened her eyes and looked at her mother, as some sudden last possibility occurred to her.

"Do you think, since I can't find those teeth, that if I prayed to God, He'd let me think of something I could have that Cecil wouldn't?"

"Of course not. Get in bed, Tecky."

But as she bent to kiss the little girl good night, a little shortly, the child held her close for a moment and then pulled her down to a sitting position beside her again, soberly.

"Don't go, Mother. I want to talk to you. Don't you think prayers get answered?"

There was no coyness about Tecky. Whatever her faults, she had a directness of approach which in itself thrilled Margaret and scared her and made her feel humble. It's a directness that will hold a lot of life, she thought now, suddenly smoothing the fair hair that waved with a fine kind of freedom back from the clear-cut young forehead. And it'll take a lot of courage to see it through.

Because of that directness, Margaret had tried to answer honestly anything the child had ever asked her seriously. So now she said slowly:

"No, I don't think they are, always. A

least, not exactly in the way you ask. I'll tell you what I think about prayer, Tecky." It had been brewing in all her experiences, she realized—her own and those she had shared with Clem; it was almost a militant belief.

"I think," she told the child earnestly, "that there is some good in everything that happens to you in this world. And that's where prayer comes in—to give you eyes to see that good, and then the strength to take it and use it toward your growing."

Her earnestness found reflection in the light of the clear eyes looking up into hers. Tecky reached out a quick, warm little hand and held her mother's tight, just for a minute.

"I like the way you talk to me, Mother." And then she slipped her hand away, while her whole little body seemed to come alive with some spiritual experience known only to herself but lighting her small face wonderfully. "I feel kind of religious," she reported. "It's nice to feel religious, isn't it?"

It was a rare moment with the child, whose mind was more inclined to deal with actual things. The transcendence wrought a misty tenderness in her mother, and it seemed a pure waste of a beautiful mood to have to remind Tecky that she had not put away all of her toys, as she had been told. Katushka still lay on her face, on the floor.

Tecky pattered submissively out of bed, picked up Katushka, tried her on abstractedly as a hat, and paused dreamily in front of the mirror to note the effect. She stood gazing at her reflection with a wide, limpid, through-and-beyond look, so out of the world that Margaret slipped away, unnoticed. She went downstairs to Clem and found him out on the side porch where he'd gone to cool off. "She's in bed," she reported, coming out and crossing over to where he was leaning against a porch post.

Clem grinned, and put his arm around her as she got under half his coat to keep warm. "Nice night, honey," he said.

There was a sickle moon in the front yard, and one star. They didn't make much light, just enough for the metal rims of Cecil's bicycle he'd left in the drive, and for Clem's face when she looked up. It was lined in this light, and older. But there was a wind, too. She lifted her head a little to it, but she couldn't quite place it. It was something like that first warm one that blows over the snow and something like a sea wind. And, strangely, it seemed to have daisies blowing in it.

Quiet began to come, as it did when they were let alone together for a while, a quiet which seemed to come not to them, but rather of them, smoothing out the angular harassments of the rest of the world.

"Call Selina up and say we're not coming," decided Clem suddenly. "Just tell her we're not feeling social," he added, as though that were easy enough. He began slapping at his pockets for his pipe.

MARGARET regarded her husband with a kind of superior pity, for his ignorance in such matters. "That's no reason," she told him.

"Sounds like a good one to me."

Margaret shook her head. "We'll have to have a better one than that."

The back door opened, and they heard the plopping sounds of bare little feet down the back steps. They turned to each other inquiringly and then walked quietly to the other end of the porch, which looked out over the back yard.

"What on earth—" began Clem.

But Margaret said, "Sh!" She knew how it was with her own self, when something happened that was bigger than she was—she had to get outdoors with it.

"I think," she hazarded softly, "that Tecky's feeling religious."

"She'll catch cold," said Clem practically.

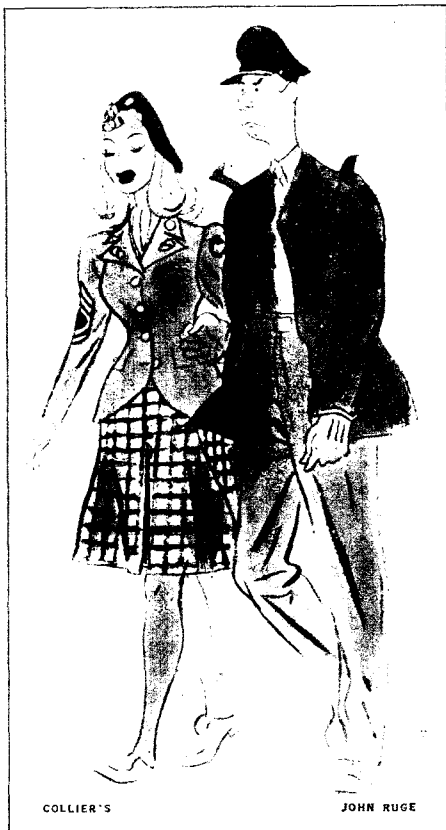
Margaret smiled at him a little and said, "Don't you know that when your heart feels warm, you're warm all over?"

"How do you know things like that?" he wondered.

"Oh, I get around," and she tucked her hand under his arm, and he put his free one over it, and they stood together, one easy person for a moment, listening as Tecky started to sing to herself. In the half-light, their eyes met with a quiet warmth, at the high, childish sweetness of the little voice. The hated Cecil, too, coming to put his bike away for the night, stood still, curiously, to hear Tecky singing to herself some melancholy song of poignant longing, high in the apple tree.

And then Tecky came down. End over end. Little branches crashed, and big ones cracked, and Tecky landed, screaming—with pain.

Cecil got to her first and picked her up. He lugged her into the house, with Tecky's



screams dwindling off, as though from shock. Margaret and Clem crowded along, white-faced and terror-stricken, while Cecil dumped her on the davenport. Tecky gave a last, long convulsive sob upward that caught someplace, and stayed. Then she lay wide-eyed and very still.

Cecil, panting from his load, was wiping the sweat off his own white upper lip that was twisted to a sympathetic grimace of suffering. Then he took a surreptitious fist to an eye corner.

It was late by the time Clem and Margaret had rushed Tecky to the emergency door of the doctor's office, stood by bolsteringly, and brought her tenderly home again. But Cecil had waited up for them. He was sitting on the porch steps as the trio came carefully up the walk from the car, Tecky in the middle and Clem and Margaret piloting on either side. He jumped up, grinning with relief to see her coming back under her own steam again, though shakily, and went to meet her.

"You all right, Tecky?"

Tecky slid him a look out of the corner of an eye and confined her answer to a gulp, and a sweet, uncertain smile, that came and went quickly.

Then Cecil saw the bulkiness under her awkwardly hung coat, with the white bandaging and arm splints protruding. Cecil whistled. "Oh, boy!" he said, impressed. "What'd you do? Bust it?"

On the way upstairs, Clem gave Tecky's good arm a triumphant, cheering nudge.

"Did you see Cecil's eyes when he saw your broken arm? You could have knocked them off with a baseball bat! You sure fixed him. Phooey on his uppers and lowers!"

But for once, Tecky did not respond to her father's particular method of inspiring. Tecky had a strange, stricken look in her eyes.

While Clem was downstairs fixing the sedative the doctor had sent along for her, Margaret smoothed the pillows and looked at her child frightenedly. Pale and different somehow, and in her best silk nightgown, Tecky was beautiful.

"Are you sure you're all right, dear?"

"I guess so," said Tecky faintly.

"Mother—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Cecil carried me."

"I know he did. Cecil's a nice boy."

"He cried." Tecky remembered that with a kind of wonder, as though now she was beginning to understand a great many things.

"He hated to see you hurt. We all do," Margaret told her.

Tecky regarded her mother thoughtfully, and suddenly she said: "You were wrong about prayer not being answered directly, Mother."

"Was I, dear?"

There was a pause. Then, shyly, for Tecky: "Did you hear me singing?"

"Yes, I did." Margaret shook her head ruefully, for the abrupt end of song.

TECKY sighed a little. "It was a most beautiful song. I made it up all by myself, and it made me feel all good and small inside, like I had tears in my heart. But I'd just got the first line out, which was, 'Dear Father, take me, for I am ready now,' when my foot slipped. The Lord came so near taking me at my word, that, brother, it'll be a long day before I risk prayer again! That stuff's powerful!"

While Margaret was opening her mouth and closing it again, helplessly, Tecky let her wan gaze down on the broken arm, propped up on a pillow. She eyed it warily, as though not only had she found herself abruptly endowed with something awe-inspiring, but also with more than she had bargained for—more than she wanted now.

There came again that look of real distress in her eyes, a strange distress that deepened them, and that had a sweetness in it. "Mother," said Tecky woefully, "I don't want to be ahead of Cecil!"

"Here, Tecky," said Agatha, coming into the room just then, home from her evening out. "I found you a pair of those celluloid teeth downtown that you were making such a fuss about."

"I don't want them," said Tecky sadly. "You keep them, Agatha."

"Don't be smarty, Tecky," said Agatha, and then she stopped short, at sight of the swaddled arm. She turned on Margaret. "What happened?" she demanded.

"Tecky fell out of the overall stage," Margaret told her and went slowly down the stairs. Like Tecky, she had got what she asked for and was finding it more than she wanted.

Clem, coming in from the kitchen with Tecky's sedative, found her sitting weakly on the bottom step looking at Cecil, who was still hanging around, as though she were seeing him for the first time.

"Cecil," she asked him, "can you play the ukulele?"

"No, I can't, Mrs. Rolf," said Cecil, a little surprised. Then he brightened. "But I'm going to get a saxophone for my birthday."

Clem turned and went into the kitchen again. He came back with another glass, which he took over to Margaret. She stood up and accepted it silently. Then, while Cecil looked on in amazement, they divided up Tecky's sedative and drank it.

THE END

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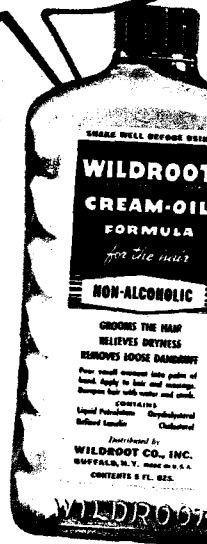
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"The Zero Hour now gives you the first selection of 'music from home'"

mode; bleacher seats; silken legs swinging down the avenue; newsboys hawking extras; a fishing hole hidden by the cedars.

The rich tones barely disturb the mood as they ask: "Remember those dances when you used to whisper sweet nothings into her shell-like ear? She is lovely, isn't she? Just think about what she is doing now during this next number, which we dedicate to that place we all love, Home Town."

The recording ends, and the announcer asks, "Reminds you of the little girl you left behind, doesn't it? Well, don't waste your thoughts, brother, she's not waiting for you. She's probably out with some lad right now who was smart enough to keep himself out of these malaria-infested islands."

Reaction? Not much. Americans are notorious for feeling that "if she doesn't want to wait for me, then she's not worth worrying about."

Home is the Zero Hour's favorite topic. Homesickness is a dangerous disease for a fighting man. It is the termite in the foundation of any fighting force, but Tokyo's efforts, subtle or otherwise, fail to instill it.

Home the Only Reality

Home is the only thing that is real on the fighting fronts. Home is far more than a place; it is an impenetrable curtain that hides thoughts of malaria, heat, monotony and death. In the islands of the South and Southwest Pacific, thoughts and dreams are the only relaxation to be had. Anything is welcomed that brings home closer—a letter, a photo of the kid sister with the new puppy, the home-town newspaper—all bring home a little nearer.

The Zero Hour, with its "music from home," seems to be Japan's major propaganda weapon among our forces in the far Pacific. But, as the Axis has so consistently done, Japan lacks any comprehen-

the islands, the broadcast would often inform us that on such and such a day, at a specified time and direction, a stated number of planes would be over to attack shipping and shore installations.

Came the day, the time—and the planes.

As the months passed and our forces grew, Tokyo's prophecies missed more and more often and soon began to boomerang to the tune of smoking planes and sinking ships. So it has been a long time since Tokyo Tony has taken any other than a negative approach. Meanwhile, we wallow in the clear reception of the music, knowing that it will be even clearer as we draw closer to Japan.

"Well, my friends, this brings the Zero Hour to a close. Who knows? Tomorrow we may meet on the field of battle."

This farewell sentence, aimed to impress us with the chivalry of the Jap, pointed to make us feel that the whole thing is like a big football game, and may the best man win, fails miserably. You can't spread any illusions about the Sons of the Rising Sun being jolly lads to men who have met them in battle.

But rarely is any real hatred aroused by Tokyo Tony. Only once do I remember any violent hate stirred up.

We were in a tent in Tulagi, listening to the program. A recording of My Reverie had just ended, and we were slowly sliding back to reality as the announcer crooned:

"Beautiful, wasn't it? That has always been my favorite number, one that I've never wanted my friends to miss. Strange thing about music, it causes two reactions: Either you don't want your friends to miss it or else it makes you miss your friends. I don't want to bring up anything personal, but take Bob, Joe or Bill. Last night one of them sat next to you, listening, and thinking of home. Tonight he is gone. Tomorrow—somebody else. Who knows?"

The hate in the tent was a living thing.

that wire had been loosely laid from one spot of newly turned earth to the next, in a succession to where the men were now.

He could not even cut the wires and not be seen, the boy thought. Then he thought that wouldn't do much good, anyway. In something like surprise, in something close to shock, in a sudden step toward maturity, the boy saw that he had unconsciously been trying to evade an issue that less than half an hour ago he had sought. He sighed again and now there was in him no longer either anger or fear in any recognizable form. He must do something—that was what filled him completely and excluded any other feeling or emotion.

He began again to work toward the men through the brush and along the edge of the cleared area. He found that he was tiring quickly and when he rested he knew that he had been tiring because he had been holding his breath. In one of these rest periods, he looked at the rifle to be sure its blued barrel was not gleaming in the strong sun. He began to realize how much smaller the .22 was than other rifles. A "poop-gun," his father had called it when he was kidding him. The .22 and the .410 shotgun were "poop-guns." For the first time the boy began to think that his father was right about guns. Then he began to crawl again.

When he was about a hundred and fifty yards from where they were working, the boy stopped. He raised his head and squinted through the strong, white light at the men. They were short and brown and muscular. Their coats were off under the warm sun, and the boy could see that two of them, over their undershirts and under their left arms, wore shoulder holsters. On the ground was a short-barreled rifle, with a drum coming out from near the breech. The boy knew what that was; he had seen too many gangster films not to know.

NOW he sighed again; there was relief and even a kind of pleasure in the sigh. He had thought vaguely that he was more or less obliged to walk up on the men

His hands still trembled, though not so much. He rested the rifle barrel on a little hummock and carefully drew a bead.

When he squeezed the trigger, he did not hear the small report, and for a moment, he thought nothing had happened. The man he had aimed at had straightened up but had not fallen. The impact of the .22 short was not great and it had hit the man only in the shoulder. The boy thought he had missed. The thought frightened him badly for an instant, as he knew with fearful suddenness that all that lay between himself and the men was his own skill. And that had apparently failed him. Then he saw the man clutch at his shoulder, and calmness and relief and even satisfaction flowed through the boy.

Then he made a mistake. He pumped the gun, aimed and fired again—but at the same man he had wounded. This time the man fell. The other men dropped, too, and on the spring wind coming toward him, the boy could hear them jabbering in a strange tongue.

matic rifle almost sickened him. He fell and lay flat with his chin pressed into the ground. Then he began to crawl—westward and nearer to the enemy.

He moved until he was opposite them across the cleared space under the lines, and then beyond them. Now he could see the men clearly and one of them trying to tie a bandage about the forearm of another. The boy aimed at the little tangle of wrists, and a shot from the .22 shattered the wounded man's wrist. The unwounded one of the three men shot at the boy with a pistol, but at a hundred yards, the bullet went wide.

The boy knew he had wounded two of them. He could hear the noise the man with the shattered wrist was making. The boy hardened himself by thinking of his brother and, almost without conscious thought, devised an elaborate trap. He took string from his pocket and pulled a branch of juniper to the ground. He tied the string to the end of the branch and crawled to another tree, where he ran the

his thrice-wounded companion had dropped it, the unwounded man, running crouched, started to come toward the boy in rage and frustration.

Terror in the boy showed as a long string of saliva that looped to the ground. But instinct was strong. It was no time to aim, but to snap shoot. The boy saw something happen to part of the man's face. The boy's bullet had broken the outer eye socket just over the cheekbone. The man lay on the ground, pointing the automatic rifle at the boy whom he could no longer see. The blind finger pressed the trigger of the rifle and the showering bullets went over the boy's head in a kind of fan. When the boy shot again, the bullet made a small, blue mark in the center of the man's forehead, and then there was no more firing.

It was some seconds before the boy knew that he himself had dropped to his knees because they would no longer support him while he stood. Gradually he was able to stand and gradually confidence came to him and the fear left him, but only gradually. Slowly and with trembling fingers he filled the magazine of the .22 with the long-rifle cartridges he had finally remembered. He would go over now to the men he had killed. The boy hardly knew he was going to take pleasure in a triumph.

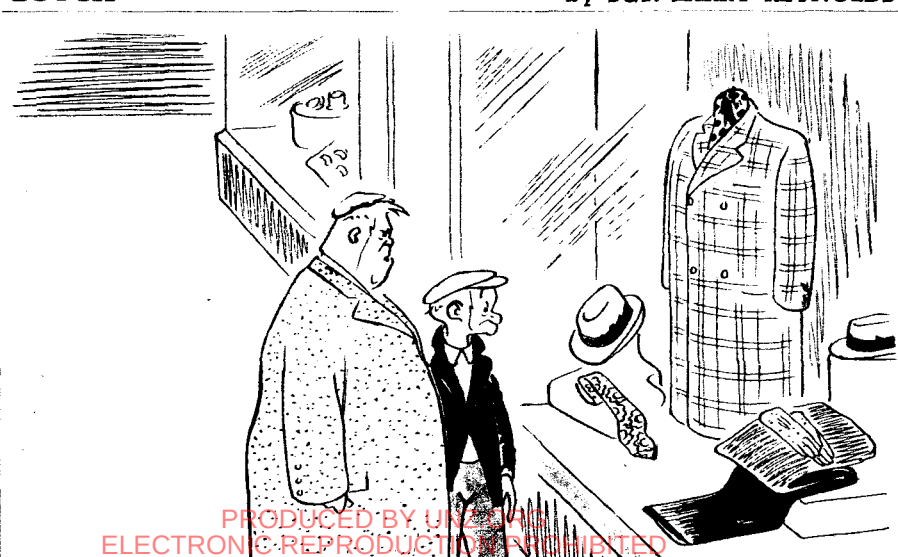
Then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, a new kind of terror came to the boy: terror at what he had done came to him in a rush like vertigo. Awkwardly on his high-heeled boots, the boy began to run—away from the men and toward where the pony waited below the rim of the gorge.

It was this terror at what he himself had done that saved the boy's life, but the sheriff never told him that.

TWO hours later, the exhausted pony and boy came through the streets of the town and pulled up before the sheriff's office. "Sheriff—Sheriff Anderson," the boy said, as he came through the door. "I done did something awful"

BUTCH

by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



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Boy with Gun

Continued from page 20

how. Anger was in him and grief, but principally a feeling of futility. He couldn't see for a little while, and when he could see, the pony had walked to the edge of the gorge.

The pale green strip of water, marked by white where rocks broke the surface, lay at the bottom of the gorge of brown-purple rock, and finally the boy saw the water, and his eyes began to traverse as much of it as he could see, where it lay more than three hundred feet below him.

In a moment he was able to see what he was looking for. The ducks lay in the water, a little upstream from the boy and against the farther bank. They turned slowly in the current, not strong near the banks, so that they held their positions easily against it. They were a mixed flock, mostly mallard, but with them some ducks whose bodies were mostly white. Whether they were canvasbacks or buffleheads, the boy did not know. They were a little small for canvasbacks and he guessed they were buffleheads. So he would try for one of the shiny green-headed drake mallard.

This was a long shot for the rifle, and the boy dismounted and lay on the edge of the gorge. Just before he squeezed off, he began to think of how his father only recently had said that he was getting too big to be shooting ducks out of season, and that the wardens wouldn't go easy on him now that he was getting to be a big boy.

But there was a big drake under his sights and quite still in the water. Almost sighing, the boy pulled the trigger. The sound of the shot wasn't very loud, even in the echoing gorge, and there was the big drake, lying dead and still in the water, and the other ducks fanning the water with their feet and the tips of their wings as they took off downstream.

The dead mallard slowly gathered momentum in the current. The boy watched it for a moment, then ran to his pony. He drummed her with his heels and the mare was galloping along the edge of the gorge. For a moment the boy had forgotten everything except trying to get to the footbridge before the duck floated under it.

THE rim of the gorge angled sharply downward and, in spite of the boy's drumming, the mare slowed to pick her way down. They came around a bend in the rock wall and there was the bridge. Here an old road made easier going and the horse picked up speed.

Glancing back, the boy could see that he was well ahead of the duck in the current. He cantered up to the bridge and dismounted. It was a narrow footbridge, strung on rusty cables. The boy picked up an old, scoop-shaped branch, the leaves still on it, and started to go out on the bridge to scoop the duck out of the water as it went by.

Then he stopped suddenly. Two sharply glinting points, the sharp glinting of newly cut metal, struck his sight like eyes. Someone had just cut both handrails of cable. The boy lay on the ground and was able to see that cables under the wooden footpath had also been cut partly through. So that from a distance, the bridge would look all right, but no one could cross it. The dead mallard went by under the bridge, turning in the current, but the boy never noticed it.

Whoever had done the cutting had not wanted people to cross the bridge. But whoever had done the cutting, also did not know the country. For only a little way downstream was one of the few fords that crossed the upper Rio Grande. The boy, thinking of these things, became angry with himself because his first emotion was fear. He made the fear go away, but

one knee kept trembling as he tried to think. Why would anyone be wanting to fool around with that old silver mine across the river? The tramway overhead that they had once used to take the ore across the river, was uncut, and even from that distance, he could see that the entrance to the collapsed buildings over the shaft was padlocked.

North of Taos, the boy knew, they were digging molybdenum, and in the mountains near Penasco and Trampas they were getting out Iceland spar for bomb sights, but both of these places were a long way from where the boy was. Puzzled, he stood quite still for some moments. Then he raised his head and saw where, half a mile downstream, the wires of the cross-country power line crossed the gorge, strung on their great, skeletal towers.

A SIGH went from the boy, and then he began to think quickly. It was two hours' ride back to town. Also, whatever was happening was happening on the other, the west, side of the gorge, because most of the people and most of the roads were on this, the east, side. The boy could not control, though he could be angry at, his fear; and he could control his actions. He mounted the pony and, the rifle across the saddle instead of in its boot, gravely began to ride downstream.

At the ford, he paused before urging the pony into the rushing green water, already higher than it had been a week ago now that the first snow water was in it. He shivered and rode the pony into the current.

It wasn't so bad, he found. Even in mid-stream, the water came only to his own heels. Across the river, he let Mollie carry him up the steep trail that rose diagonally to the top of the gorge. She labored up it, but the boy did not dismount; some thought of saving his strength kept him in the saddle.

The top of the trail came out only two hundred yards or so from the power line, so that the boy dismounted just below the top of the gorge and left the pony there on a small, flat place in the trail. Trembling, but now with excitement, he crept to the edge of the gorge. He could see the tower nearest the gorge and that there was nothing unusual near its base. But the bases of the other towers, where they receded westward in a long line, like frozen robots, were concealed by sage and piñon and juniper.

The boy crept on his belly to the nearest large piñon; then, with it between him and the other towers, he rose and peered through its green branches. Standing, he finally saw what he had expected, half hoped even as he had half feared, to see.

By the fifth tower westward from the river, three men worked. They were near the north base of the tower, and at the bases of the second, third and fourth towers, was the mark of newly turned earth. "The dogs!" the boy said again, and remembering Charlie in the Philippines, felt anger take the place of almost everything else that was in him. The boy had never known that the cross-country line was particularly important. But if the men who had risked their lives to cut the foot bridge over the upper Rio Grande's current, thought also enough of the power line to be doing something to it, it must be important.

The boy began to go toward the second tower, creeping on his knees when the brush hid him, dropping to his belly when it did not. The ground under the wires of the power line had been cleared for a hundred feet or so to either side by the men who had built the towers. On the edge of this cleared space, the boy paused and saw



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When he was about a hundred and fifty yards from where they were working, the boy stopped. He raised his head and squinted through the strong, white light at the men. They were short and brown and muscular. Their coats were off under the warm sun, and the boy could see that two of them, over their undershirts and under their left arms, wore shoulder holsters. On the ground was a short-barreled rifle, with a drum coming out from near the breech. The boy knew what that was; he had seen too many gangster films not to know.

NOW he sighed again; there was relief and even a kind of pleasure in the sigh. He had thought vaguely that he was more or less obliged to walk up on the men and try to arrest them with the .22. The shoulder holsters and the automatic rifle on the ground removed that obligation, the boy felt. For a moment, some part of him that was older than the rest of him, tried to think of an alternative course to the one that seemed obvious to him. He realized, obscurely, that shooting at the men was going to give him a certain amount of pleasure, as when he hunted birds or animals. And because something that he knew must be terrible was also going to give him pleasure, the boy hesitated and for the first time doubted his intention.

But he could not rush them or arrest them. And it was a long way back to town. They were the only alternatives to the other thing he could do. Whatever the men were going to do would be done in the three or four hours it would take him to return to town and come back with the sheriff. Again the boy sighed, curiously: it was more a releasing of his held breath than anything else. Then slowly he brought the .22 to his shoulder where he lay under a juniper tree.

He did not think of whether he had a long or a short cartridge in the gun chamber, and he had forgotten about the long-rifle cartridges he carried for an emergency. Now, with the rifle up and the safety off, and the sights covering the man in the center of the three, the boy noticed the short, pale brownish-gray sticks on the ground. That was dynamite, he knew, and he must not hit it. But now that he had seen the dynamite, he wanted to hit it. It would kill the men if he shot at and hit the dynamite. But it would also probably bring down the tower.

The boy tried to cover with his sights the head of the man he was aiming at. But his hands wouldn't let him; they wouldn't let him shoot the man in the head. The boy shifted his sights to the man's body.

His hands still trembled, though not so much. He rested the rifle barrel on a little bummock and carefully drew a bead.

When he squeezed the trigger, he did not hear the small report, and for a moment, he thought nothing had happened. The man he had aimed at had straightened up but had not fallen. The impact of the .22 shot was not great and it had hit the man only in the shoulder. The boy thought he had missed. The thought frightened him badly for an instant, as he knew with fearful suddenness that all that lay between himself and the men was his own skill. And that had apparently failed him. Then he saw the man clutch at his shoulder, and calmness and relief and even satisfaction flowed through the boy.

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matic rifle almost sickened him. He fell and lay flat with his chin pressed into the ground. Then he began to crawl—westward and nearer to the enemy.

He moved until he was opposite them across the cleared space under the lines, and then beyond them. Now he could see the men clearly and one of them trying to tie a bandage about the forearm of another. The boy aimed at the little tangle of wrists, and a shot from the .22 shattered the wounded man's wrist. The unwounded one of the three men shot at the boy with a pistol, but at a hundred yards, the bullet went wide.

The boy knew he had wounded two of them. He could hear the noise the man with the shattered wrist was making. The boy hardened himself by thinking of his brother and, almost without conscious thought, devised an elaborate trap. He took string from his pocket and pulled a branch of juniper to the ground. He tied the string to the end of the branch and crawled to another tree, where he ran the

his thrice-wounded companion had dropped it, the unwounded man, running crouched, started to come toward the boy in rage and frustration.

Terror in the boy showed as a long string of saliva that looped to the ground. But instinct was strong. It was no time to aim, but to snap shoot. The boy saw something happen to part of the man's face. The boy's bullet had broken the outer eye socket just over the cheekbone. The man lay on the ground, pointing the automatic rifle at the boy whom he could no longer see. The blind finger pressed the trigger of the rifle and the showering bullets went over the boy's head in a kind of fan. When the boy shot again, the bullet made a small, blue mark in the center of the man's forehead, and then there was no more firing.

It was some seconds before the boy knew that he himself had dropped to his knees because they would no longer support him while he stood. Gradually he was able to stand and gradually confidence came to him and the fear left him, but only gradually. Slowly and with trembling fingers he filled the magazine of the .22 with the long-rifle cartridges he had finally remembered. He would go over now to the men he had killed. The boy hardly knew he was going to take pleasure in a triumph.

Then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, a new kind of terror came to the boy: terror at what he had done came to him in a rush like vertigo. Awkwardly on his high-heeled boots, the boy began to run—away from the men and toward where the pony waited below the rim of the gorge.

It was this terror at what he himself had done that saved the boy's life, but the sheriff never told him that.

TWO hours later, the exhausted pony and boy came through the streets of the town and pulled up before the sheriff's office. "Sheriff—Sheriff Anderson," the boy said, as he came through the door. "I done did something awful."

"What was that, Jackie?" the sheriff asked, without taking his feet from the desk.

When the boy told him, the sheriff said, "You sure they were Japs?" and the boy said he was sure.

"And you got scared at what you did and run back here?" the sheriff said.

The boy nodded, uncertain and almost shameful. The sheriff got to his feet, shaking his head.

"Wasn't it all right?" the boy said. "Oh, I guess it was. I guess you did fine."

Then the sheriff called his deputies, five or six of them, and they went off and didn't come back until evening.

What the sheriff never told the boy was that if he hadn't got frightened at what he had done, he would have been killed. For the two wounded men were waiting with pistols behind the piñons from which they could not move. The boy had not killed them, and they were alive and conscious—at least until the sheriff came, and they fired at him and his men.

The way it went down in the record was that all the men had killed themselves in despair over their failure, as was the custom of their race. The sheriff had picked his deputies partly because they were close-mouthed.

And the power company bought the boy a man's-sized rifle, a .30-30, and the boy's father said that there was sure going to be hell to pay now, and that it was the first time he had ever known anyone to get something from the power company that he hadn't paid for in cash money. But the boy just admired the rifle all week and the next Saturday went out to shoot coyotes with it. He never had done much good on them with the .22, he told his father.

THE END

BUTCH

by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



Flushed and trembling with this first victory, the boy got to one knee to see where they had dropped. The shot from one of the men's pistols, going wide at this distance, surprised before it frightened the boy. Then he dropped to the ground again. Now, he was trembling because he had never been shot at before. The men lay still on the ground, and when the boy shot at them again and missed, they began to crawl toward the brush on the other side of the cleared space under the wires. The boy wondered why they moved from the little hollow they had been in. Then he knew that they were trying to get away from the dynamite.

He shot again and they began to crawl faster. He got to one knee and aimed at one of those wearing a holster—the wounded man trailed the other two—and when he shot he saw the man aimed at roll over in pain but did not know he had broken the man's right thighbone.

Then the men were out of sight behind a group of piñons. The boy began to think of what one of the old Indian scouts would have done now. The first thing would be to get away from the spot where he was. He thought of this a little late, forgetting that he still knelt on one knee, so that the burst of fire from the auto-

string around the narrow trunk. He then put his hat on the end of a branch pulled flat to the ground, and holding the string taut, crawled westward another ten yards. The men were out of sight again, though he could still hear one of them. He'd probably killed the other one, he thought.

THE boy knew where they were and was aiming over that spot when he released the branch by loosening the string gradually through his fingers while they still held the rifle. The hat came up over the juniper. A man with the automatic rifle came to one knee and, as he fired at the hat, the boy, quite calmly and even coldly, drilled him through the chest with a .22 long.

He had shot them all now, the boy knew. He looked at his hat on the juniper tree and saw that it had two holes in it, and he began to think of what the other boys would say when they saw it. He began to think very proudly and well of himself and got to one knee. Nothing happened, and he stood up. Maybe he had killed all of them, the boy thought.

He was not very big, even for his age, and now the unwounded one of the three men saw that the boy was only a boy, and picking up the automatic rifle from where

Let's Talk Turkey

Continued from page 23

he shot himself on the train en route to Berlin.

In both Istanbul and Ankara, there are regular "News Exchanges" or "Truth Bourses" operated by rings of certain gentlemen and ladies who sell their information to the highest bidder. Members of these rings complain that British and Americans either don't buy at all or pay poorly. The Germans are lavish with their rewards for "news," especially when they are sure the stool pigeons are working for Berlin exclusively. It is common for members of the ring to sell the same news item, with slight alteration, to diplomats and newsmen of both the Allied and the Axis camps.

At first, the Balkan refugees talked gratis, but pretty soon they discovered they could sell their stuff and now a good "inside story" is worth from twenty-five dollars up.

A Nice Case of Inflation

Money flows freely in Turkey. Everyone seems to have plenty of Turkish liras in Ankara and Istanbul, although the country itself is saddled with the high cost of maintaining a large army and is actually extremely poor. To make sure that its employees are reasonably well dressed, the Turkish government issues to civil servants two suits and two pairs of shoes every year. But the upper classes seem to be rolling in wealth, at least sufficiently to afford nylon stockings at \$10 a pair, suits made from British wools at \$100, shoes from \$40 to \$60 a pair, indifferent meals from \$4 up, a cup of tea and two cakes at \$1.25, and mineral water at 25 cents per glass.

Istanbul, in contrast to Ankara, which is a man's town, is crowded with women in silver fox capes. All floozies who have been driven out of the Middle East by the alert British police are now herded in Istanbul. They are Hungarians and Rumanians and Slavs of various nationalities, who have become mistresses of Germans and do a little spying on the side. Before the war they were "entertainers" in the Central European nightclub circuit, which started in Hamburg and included Berlin, Budapest, Milan, Rome, Alexandria, Cairo and all the Balkan capitals. Some are still beautiful, but many, after four years of war, are beginning to look a bit shopworn.

The Turkish women themselves aren't seen much in public, but those you meet on the boulevards and in the cafés and restaurants are among the most beautiful women in the world, as smartly dressed as American women but far more worldly and sophisticated. You see them every day at Lebon's or the Marquise in Istanbul at teatime, but don't confuse one of them with the professionals, or you will be frostbitten.

While there is an abundance of luxury goods in the shops, including French perfumes, there is a critical shortage of ordinary consumer goods. The country is flooded with German salesmen who take countless orders for electrical appliances, stoves, typewriters, drugs and manufactured goods of all kinds, but the orders are never filled. It is a common saying among shopkeepers that "Germany takes the orders, but only Britain delivers the goods."

By an agreement obtained by von Papen under threat of invasion in 1941, Turkey is obliged to sell all its chrome to Germany as of October, 1943, when the Anglo-Turkish Treaty affecting this valuable mineral expired. The first two shiploads, bound for Constanta on the Black Sea, however, were torpedoed by

Russian submarines, and it is doubtful whether Germany's commercial treaty with Turkey will greatly benefit the Reich.

That is apparently all right with the Turks, who have been almost completely in the Anglo-American camp. They are still suspicious of the Russians, but Lend-Lease and Allied victories have been powerful persuaders in Turkey's relations with our side.

The Turkish press, for one thing, has become increasingly more pro-Allied in tone, although the Turkish Post is still published in Turkey by the Germans. This carries fancy headlines, such as "Attempt on Eisenhower's Life!" "America's Industrial Output Reduced to Zero by Strikes!" "Two Million Indians Revolt Against British!"

In the lobby of Istanbul's Pera Palas Hotel, fifty Germans sit smoking and reading the Turkish Post. Here Doktor Franz Brehl, monocled prototype of the "This is Your Enemy" posters, operates the Deutsches Nachrichten Bureau, and the German consulate maintains more than two hundred attachés. But the Nazi propaganda hasn't the power and conviction it once carried.

Quite the opposite. Many Germans come out of the Balkans and Germany itself with tales of bombardment horrors in Nazidom and of cracking morale and increasing sabotage in the occupied countries. What they say privately is circulated by the Turks and it effectively counteracts Goebbels' guff without any help from the Allies.

An example of how some Germans unwittingly nullify their own propaganda was afforded by young Franz Schmidt, son of a wealthy German tool manufacturer, who was at Pera Palas convalescing from wounds he had received on the Orel front. Schmidt talked freely to Collier's correspondent in Istanbul, an experienced Egyptian journalist who passed easily for a friendly Turk.

The Reward of Frightfulness

Schmidt said that the German army had been obliged to draft men between forty and fifty years old out of factories in order to fill out the thinning ranks of the Reichswehr. These men are placed in units containing young, hundred-per-cent Nazis, to make sure the oldsters will fight. Schmidt told proudly how the younger Nazis shoot the older men if they don't fight with Nazi willingness. Officers shut their eyes to such murders. The young Nazis are rewarded with Iron Crosses.

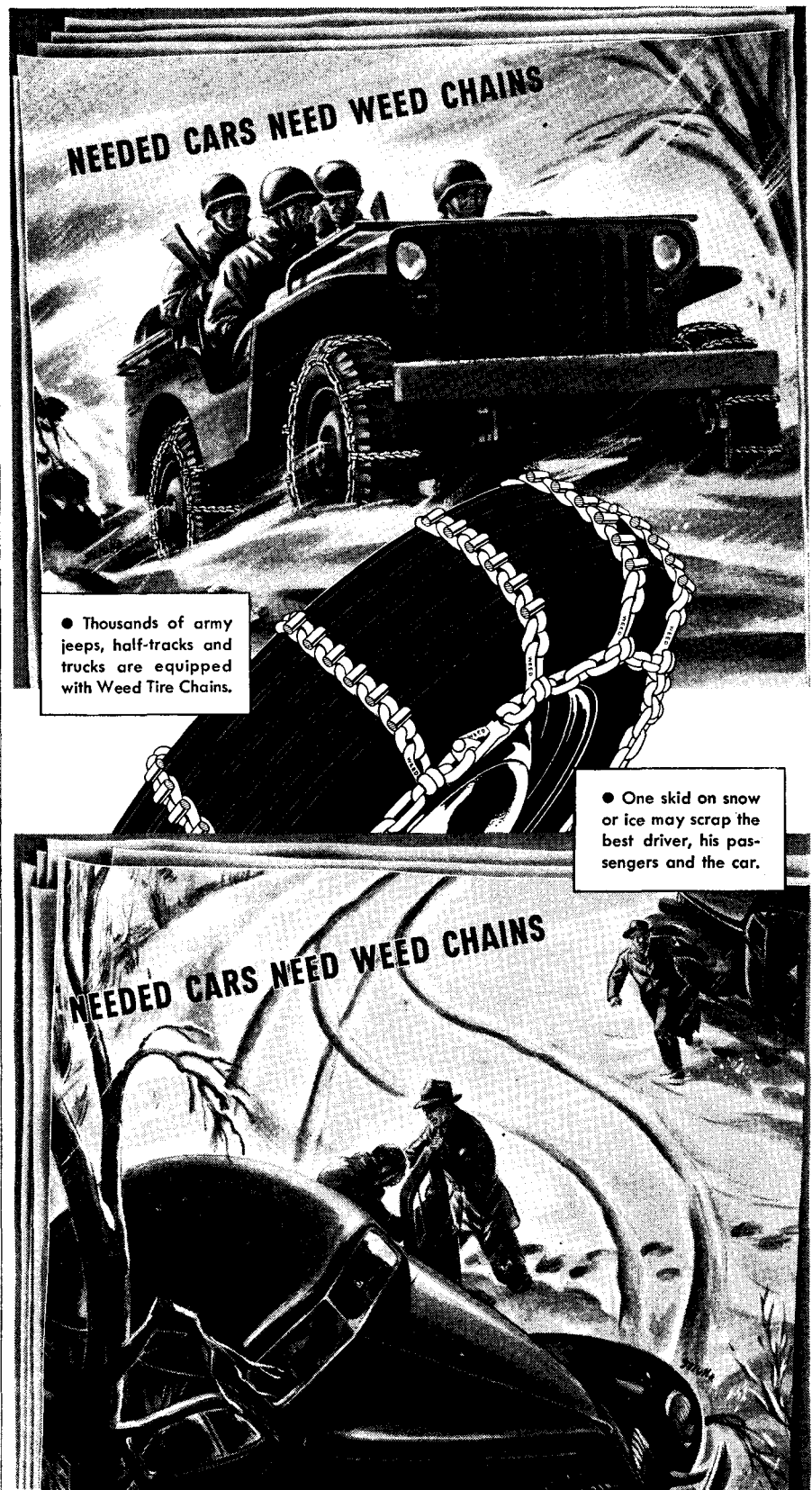
The German workers taken from industry for the army are replaced by slave labor from the occupied countries. There are at least 200,000 workers from the occupied areas in Berlin alone, and to reduce them to that mental state of meekness and submission which will guarantee for the Germans reasonable safety from sabotage and slowup, the Nazis have devised a new psychological formula.

This one crawls from the mind of one Doctor Froedrich, a psychiatrist whose name must be added to the list of The Guilty.

The Gestapo forces all workers from occupied countries to wear huge letters on their backs—the initials of their countries, B for Belgians, N for Norwegians and so on. This marks them in the streets as foreign cattle, stared at by grownups and children, jeered and insulted and sometimes attacked by hoodlums.

"It's quite good for discipline," our German informant said confidentially. "It gives them just the right sort of inferiority complex."

THE END



QUICK TRIP TO A SCRAP PILE

● In a few seconds a skid accident may send your tires and car to a scrap pile and your passengers to a hospital. Almost everyone knows winter doubles driving accidents and that tire chains help prevent accidents. So you'd better take your old chains to your WEED CHAIN dealer for reconditioning or get new WEED CHAINS before the first snow. Then you never can accuse yourself of carelessness.

The armed forces are first to get the WEED CHAINS they need. After that, essential civilian cars and trucks are supplied.

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Hollywood Rediscovered Schnozzle

Continued from page 24

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SHOE POLISH
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WHITEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new deluxe Stain Polish is the finest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for fighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

A Sign of Good Cooking

GRAVY MASTER

MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE 15¢

it read. "Wood is friendly. Wood is beautiful. Wood endures, etc., etc."

The average reader wouldn't see anything funny in these lines, but when Durante filtered them through his comedy-attuned mind, he visualized a great comic number. Before the mood left him, he sat down and wrote a melody to fit the lyrics, taken almost intact from the advertisement. That night he tried out the Wood number at his night club. As he sang the praises of wood, Jimmy stalked around the place, an insane gleam in his eyes, grabbing every wooden object in sight and smashing it on the floor. The number was a riot, and the night club was a wreck.

After this had gone on for a few nights, the owners, three tough hombres of the prohibition era, delivered an ultimatum. "Listen!" they said. "We're not buildin' a new jernt every night for youse guys to destrer! Get your own props hereafter!"

Wood is really the piece that got Jimmy to Hollywood the first time. M-G-M scouts saw it, howled like the common folk, and signed Schnozzle to a five-year contract.

Durante's delivery is rapid-fire, and his timing has split-second precision. Notoriously bad on memorizing, he nevertheless can get more out of a booted line than almost anyone else in the business because his hair-trigger mind enables him to ad lib his way out of the difficulty.

As distinctively Durantean as his gags are his songs. Jimmy usually writes both words and music. The words seldom make sense but they always create howls. Jimmy's favorite technique is to start a song, break off in the middle and tell a gag, then go back to the song and break it up again for a gag, and so on, until exhaustion. When he was struggling for recognition, he tried in vain to have some of these same songs published. The very publishers who made him cool his heels in their anterooms for hours are now begging for a chance to serve him.

Piano Changes Life Course

Schnozzle is as typically New York as Al Smith, in whose neighborhood he was brought up. Bartolomeo Durante, the Catherine Street barber, wanted his precocious scion to be a whisker-snipper, too, but Jimmy got only as far as lathering up the customers, when his father changed the course of the lad's life by buying a piano.

Before Jimmy was out of Public School No. 1, where he learned to mispronounce the English language in a most original and profitable manner, he had his own orchestra and was known as Ragtime Jimmy. A hard apprenticeship in Bowery, Coney Island and Harlem cabarets prepared him for his career as a comedian.

At the Alamo in Harlem, he hired a singer named Jeanne Olson who had been sent to another cabaret around the corner but came to his place by mistake. Jimmy married the girl, and the bond was broken only by her death last year. Just as her death sent Jimmy back into the night-club business, it was their marriage that gave him the courage to quit a Harlem sinecure and tackle Broadway, thus enabling him to find his true métier as a comedian.

A shrewd Irish headwaiter named Frank Nolan, who worked with Jimmy in the Nightingale on Broadway and observed that the little piano player with the pelican's profile had a large personal following, induced Durante to join him and the song-and-dance team of Harris & Jackson in the operation of a speak-easy in a gloomy, stuffy firetrap of a hall over a garage on West 58th Street. The job

of getting the place ready for business was left to Jimmy. Personable Schnozzle had to pay the tradesmen off in laughs when they delivered the secondhand chairs and tables, since the firm was operating on a frayed shoestring.

By cajolery, Jimmy was able to induce an electrician to erect on credit a large electric sign reading "Club Durante" which, despite Nolan's protest, flashed the news to all who could read that a new speak-easy was about to open on 58th Street. Finally, the opening hour arrived—a cold October night in 1923. The weather had changed abruptly during the day, and so had the mind of the steam-fitter who, unable to collect his money, took his radiators out of the place.

It was fortunate that the Club Durante played to a capacity house that night because the only way the packed-in customers could keep warm was by huddling together like sheep in a blizzard. Occasionally, Jimmy stole away from his piano to take a peep at the cash register. It was playing a merry tune and, by closing time, had rung up receipts of over \$1,000. But the count showed only \$700.

"The register jumps," said the cashier. "When it jumps the second night, I'm suspicious and when it jumps the thoid night I'm nonplused," said Jimmy. "So we get a new register and a new cashier, which the bot' of dem is stationary."

After the chilly opening, business fell off almost to nothing. One night, Lou Clayton, a vaudeville actor, who had just won \$96,000 in a floating crap game, dropped into the club. Called on for a song, he asked the long-nosed piano player if he knew Willie the Weeper. Durante didn't know the number but said he'd follow Clayton. They got through the song famously, working together as if they had rehearsed.

Durante was so pleased, he asked Clayton if he wanted to come in as a partner. Lou laughed off the invitation but the following night, after losing all his money in another crap game, he changed his mind. Jackson, of the jernt's song-and-dance team, joined them, and thus was born the greatest night-club act of all time—Clayton, Jackson & Durante.

Meantime, business skyrocketed. The partners cut up \$890 apiece the week after the team of Clayton, Jackson & Durante was formed. It looked like the biggest gold strike since the Klondike until Jim-

my's weakness for being everyone's pal put an end to the rush. One night the doorman wouldn't let in two chaps he didn't know, and they sent for Durante. Jimmy escorted his two buddies upstairs and had a waiter serve them drinks. Thereupon, the ingrates poured the bootleg whisky into a vial and departed, promising that Jimmy would hear from them later. He did, in the form of a padlock notice. It was mutiny!

From Vaudeville to Pictures

After this same procedure took place in another night club they opened—and closed—the trio decided to stick to entertaining and let someone else suffer the headaches of operating a jernt. A \$3,000-per-week contract brought them to the Parody Club for a long run, and from there on it was velvet, with fat contracts for vaudeville, musical comedy and finally pictures.

Durante's first Hollywood picture, Get Rich Quick Wallingford, was his best because his part was written by Ben Hecht and Charley MacArthur, pioneer Durante fans, who knew all the nuances of his unique comedy style. How important it is for directors and authors to understand a comedian was proved subsequently. Directors wanted Jimmy to do things their way, which wasn't the Durante way and therefore not always funny. Dialogue writers put lines in Jimmy's mouth that shouldn't issue from a dog. Between the director and the deep blue script writer, Schnozzle was a sad-hearted comedian indeed. Trimmed to fit Hollywood specifications, he wasn't the authentic Schnozzle. The public was aware of it, and the Nose knew. Jimmy was funny in some of his pictures but it was a case of his genius asserting itself in spite of the restrictions imposed by authors and directors, who may have known their stuff but certainly not their subject.

As a result of all this and his personal troubles, Jimmy was in the dumps when 1943 arrived. His dozen years in Hollywood seemed to have led him into a dead-end street. Then came the ill wind that whisked him clear across the continent and set him back where he started from, thus giving the farsighted geni of Hollywood the opportunity to discover him all over again.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

imagination. We fight by the book. The Nazis fight by the book. And, as far as I can see, it's all the same book. Lieutenants and captains may have ingenuity, but inventiveness seems to stop there. Majors are afraid to depart a syllable from the colonel's orders, and from there up, book static becomes wider and deeper and higher." In closing, our soldier says, "Once we took a town but incidentally ruined the summer home of a prominent Turkish politician. We were all pretty elated about it until our skipper said, 'Well, let's hope that the State Department doesn't hear about it.'"

MR. H. L. MILLER of Atlanta, Georgia, has been looking into the records of the State Health Department and reports that there are residents of his state with the following names: Pink Sunset, Fuller Boose, Brag Boss Nickel, Love Session, Late Night Mann, Payed Cash, Icic Rivers, Good Price, Be Careful McGee, Money Killing, Pleasant Moon, Wash Some, Extra White and Hell Noe.

SEVERAL of our customers want to know, "What do war correspondents do between wars?" The question is like one we've frequently been asked: "What do football coaches do between seasons?" We looked into that latter one some time ago and were told that they blow up footballs and go scouting for quarterbacks. About war correspondents, we don't know. But we're not inclined to agree with some of our letter writers that peace will seem

pretty dull to them. We've been talking to the wife of a correspondent who says that her husband made a sporting proposition to a colonel in New Guinea. He suggested to the colonel that they swap jobs for a spell. "Listen, Colonel," said he, "what do you say to me doing the fighting next week, and you write about me for a change?" But we don't think that postwar conditions at home here are going to lack for excitement and even peril. In Washington they've taken Father Divine's watchword and made it: "Peace—it's going to be terrible."

SO LET us remind you of the day when our forces landed on Kiska, only to find that the Japs had long since fled. We must remind you, too, that previous to this landing, our newspapers had it from our war correspondents who, in turn, got it from the military that ten thousand Japs were holding Kiska, which was why we weren't there, too. Well, there was an inquiry later, an official inquiry hopeful of finding out why the Navy believed that there were ten thousand Japs there. The inquiry got no where in particular, but that's not our story. But during the inquiry, a young naval officer told of the landing. "We lost two men killed, in accidents, in the landing," he said, while admirals who had given out that "10,000 Japs" story got redder and redder. "We found that sixty of our men were missing after the landing. But this, I think, is not disproportionate, inasmuch as ten thousand Japs were also missing." . . . W. D.



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With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really save steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send \$1 for Enders Special Strop—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

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STOP Scratching
Relieve Itch in a Jiffy

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles, are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription**. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

**DOCTORS WARN
CONSTIPATED FOLKS
ABOUT LAZY LIVER**

Constipation is often accompanied by many discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. And here's good advice! For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully relieved scores of patients from constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO stir up liver bile flow. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Follow label directions.

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HOOD RUBBER
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EXTRA WEAR
WHERE THE
WEAR COMES



ASK FOR **HOOD**
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES



ONE YEAR NEARER VICTORY

THERE was reason for cautious optimism about the war at the beginning of 1943. There is reason for more than that as 1944 comes in.

A year ago, the Allies had been seven weeks in North Africa, but their initial grab for Tunis and Bizerte had failed, and they were getting set for a slugging match which was not to end till early in May.

Hitler's New Year's message to his people, if it lacked some of the old fire, still had plenty of brag and defiance—far different from Der Fuehrer's present tone. The Russians were still a long way east of Rostov, and the Western Allies were able to brief only an occasional large-scale air raid on Germany.

The Japs, too, were still on Attu and Kiska, where they were destined to remain till June, a nightmare threat to the entire west coast of Canada and the United States. MacArthur was fighting around Buna, Gona and Sanananda in New Guinea, and the grisly Guadalcanal show was by no means over.

We came a long way in the year 1943. It can be said safely now that, barring totally unforeseen upsets, an Allied victory in the German war is in sight, while the Japanese war looks perhaps 500 per cent better for the Allies than it looked, say, on February 15, 1942—the day Singapore went down.

The whole year 1943 has gone in the Allies' favor, with only minor setbacks here and there. But the first big, top-flight triumph came on June 2, when Montgomery's British and Eisenhower's Americans, British and Free French completed the roundup of Rommel's Afrika Korps and a large number of Italians on Cap Bon, Tunisia, thus clearing the Axis entirely out of Africa.

Mussolini quit July 25—just 15 days after the Allies invaded Sicily. The Duce's tailspin, though it failed to deliver Italy at once into our hands, had important repercussions throughout the Axis and Axis-held nations. Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania at once began to make furtive but heartfelt efforts to break away from Hitler's embraces and quit the war. The fierce guerrillas of Yugoslavia took a new lease on life, and so did the anti-Nazi saboteurs in the French cities.

The day Mussolini folded, Fortress Europe suffered a frightful physical blow; namely, the first of the series of giant R.A.F. raids which rubbed out Hamburg's war value to Hitler by anywhere from 60 per cent to 90 per cent. A week later, the big (though costly to us) American air raid on Ploesti, Rumania, put that important Axis oil source about one third out of commission.

Beginning in March and continuing with more and more ferocity to this writing, the Royal Air Force and the United States Air Forces dealt Germany, from British bases, a string of the largest and most devastating raids in the history of war. Düsseldorf, Essen, Emden, Schweinfurt, Cologne, Bremen, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Berlin—this is only a partial list of German industrial and shipping centers that have rocked and crumbled, burned and boiled, under the blows of the Western Allies' bombers.

Far less spectacular but fully as vital to Allied success was the 1943 victory over Axis submarines in the Atlantic—a victory which now seems to have been bottled up for keeps, though submarines will doubtless sink occasional Allied ships throughout the rest of the war.

The Russians surprised many an expert by mounting a highly successful summer and fall offensive. The Allies hit Salerno, on the Italian mainland, early in September, and commenced to bleed Hitler by way of the Italian boot, much as Wellington bled Napoleon in the long Peninsular campaign in Spain and Portugal.

In the Southwest Pacific, MacArthur and Halsey between them performed phenomenally, considering their limited resources. MacArthur and his brilliant air chief of staff, Lieutenant General George F. Kenney, chalked up, among other triumphs, the historic battle of the Bismarck Sea, a 100 per cent victory of naked airpower over seapower with air cover. And toward the end of November, the United States Navy, its Pacific forces refurbished and enormously enlarged since the Pearl Harbor catastrophe, began its long-planned Central Pacific drive for Japan.

The home front continued spotty throughout

1943, but not too spotty for safety. There were strikes here and there, notably John L. Lewis' series of coal strikes, but war production, by and large, moved up from breeze to hurricane tempo.

Civilian morale continued high in the face of growing casualty lists and shrinking supplies of some necessities of life. A few of official Washington's brassiest, stupidest and/or most overbearing bureaucrats got what was coming to them.

General Patton's cuffing of a shell-shocked soldier, committed in August but not publicly admitted by the Army till mid-November, kicked up a storm of indignation over the brass hats' efforts to conceal the incident from the American people. We hope our military and civilian officials alike learned from this affair a lesson which was long overdue; to wit: that Americans can take unpleasant news, want all the war news that can be safely released, and fiercely resent being treated by their leaders as if they were subnormal children able to stomach nothing stronger than bedtime stories.

Some doubts about our Russian ally's entire good faith were allayed by the Moscow conference of foreign ministers in October, with our own Secretary of State Hull playing a star role and presumably looking out for our interests like the Cumberland Mountain poker Ph.D. that he is. And when influential Republicans began to urge that both major parties adopt the same 1944 platform plank on U. S. foreign policy, it began to look as if we could present a reasonably united and co-operative minded front at the peace parleys.

That unity so magnificently displayed at the Moscow conference was further exemplified at the meetings of the heads of state at Cairo and in the Near East. The collaboration cemented by the meetings of President Roosevelt with Mr. Churchill, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and finally Marshal Stalin promised a definite quickening of the moment of final victory.

Altogether, if we stay in there punching as we've been punching throughout 1943, we can most likely punch out one enormous victory in 1944—and there is just a chance that we can punch out two.

Answering your Question...

**“WILL I BE ABLE TO GET SOME
SCHENLEY IN 1944?”**
Royal Reserve

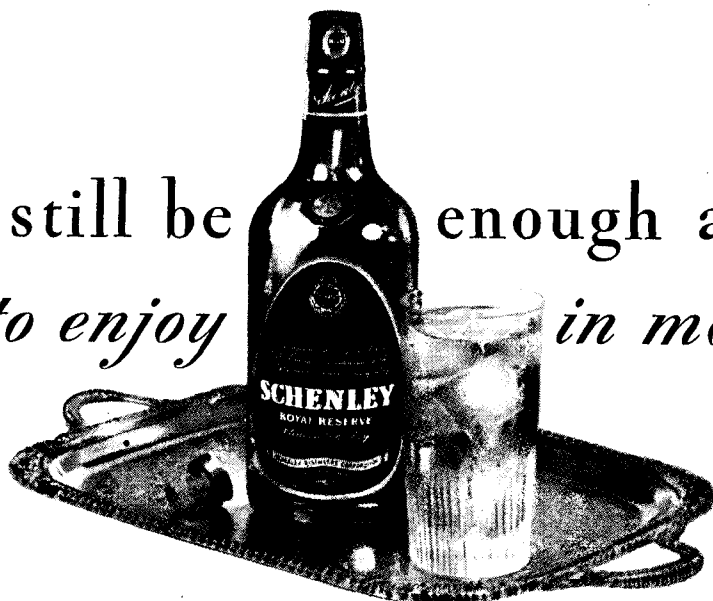


WE'RE GLAD you asked that question . . . because the answer's mighty cheerful . . . yes, *you will!* Not only this month, or next — but *for the duration* — if enjoyed *in moderation*.

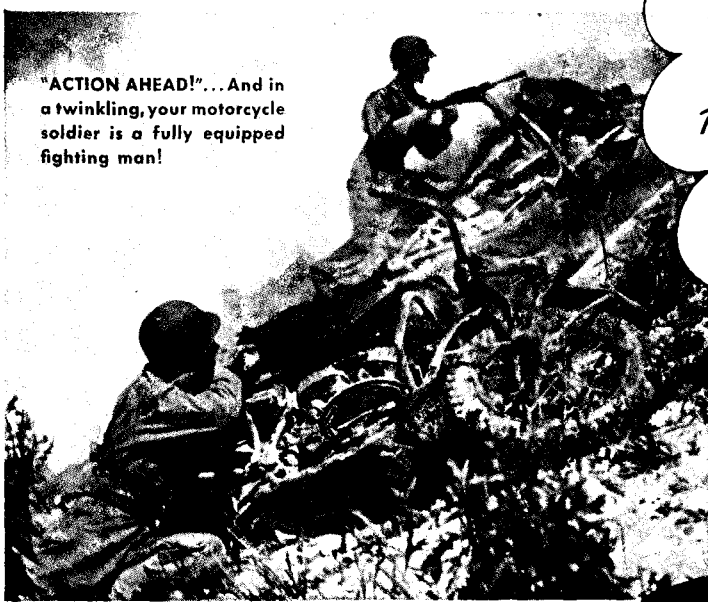
Our distilleries are *still* devoted to the production of war alcohol (and will be, until the war need is over) . . . but pre-war reserves are sufficient to make it fairly certain that you'll find SCHENLEY Royal Reserve at your dealer's a lot more often than you'd think! So—ask for SCHENLEY always. And *always* — enjoy it *in moderation*.

**BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

There will still be enough available
... *to enjoy* *in moderation!*



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DOROTHY CANAVOR, war plant worker—like the men in the service, her cigarette is Camel. "I like Camel's delightful mildness," she says, "and their rich flavor is always a fresh treat."

the Jumps—on Uncle Sam's "Iron Ponies" They've Got What it Takes!

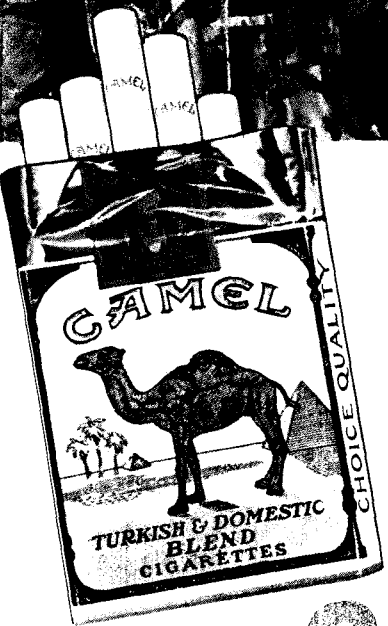
● They're the hard-riding, swift-striking scouts of the mechanized forces—the motorcycle troops who ride their "iron ponies" into action over the toughest terrain! They're specialists, every one. And like their brothers in the other services, they have some very special preferences about the cigarettes they smoke. Let the two motorcycle roughriders below tell you why *their* cigarette is Camel.

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SURE HAVE WHAT
IT TAKES!
PLENTY OF FLAVOR
—EXTRA
MILDNESS

YOU SAID IT,
BOB—
CAMELS SUIT
ME TO A
'T'



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



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If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today. Compare them critically... for taste... for your throat... for your "T-ZONE." That's the real test of a cigarette... of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today and see if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

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